A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.
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pg. 269

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

AN aged woman died recently in the vicinity of Hanover, whose life had been unusually eventful. Born in a prison, of very poor parents, her early advantages were naturally of the lowest order. As she grew up, her father was repeatedly arrested and imprisoned for stealing, a disgrace she felt so keenly that she fled to Hamburg and went into service. At this time Hamburg was in possession of the French, and was the headquarters of Marshal Davoust, who commanded in Northern Germany with almost unlimited powers. The despotism of the distinguished marshal is well known to the reader of history, but, despotic as he was, he was not insensible to the charms of female beauty, and, in the hands of more than one of the softer sex, the imperious lion became as gentle as a lamb.

On the day Margaret was eighteen years old, she was met, on one of the principal streets of the city, by the marshal, who was so struck by her extreme beauty that he called her to him, inquired her name and direction, and noted both carefully in his memorandum-book.

A few days later, she was summonded to appear at the bureau of the commandant. Trembling, she obeyed the mandate. If she was surprised to be received with the greatest politeness, her surprise became astonishment when Davoust conducted her to an elegant mansion and told her that it, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, was hers.

By this proceeding, the marshal found it easy to win Margaret's young heart, and she soon clung to him with all the warmth of a first love. Her life was now a brilliant one; her protector surrounded her with every luxury; through his influence, she was received into the best circles; and no sooner did the people of Hamburg discover what influence she had with the powerful military satrap, than her saloons were frequented by the first people in the city.

With such surroundings, Margaret was not slow to discover her deficiency in those accomplishments that are indispensable to all who would appear to advantage in the society of the cultivated, and she besought her admirer to furnish her with the means of improvement. He readily acceded to her request. The best masters were procured, and her leisure hours were devoted to study. In three months she learned the French language, so that she spoke it fluently. During the same time, although at first she did not know one note from another, she learned to play the harp, and soon she astonished the mar-

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shal by singing for him the most difficult of the German and French ballads.

In all her luxurious surroundings, and as queen of many a brilliant fête, which, to please the marshal, she was compelled to attend, she did not forget her native village and the dear ones at home. As time wore on, she became so homesick, that Davoust was compelled to allow her to make her relations a visit. She would willingly have gone in a modest conveyance, but the marshal, fearing perhaps to lose her, insisted on accompanying her with a coach-and-four. Arrived at home once more, she provided for her indigent parents by presenting them with a comfortable house and garden, on condition that, at their death, it should revert to her. Nor did she forget the poor of the village. As she had command of unlimited means, everybody preferred the claims of old friendship, and, if possible, of relationship. Hers was the experience of every one on whom Fortune chances to smile.

Her visit was necessarily short. She returned to Hamburg to see herself again courted and fêted by every one who belonged to or whose interest it was to please the French party. Although she had frequent opportunity, unlike many other *parvenus*, she scorned to enrich herself at the expense of her countrymen. She used often to tell of her having been offered bank-notes to the amount of one million francs if she would prevail on the marshal to put his name to a certain document. She, however, refused indignantly when she discovered that it would result greatly to the disadvantage of the citizens of Hamburg, although she might have easily obtained the desired signature.

But suddenly the French dominion in Northern Germany came to an end, and with it ended Margaret's prosperity. Napoleon's Russian campaign prepared for her a season of care and want. Blucher and the Cossacks quickly drove the French troops out of the country, the garrisons of a few of the cities excepted. Of these, the garrison of Hamburg held out longest. Davoust converted the city into one vast fortress, and then, like a lion at bay, he watched his opportunity to pounce upon his besiegers, but the opportunity did not present itself. The allies entered Paris, Napoleon was compelled to abdicate and quit France. Davoust no longer saw any room for hope. The English blockaded the port, and the Germans held him closely besieged on the land. He was compelled to surrender. He returned to France, retired to private life, and subsequently took little part in state affairs.

Margaret remained behind, consoling herself with his promises that she should follow him so soon as quiet should be restored. She was not conscious of ever having injured or wounded any one; on the contrary, she felt that many were indebted to her for very considerable services, and that, during the siege, she had done all that lay in her power to lessen the sufferings of the besieged. She had spoken many a good word for her countrymen, and hundreds were indebted to her influence for the remission of penalties dictated by the despotic military discipline of the marshal. But she lacked the worldly experience that would have taught her not to depend on the recollection of such things as these for protection, and that every restoration demands its sacrifices. Hardly, therefore, had her protector quitted the city, when she began to be persecuted. Her most bitter and vindictive enemies were those who had been her most servile flatterers when she had it in her power to serve them. The number of accusations brought against her was unlimited; some were very trivial, while others were of a very serious character. The rabble broke into her house, and she was compelled to fly to the police for protection. Turn which way she would, she met with nothing but persecution. She soon saw there was only one way by which she could purchase peace and security—that of abandoning all she possessed to her enemies—her house, equipage, jewels, wardrobe, every thing except the dress on her back. No sooner was she poor than no one troubled her further, and, unobserved, she was allowed to quit the city poorer even than she entered it.

She directed her steps toward Mecklenburg, where she again became a servant-girl, hoping to end her days in quiet obscurity. But her beauty attracted a rich landowner of the neighborhood, and, as she had never heard any thing of the marshal, after giving him a full account of her past life, she became his wife.

Again she saw herself surrounded by wealth and every luxury; again she was the most brilliant and most courted of all the ladies in a neighborhood where she was not known; but cruel fate had new misfortunes in store for her. Her husband was, in secret, passionately fond of play. One day, he came home, and surprised Margaret with the terrible disclosure that they were homeless, that his dominant passion had ruined them—all, all was gone. As her parents, in the mean time, had died, but one thing remained to her. She and her husband left their old baronial chateau and broad acres, and repaired to the little house and garden formerly occupied by Margaret's parents. Hardly had they arrived, when her husband died. Now she was alone in the world, and so she remained until her death.

There was incident enough in her life to make a volume. She dwelt with pleasure on the scenes of her earlier years, especially of her sojourn in Hamburg and her personal relations with the principal personages of that eventful period. Nearly all the princes and marshals of the first French empire had been her guests, and, for more than half a century, she seemed to live on these recollections—they were all life had to offer her.

When she first returned to her native town, the reception she received was naturally a very cold one. The ladies especially, for very good reason, held themselves quite aloof from her; she was not treated unkindly, but, despite her superior accomplishments and extraordinary beauty, she was not admitted into society. For a while, she was compelled to lead a life of seclusion. But, misfortune had taught her many a valuable lesson, and, in time, her dignified course and blameless life won her the respect of her neighbors, who, one after the other, found pleasure in welcoming her back to the world.

She employed her leisure in acquiring several of the modern languages, and it was not long before she found ample and lucrative employment in teaching them.

The memory of Marshal Davoust had a warm place in her heart to the day of her death, and nothing so much excited her indignation as to meet with paragraphs in the papers and histories of the times that censured him.

She preserved to the last unmistakable traces of her former beauty She might have been likened to a grand old ruin around which cluster the memories of a former generation. At heart she was more French than German, and her last words were, "*Napoléon le Grand!*"

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A DAY AT CLONDALKIN.
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A DAY AT CLONDALKIN.

"TEN years in Europe, and never to have seen one of the round towers of Ireland!" exclaimed, with characteristic national vivacity, an Irish gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made at the anniversary of the Bible Society. "Then go once more and see the one at Clondalkin: it's only four miles from Dublin; and take a car-driver for *cicerone!*"

It was last May. I was to have six weeks' leave of absence in June and July. Fifteen summers ago, travelling out of the route marked down by Murray, I had stood amazed at the foot of the ruins of a round tower in Montagu, Belgium. Nobody knew its history. Guide-books did not mention it. The *curé* had no story to tell. It had outlived tradition. Beyond all that old Rome, or Athens, or even Nimroud, checkered with the black tents of Arabs, had to show, that vast pile of rocks and mortar, roofless, windowless, purposeless to all modern conjecture, had stood out through all changes as the foremost thing in my memory. I connected all this with the rhapsody of my Irish acquaintance, turned the matter over, thought of the friends to be seen and the health to be gained, and ended by changing my proposed tramp through the Adirondacks into my eleventh voyage across the Atlantic.

Ireland, rich in legendary relics, has no wealth in keeps or cathedrals, moss-covered ruins, or ivy-clad castles, comparable to her round towers. Eighty of them are standing; twenty only are perfect, but the sites of more than forty that have perished are clearly discernible. There must have been in all more than one hundred and twenty. They vary in height from sixty to one hundred and thirty feet, and in diameter from eight to sixteen feet. Those in most perfect preservation are at Glendalough, Kildare, Swords, Scattery, Clondalkin, Antrim, Ardmore, Cashel, and Kilkenny. The material of which they are built is stone. The cement that binds the masonry together bids defiance to time. Each tower maintains a perfect architectural perpendicularity. Builders of the present day do not, perhaps cannot, observe such regularity. Neither Nelson's column in London, which is one hundred and forty-five feet high, nor the Duke of York's, which is one hundred and eleven, is perfect in this respect.

Thus much I had learned before I came out of St. Patrick's Hotel, Dublin, on a bright June morning, to hire a car to take my *compagnon de voyage* and myself to Clondalkin. Dublin is the best-natured of towns. It carries a holiday look—never frowns—and takes visitors captive with its jaunty air. New-York men of commerce and Harvard men of books are serious. Across the channel, over in Glasgow, faces have a Friday cloudiness every day. In London there are always notes to pay. But in the queen-city of the Emerald Isle, broker and mechanic, student and shopkeeper, wear a perpetual smile. Acceptances are provided for. Business-men have a comfortable balance to their credit at their bankers. Scholars have accomplished their tasks. Mathematicians have squared the circle. Gentlemen of leisure have won at the race, or received cards for the lord-lieutenant's drawing-room. The stately mansions relax from their dignity, and those who go in and out seem like the folk of every-day life. The public buildings are cheerful, and the officials that occupy them do not chill you with stateliness. The very quays and docks bid you welcome—huge stone warehouses, crowded with hosiery and linen, give the traveller a cheerful greeting—and churches and cathedrals are open day and night to devout worshippers. To be sure, the streets are thronged

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with clamorous mendicants, but neither they, nor the haunts of remorseless beggar-women, encourage sadness.

At the car-stand it was just as cheerful. The vehicles were rickety and paintless; the harness older and duller than the gabardines of rag-fair Jews; the horses high in bone and low in flesh; and the drivers tattered, talkative, and impudent: but still the pleasant glamour was kept up. Animate and inanimate combined everywhere to make Dublin worthy to be the capital of the highest-hearted nation in the world.

Hiring one of the most promising of these rope-mended conveyances, my friend and I took our seats, crossed Carlisle Bridge, and drove down the quays at a rattling pace. We had scarcely got fairly under way, when our driver commenced his duty to the "stranger gentlemen" in pointing out the lions on the road.

"Maybe yer honors never heard of Tommy Moore, the famous Irish poet. He told the story better than myself can do. Yonder are the shops of the two rival shoemakers that made their fortin by advertisin' the one agin the other. So, finally, Misther Flanigan put up a flamin' bill one morning with the words, '*Men's conscia recti.*' What that might be Mr. O'Donohue didn't know. But, as he never meant to be baten in the quality of his goods, he put up another bill the next mornin', '*Men's and women's conscia recti,*' and by St. Patrick he won the day entirely."

Turning suddenly around a corner of Usher Street, our talkative driver continued:

"Yonder lived poor Lard Edward Fitzgerald, brother to the great Duke of Leinster. Well, yer honors, he was advised to hide himself in the evil times, because he had done what wasn't jist right maybe; so he went to Murphy's, up in Thomas Street there, and got snugly put away for a while: but, poor fellow! the soudjars got scint of him and wanted to take him, but ye see he was a brave man intirely, and wouldn't be tuk widout a struggle, an' the major, sirs, shot the poor darlint so hard that he died in less than a month's time."

"Those were hard days for Ireland, Jimmy," remarked my companion.

"That's thrue, yer worship; but the red-coats didn't get it all their own way, nor the big wigs nayther, and what's more they never will, by the token of the big prison we're passing, where they confined Misther Train—George Francis they call him—but he bate them for all that."

Our four miles' drive to Clondalkin was a godsend to Jimmy. His recollections were a continual current. Every street awakened the marvellous. At St. Michael's was the sexton who stole the rings from the deceased gentlewoman—at Bloody Bridge the "prentice boys," and at the Royal Hospital the wonders of Brian Boroimhe and the Knights Templars. As we drove along the banks of the Grand Canal, shaded by tall wych-elms and covered with a green sward, the deep emerald of which is equalled only by the bend of the waters over the falls of Niagara, I made a desperate effort to change the current of our loquacious driver's thoughts.

"You are a Catholic, Jimmy?"

"Yis, yer honor."

"And you pray to the Virgin Mary?"

"I do, yer honor."

"Well, there's no doubt she was a good woman. The Bible says so. But she may have been no better than your mother or mine."

"That's thrue, yer honor. But then you'll allow there's a mighty difference in their children."

The laugh was against me, and we drove on, the sunshine stealing at intervals through the thick foliage, and the westerly breezes cooling the mid-day heat. Shortly new lands appeared in sight, then the Monastery of St. Joseph, and at last the object of our pursuit—the dull, tall form of an Irish round tower. In a few moments we stopped under the shadow of that puzzle to antiquaries—a tower built of stone, gray with the storms of centuries, eighty-four feet in height, fifteen feet in diameter at the base, tapering to the top, and surmounted by a conical cap, in which are four slits apparently for the admission of light. This much and nothing more. No work of men is so easy to describe, none so difficult to understand. Sixscore of these edifices, every one resembling all the rest, situated in spots that give no hint to their meaning, erected at vast outlay of labor, unfit alike for ecclesiastical or social or military purposes, placed upon foundations whose solidity thirty centuries perhaps have tried, and defying in several cases the explosive force of powder as well as the effects of time, were built ages ago in Ireland, one knows not when, by a people, one knows not whom, who had spread themselves from the County Donegal to the Old Head of Kinsale. Perfection is observed in construction. The cement employed to give solidity is unknown to modern builders. The round tower of Kilmacduagh leans seventeen feet out of plumb, and yet retains its stability. When the explosion of a powder-mill swept away the village of Clondalkin the round tower stood unshaken. The great earthquake of 1767, which, beginning near the Mull of Cantire, and crossing to Fairhead, overthrew towns and citadels, churches and castles, in its progress to the Atlantic, left the twelve round towers of Antrim standing as before. There is unity in their design. They are the embodiment of a lost idea. The choice of material, size of stones, regularity of slope, grip of inner to outer surface, fitness of parts, and exact perpendicularity, show that time, skill, and labor, were large elements in their construction.

"A mighty power of larned people comes out to see this same ralic, yer honor," remarked Jimmy, who had left his car and was acting his part as guide, "but what they sees in it puzzles a poor fella like myself."

"Who do they say built it?"

"Sure the larned people know nothing about it in my opinion. We Irish think they were put up by the ould Druids: though there's Dan, the scholard and hedge schoolmaster, says he can prove by logic that the Danes were the builders; and there's our priest thinks the early Christians, praise their memory! had something to do wid them."

"But what say the visitors?" asked my companion.

"Saving yer honor's presence, who's a visitor yerself, they say nothing but nonsense. There was a young spalpeen came here last week, wid only seven hairs on his chin, and tould the larned Dan that he knew nothing about it; and that they were nayther more nor less than towers to hang bells in to call the people to church, though Dan tould him they were there long before the churches, or the people ayther, for that part of it."

The antiquary, Dr. Petrie, agrees with Jimmy's "spalpeen." His essay fills a quarto volume of the Irish "Philosophical Transactions." He believes them to have been bell-towers. His whole argument, however, fails to convince. Near one half the round towers there are no churches, and never have been; none bear the marks of bell-ringing: human skeletons, relics, and armor, have been found deep buried in the soil within, but never bell-metal; and there is want of fitness in constructing massive towers for buildings less in size than cathedrals.

Improbable as Dr. Petrie's theory is, there is no other even plausible. The round towers of Ireland were never for public worship. They are too small. Nor for watch-towers. Nothing was to be gained. Nor for defence. They are unfit. Nor for the safe-keeping of gold, precious stones, and reliquaries. Their shape makes the idea absurd. The purpose the builders had in view is past probable conjecture. The builders themselves have retreated in the centuries back behind even tradition.

As Jimmy drew up at the hotel he pleaded for double fare. He had acted in the double capacity of guide and driver. "Yer honors wouldn't deprive a poor fella of his honest dues!" We compromised by ordering him a dinner of beef and potatoes, with a mug of ale, at a neighboring eating-house. "Thank yer honors!" was his farewell. "It's the very same dinner I should have had with Biddy and the childers at home, *barring the ale and the mate!*"

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A DUET.: FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.
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A DUET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.

"ANCORA," said the celebrated Italian singing-master, Giuliano, now a resident of Hanover, to a dark-eyed pupil as she finished singing Porpora's Aria

"Fra gli amorosi lasci."

"Teresa, *mia figlia*, you cannot sing a recitative, though you are already considered one of the best singers in the land. You trill so beautifully that every one is lost in admiration, your *fioritures* and runs are not bad, but you do not yet succeed in giving a correct, pure recitative, and I cannot consent to your going to Dresden until you have attained this. I am aware that the majority of those who will listen to you will not criticise you severely, for your beautiful voice and eyes will atone for many things; but all true lovers of music will consider it a great defect, and I cannot rest until I have freed you from every possibility of censure."

"If you could only sing it for me, maestro," replied the singer, scornfully, "I should easily acquire it, but you only croak like a raven, and Teresa Poggi never yet learned any thing by talking and scolding. The reproofs of my old professor, your uncle, drove me away from him, and, if you become cross to me, I will leave you also."

"I know some one who can sing it for you, if hearing is all you want," replied Giuliano; "I have a pupil now here, who could eclipse you and all the singers in the world, if she chose."

"What do you say? a prima donna—here, in this German city?"

"*Si—si, carissima mia*, a young prima donna—"

"Is she already engaged? Is she going to Italy?"

"Not yet! she is more likely perhaps to go to Berlin," said Giuliano, smiling.

"Why have you not then made an appointment for her to come here, that I may have an opportunity of hearing her?"

"To come here! That would be impossible, for I always go to her."

"Then she must indeed be a princess," said Teresa, deridingly. "I think henceforth you had better come to me, instead of making me go all the way through the garden."

"Agreed—whenever you learn to sing as well as she does, I will do your bidding also."

"Is she German?"

"Yes."

"*Santa Madre!* Can I learn any thing from a fair, cold German girl? What can *she* teach *me?*"

"How to charm men, young and old, and especially an old bear like your maestro."

Teresa Poggi was silent for a moment. She turned sullenly to the window, and looked out toward the garden, which lay bathed in the soft twilight of a summer evening, while the music-master laid his hand upon the keys, and played again the accompaniment to Porpora's Aria.

He made, indeed, a fascinating picture. The reflection of the setting sun illumined his earnest brow, around which clustered his beautiful brown hair. Giuliano was an old man, but in his eyes shone the fire of youth, and the peculiar smile upon his lips was as fresh as a summer morning. In his youth he had basked in the sunlight of a Galuppi and Giovanni, Mancini and Jomelli, and upon his ear had fallen the wondrous tones of Faustina Hasse. It was now several weeks since the beautiful Teresa Poggi had first knocked at his door. She had come to him all the way from Venice, bringing with her the warmest recommendations of her friend the *impressario di San Samuele.* The young singer was already so celebrated as to be called even in Italy *La diva*, and a brilliant engagement had been offered to her in Dresden, which she was on her way to accept, when she suddenly decided to take up her abode for a short time in Hanover.

The proud bearing of the young girl interested Giuliano, whose kindly manner and great talent for teaching fascinated Teresa in her turn. She had only intended to remain a few weeks—she had already stayed months, and Dresden watched in vain for the coming of the Italian nightingale.

The haughty prima donna *di San Samuele*, the renowned beauty, became a diligent scholar, and bore with wonderful patience her master's chidings. Giuliano was at times almost startled at Teresa's voice. Never had he heard from a woman, notes so powerfully sustained, nor of such metallic clearness. The girl could scarcely estimate the value of the treasure she possessed.

She loved music as she loved the murmur of the Grand Canal, and the cooing of the doves on the Piazza di San Marco—as the sunshine and the blue sky. She sang because the golden tones charmed even herself as they gushed forth at will, and because all others were fascinated also. Swarms of gondolas followed her own, as she directed her course toward Murano, or glided sometimes far out into the sea, alluring them like a siren, her notes swelling fuller and fuller as she sang unweariedly.

Teresa would have fallen a victim in this German city to the most unconquerable homesickness, had Giuliano not been at her side. Strangely enough, he seemed to make her forget all else. The young singer lived only a short distance from her teacher, in the house of an excellent old lady, who felt all the tenderness of a mother for the young girl. Giuliano passed his leisure hours with her, walking frequently in the garden adjoining the house in which she lived. There they spoke of their incomparable birthplace, *Venezia la bella.* The blooming garden lay secluded and warm in the sunlight, the flies hovered everywhere, and the bees hummed as they sipped the honey from the fragrant flowers, and still the maiden talked on, as they wandered up and down, of the "Rose of the Adriatic."

The sound of his dear native tongue fell pleasantly upon the listener's ear, and often a deep longing for home arose in his heart. Venice was brought so vividly before him, with her domes and palaces, over which the moon threw her soft shadowy light. Upon the Piazzi di San Marco wandered a strange group—men long since passed away —Tiziano and Giorgiono, Paolo Veronese, the noble brothers Alessandro and Benedetto Marcello, the wondrously beautiful Faustina, the melancholy Adolf Hasse, the learned Abbate Rossi, the fair artist Rosalba Carriera, and her genial companion and friend Canaletto, and hosts of others, a varied group indeed. Upon the Grand Canal glided innumerable gondolas here and there, before many a balcony resounded the guitar, lights stealthily glimmered behind silken curtains, and charming women nodded smilingly over the railings. How tenderly the moonlight kissed their beautiful brows, and softened their languishing eyes! Secret tokens were wafted here and there, and velvet masks trembled in snow-white hands. It was indeed an intoxicating odor which arose from those wonderful Adriatic flowers of beauty, life, and love.

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So dreamed Giuliano as he listened to Teresa's recital.

Day by day he devoted himself assiduously to the instruction of the young singer. He was secretly charmed with her progress, but, at the same time, unrelentingly severe; and what he had said in regard to the recitative, was the sincere conviction of his heart. Notwithstanding the wonderful talent of his new pupil, the solution of that artistic problem seemed continually to baffle her efforts, and she sang it with a passionate accentuation and haste which drew upon her many earnest reproofs from her teacher. She received his remarks in the strangest manner; sometimes very modestly taking the greatest pains to sing as he desired, trying the same bar over and over again, without the slightest manifestation of impatience; while, at another time, she would burst into a violent flood of tears, throw the notes on the floor, stamp upon them with her little feet, and declare herself ready to start, that very instant, for Dresden. After such a scene, Giuliano would jestingly bid her farewell, call her a little *rabbiata*, and close the piano.

She would then leave the room, sobbing passionately, only to return in an hour to begin again at the very place where she left off.

But, after his last remark, she stood with her lips pressed together and her hands tightly clasped; then, throwing her head back, she slowly approached her teacher, and said, quietly: "Pray, take me to see this wonderful pupil of yours."

"Is your anger at an end, Rabbiata?" said he, with his most fascinating smile. "If so, throw your mantle over your shoulders and come with me before you have time to repent your decision. It is not far from here, and the way leads through yonder garden."

She wrapped herself quickly in her black-silk Venetian mantle, and they walked silently on till they reached a handsome house, the entrance to which was covered with ivy.

The servant who opened the door greeted Giuliano in a friendly, familiar manner, and then turned to announce him.

They were shown at once into a simply-furnished room, where a pleasant-looking old lady was seated at a table, surrounded by three young girls, who rose quickly to welcome their visitor. A few words were exchanged in German, and Giuliano then presented Teresa. One of the sisters approached her with the most bewitching friendliness, and, blushing, said a few words to her in broken Italian, requesting her to be seated.

Teresa complied, indeed; but her brow darkened, and a beam of jealousy flashed from her eyes. Was this the despised, cold, German girl? What a gracious expression! What eyes! What a wealth of golden hair! What a graceful bearing! A pang, such as she had never felt until now, darted through the heart of the fair Venetian. She glanced anxiously at her rival, and the color mounted to her cheek as she saw her in friendly conversation with Giuliano. She could not hear what they were saying, but she had never seen him look so proud and happy as at this moment. A veil fell from her eyes; she started at the revelation of her own heart. Was it possible that she, the renowned singer, even now on her way to new glory and honor, was in love with that grave old man, a mere music-teacher, Benedetto Giuliano?

With this discovery, which made her pulse beat wildly, came the longing to vanquish her rival; for never had she felt herself so secure in the possession of her treasure as now. When, therefore, Giuliano approached her and requested a song, she rose proudly, and replied: "I will sing the aria from 'Cajo Mario,' 'Sposo, io vado a morir.'"

He looked at her with surprise. Why did she choose that, the most difficult of all? At her first note, she turned pale and her powerful voice trembled; but she recovered herself gradually, and the room now seemed too small, the space too limited, for those clear, ringing tones. Giuliano gazed in astonishment at his pupil. Never had she sung so well; but the effect of this wonderful voice was exciting rather than entrancing—the fulness of the supply surprised one, but the impression produced was more of astonishment than pleasure.

"You will certainly be much admired," said Giuliano, as she concluded, "but you must first learn from my fair prima donna here how to touch the heart before you will be called a great singer. Listen, now."

After exchanging a few words with her, Giuliano led the beautiful girl to the piano. She sang, first, the celebrated recitative from "Iphigenia in Tauris," where she relates her fearful dream:

"Ich erblickt' in der Nacht den Palast meiner Väter."

What expression! What a voice! It fell upon the ear like the plaintive notes of a nightingale and her appearance harmonized as truly with it as the perfume of the rose with the rose itself. Those lips, displaying, as they parted, her beautiful white teeth; those eyes, deep and blue as a mountain-stream—all were in keeping. And as Teresa heard and saw all this, passionate tears fell from her eyes. She now knew how a recitative should be sung, but, with that knowledge, came the dreadful conviction that she could never so sing it.

The fair girl now sang Iphigenia's beautiful prayer, but Teresa heeded not. The folding-doors of the veranda opened wide into the garden, and unperceived she stepped out into the darkness, from whence she could see the brilliantly-lighted room. What a picture of happiness and joy it seemed! Teresa suddenly felt herself so lonely and desolate; for how could Giuliano help loving that beautiful young creature? How admiringly he looked at her as she stood by his side at the piano, and how modestly and smilingly she returned his glance! Mother and sisters appeared to sanction their tender affection, surrounding them at the piano, and applauding them warmly—the fair young faces, side by side, looking like a bouquet of exquisite roses.

Who this wonderful pupil was, Teresa cared not to know. She would not even ask the name of her fortunate rival; only she could not stay. She would go at once to Dresden. Were there not, indeed, men there twice as young and handsome as this stern and cruel Benedetto Giuliano?

Suddenly the voice of the beloved one pronounced her name. She saw his magnetic eyes turned toward her, and, yielding that wonderful power which from the first he had exercised over her, she obeyed him, and mechanically approached the piano.

"Teresa," said he, gently and tenderly, "come here and sing the second part in the comic duet from 'Clary'—

'Do-re-mi-fa-so-la
Che bella cosa che la musica!'"

It was just as if a rough hand had struck her. She awaked from her sorrowful reverie; the whole pride of her nature was aroused as she thought that so impossible a request could come from him. Sternly and coldly she turned to him as she said, "Teresa Poggi sings no second part, and least of all, here!"

Giuliano started back with affright. "Are you mad?" he whispered. "Must I tell you in whose house you are?"

"I care not where I am," she replied, with trembling lips. "No power on earth could make me sing second to *her*, were she a queen! All is now over. Fare-thee-well!"

Then, almost beside herself with jealousy and anger, she seized his face with both hands, and passionately kissing his beautiful brow, vanished before they had time to recover from their astonishment.

That same evening, a slip of paper was left at the house of the Italian singing-master. Opening it, he read these words:

"Farewell, beloved and honored master! When you receive this, I shall be on my way to Dresden. Forgive my strange behavior. When I have learned to be less envious; when you have married your favorite pupil, and Teresa Poggi has become a great singer, then will I sing with her the second part in the duet from 'Clary'—never before.

TERESA."

A few weeks later, this answer was on its way to Dresden:

"RABBIATA MIA: You are and ever will be a child. A king would scarcely esteem himself worthy of my fair pupil. She is the Princess Charlotte von Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who, with her beautiful sisters and grandmother, is passing a few weeks quietly in Hanover. They will shortly return to Berlin. Do you now know how foolish you have been? As a punishment, I shall not go to Dresden until you yourself write to me, 'Teresa Poggi has become a great singer.'

"GIULIANO."

Many years afterward, the Duchess Charlotte related the story of this duet at her tea-table.

A small, select circle had assembled in the little music-room of the Castle of Hildburghausen around this intellectual, fascinating woman. Interesting and celebrated guests were there. Duke Frederick had taken his violin from its case, and was carefully tuning it by the piano; Hermstädt, the distinguished clarionet-player and musical director, was standing at his side. At the tea-table sat the old duke, comfortably leaning back in his large arm-chair—"Our George," as his grateful subjects called him—while his aged duchess was convers-

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ing earnestly with one of the most honored guests, the poet, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, whose wonderful eyes often wandered to the beautiful woman sitting opposite to him, the Duchess Charlotte, the *Princess von Mecklenburg-Strelitz.*

All contemporaries unite in celebrating the irresistible grace and wonderful charm of this high-born woman. She was worshipped by her subjects, whose good genius she was, and admired and loved by all whom she honored with her society. Endowed with the most brilliant mental powers, and with a face of rare beauty, she rendered herself remarkable in every relation of life, interesting herself in all good and noble works. Her sweet voice, her passionate love for music, and her great devotion to its study, had aroused a taste in Hildburghausen for this charming science. An altar was raised to St. Cecilia, and the duchess enacted the part of priestess. She founded a chapel, drew skilled musicians to Hildburghausen, established a singing society, and sang herself in church for the benefit of the poor and for the edification and consolation of all who listened. Her beautiful head reminded one constantly of Carlo Dolci's various portraits of St. Cecilia—the same clear profile and noble brow were there, and the same faultless hands. Nothing could have been more inspiring than the expression of her noble countenance as she sang, to an organ accompaniment, some of Bach's sacred airs. They seemed the utterance of her own heartfelt joy and faith, and all who listened went home comforted.

To-day, she had made preparations for a truly enjoyable musical festival. One guest had already arrived, who was to leave town early the next morning, Joseph Benda, brother of the celebrated violinist and musical director of Berlin. He was accompanying the renowned singer Caraccia from Berlin, where she had been singing, to Italy.

The distinguished prima donna had remained at her hotel to rest, offering weariness as her excuse for not accepting the invitation of the duchess to be present at her musical entertainment.

"She sings like a goddess," declared Benda, "but she is as wilful as an evil spirit."

Charlotte soon forgot her disappointment at the non-appearance of the stranger, so much had she to ask and to hear about Berlin, of her beloved sister, the happy young Queen of Prussia, of her old friend Fasch, and of the musical life of that great city. Music was a theme to her so precious and inexhaustible, that Hermstädt looked at them every few minutes, as if he thought the conversation would never come to an end. He had always accompanied the duchess when she sang, but now he felt obliged to yield to another,-rejoicing secretly in his heart, however, that the next morning would find him fully reinstated again.

Finally, the conversation became general, as they spoke of the celebrated singer, and Benda related many piquant anecdotes of her varied life.

"She has often been deeply in love, it is said, most of all with her old teacher, and least of all with her husband," said he, laughing. "Indeed, the report is, that she only married Caraccia in a fit of desperation on learning the death of her old master."

"I should have enjoyed hearing her sing so much," said Charlotte, thoughtfully.

"But we would a thousand times rather listen to our gracious duchess," exclaimed Jean Paul. "All the singers in the world are only twittering little birds compared to our royal nightingale."

The beautiful woman smiled.

"The nightingale would willingly sing again the duet which the handsome and haughty Teresa Poggi once refused to join her in. Since that time, I have never been able to sing it, nor to hear it sung."

And she hummed lightly to herself, as she turned over the leaves of her music-book:

"Do-re-mi-fa-so-la
Che bella cosa che la musica!"

"Here! I have found it. Good Benda, play it once again for me."

Jean Paul sprang up. "Let me take the second part, my honored lady," he exclaimed. "The duchess can make any thing she pleases of me—even a singer."

The merriest peals of laughter followed his request, and jests flew from one to the other, but Jean Paul was nothing daunted. Leaning over Benda's shoulder to see the notes, and beating time with his finger, he sang the "Do-re-mi" as much out of tune as possible. Then, as his wondrous blue eyes turned toward the smiling duchess, he said, as a mischievous smile played over his countenance:

"Let us silence, your highness, all these skeptics; sing with me, and make me the happiest of mortals."

Benda struck the first note, and Charlotte's sweet voice took it up, while a raven-like croaking followed her nightingale tones.

In the midst of the duet, the duchess stopped; she was laughing so heartily that she could not sing. "Dear friend," she said, as she held out her delicate white hand to the poet, "you are every thing in the world—but a singer."

As he bent smiling over the beautiful hand, kissing it reverentially, a woman's voice was heard, saying in a marked foreign accent, "May I take the signor's place?"

The strangely imposing figure of a woman was seen standing at the threshold of the door. Behind her stood a servant, pale with fright. "It is the singer," he stammered; "she says she is no longer weary."

What astonishment and consternation were caused at tea-table and piano, by the unexpected guest! "Do you no longer recognize Teresa Poggia?" continued the stranger. "She has come to entreat your forgiveness, and will sing the third, fourth, and even the fifth part, if you desire it. I was wandering under your windows, and recognized your voice. Will you pardon me for the sake of our dear old master?"

The duchess had, at the first glance, recognized the Venetian girl in the renowned Teresina Caraccia. Deeply moved, she took her hand, and led her new guest to the tea-table.

As soon as the excitement, caused by the sudden appearance of the Italian, had subsided a little, the duchess requested her to sing, in remembrance of their former meeting, Jomelli's Aria, "Sposo, io vado a morir!"

And Teresa sang. But how had this wonderful voice changed! Giuliano would have been satisfied with his pupil. She now sang not only with astonishing power, but with the deepest expression. All were in raptures as she concluded, and, as if on the stage, the proud, beautiful creature bowed smilingly on every side. But the old Hermstädt, who stood with wrinkled brow behind the chair of the duchess, stooped over her and whispered: "Will your highness favor us with a German song, after all this Italian jingle? it is very pretty certainly, but we can annihilate it completely with some of our best things. Sing, I pray you, for the sake of an old man, the aria from the 'Tod Jesu.'"

In a few minutes was heard the voice of the Duchess Charlotte, as she sang:

"Singt dem göttlichen Propheten."

her beautiful tones rising with almost seraphic clearness.

Yes—the old clarionet-player was right—Jomelli's sweet aria was forgotten, as the duchess breathed forth—

"Seele, Gott sei dein Gesang."

The applause was a silent one as the noble singer ceased, but a deep peace had fallen upon all. Jean Paul's eyes were beaming with rapture, and tears fell fast over the furrowed cheeks of the old director.

Suddenly, Benda, as if impelled, resumed his seat at the piano, and played the merry duet—

"Do-re-mi-fa-so-la
Che bella cosa che la musica!"

This time the world-renowned Teresa Carracia sang with sincere pleasure the second part, and perhaps the duet from "Clary" was never heard to such perfection on earth, as on that evening in the drawing-room of the Duchess Charlotte.

Could Maestro Giuliano only have been there!

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A LOST ART--CONVERSATION.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Oct 23, 1869; II, 30;
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pg. 308

A LOST ART—CONVERSATION.

WE chat, and talk, and discuss, and preach—we do not converse. We are too much in a hurry, our minds have too little play, we care not enough for the graces, and too much for the comforts and luxuries of life, to converse. Yet we have no more reason to expect our society to produce the exquisite and fleeting graces of language without any care for them, than we have cause to look for delicate flowers in vegetable-gardens.

Conversation is so preëminently a matter of wit and confidence, of cleverness and trust, and so little a matter of study or of books, that the bookish man and student shine less in conversation than the traveller and the man of the world. The best conversation is first fed by life, and then by literature.

The gospel of the poor was given by Jesus Christ; the gospel of polite society by La Rochefoucauld. We always need the first, and, if we would have a polite society, we need the second. It is a long jump from the first to the sixteenth century; and yet the sixteenth century is the dawn of polite society for modern Europe.

That we should avoid bookish expressions; that we should take care not to use words too grand for the thing we wish to express; that we should not call simple things by learned or clumsy names; that we should not, like detectives hunting criminals, pounce upon every blunder and pretence of our interlocutor, even though *she* talks like a milliner, even though *he* talks like a pedant; that we should not keep conversation confined to those subjects in which we believe ourselves to be the best instructed; that we should listen with amiability, and not hurry to take the word; that we should listen much, speak little, and say nothing we would be sorry for afterward—since La Rochefoucauld said most of these maxims, they have become trite and indifferent to us, but they are not the less essential to agreeable social intercourse. For, to listen well, to inspire confidence, to avoid the monopolizing and priggish style of talking to convict of ignorance, and to display our superior information; not to betray our dependence upon mere memory; to show we have no power of reflection, and no wit, by our absolute silence the moment we are led by a bold and fresh conversationalist from what we have read in books—is difficult with those who pretend to converse, but only express in the parrot-fashion, with monotony and by rote, what they have been charged with: naturally they are the blunderbusses of conversation, and go off in noise, signifying nothing.

Most of us need the guidance of the simplest maxims written by La Rochefoucauld, which, when we respect and illustrate, we show good breeding, attention, deference, discretion, but are not yet able to converse with distinction. To do that one must have the gift as well as the art—the gift which means the flexible mind, the vivacious temperament, the quick intelligence, the good heart, the right word; the *art*, which means the practice of the precepts of La Rochefoucauld.

Men of genius are apt to be monologists rather than conversationalists. Dr. Johnson was not a monologist, nor a man of genius; he was a terrible pugilist with words, and he usually opened his mouth as boxers strike from the shoulder, to knock somebody down. One must be very brutal and very powerful to take part in a conversation with the intention of following the example of Dr. Johnson.

In the eighteenth century, which witnessed the culmination of the art of conversation, every thing favored that particular means of social intercourse, as to-day every thing favors reading. *Then*, instead of reading, the traveller conversed with his fellow. The diligence, the post-chaise, slow locomotion, the leisure of people, limited news, limited interests, these made each man personally of more social importance to his neighbor than we are to each other now that we sit in the cars and read daily telegrams from the great nations, read the latest utterances of the five greatest statesmen of Europe, the masterpieces of great novelists, the last statement of science. What do we care for what our neighbor has to say, unless he has some special business with us, or some new fact to communicate? and, *not caring for more than that*, conversation languishes, and, to take up the old simile, like a delicate and beautiful flower, dies because it is neglected. Conversation languishes, and therefore all that constitutes a free, a vivacious, and an elegant social life, is confined to very few persons. The mass, I will not say of manual workers, but even of people sufficiently free from manual labor to have time to enjoy books, and pictures, and music, and the drama, cannot be said to love conversation, still less do they understand it as an art. They, like most of us, sit under the shadow of care at home, and are urged by that awful American god, Haste, through the day. *No art* can flourish under the baneful influence of Care and Haste.

Even when we read, we read hurriedly—too hurriedly to taste the flavor of an article—and an article, if not written to be bolted at breakfast like too many leading articles, has a flavor, or should have a flavor. A little article should be as perfect, and rich, or delicate, to the mental *goût*, as is a sound cherry or a delicious peach to the palate. But, if we always write to give information to *hasty* readers, of what use is grace in the form that will be overlooked; and refined, and full flavor that will pass the mental palate unnoticed? And, if we are not in a hurry, invisible Care fills every chamber of our goodly mansion, and forbids enjoyment. And, being without self-surrender, without trust in Nature, believing more in arithmetic than in art, paying book-keepers more than book-makers, how can we sincerely cultivate conversation?

To converse, we must have unharnessed minds. But the Americans, as all people doing the work of this century, are in harness. To-day we do hack-work. Our beds are stalls, our homes stables for the night, our tables little better than mangers, over which we eat in silence.

We read for information. In our generation the purpose of reading for pleasure is limited to frivolous people and women. How little time Americans spend in the society of women—our natural civilizers—compared with the time Frenchmen and Italians spend in the society of women! I am not now speaking of a grand society, but of a delightful, if not a perfect society.

Our life is brief—we should contrive to pass it either grandly or agreeably. But few of us are made for grand actions—all of us may aim to be agreeable. We can only realize an agreeable society by giving full play to the feminine element. I am not now speaking of the influence of women as they sit silent in church-pews, or with each other in sewing-societies, or as they challenge us from the platform; but as they were when they were absolute social agents—as they were in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when they formed great social and political writers, when they were actually the complement to our sex, when their place in the state was not less felt than in the family, when they gave the utmost play to their natures—and the play of their nature is better for us than Puritan restrictions and apostolic misconceptions.

A fine and gracious society, one that has its being to illustrate good taste, one that would be considerate as well as fine, and, while corrective of the people, not inimical to democracy, is desirable, not as a particular and arbitrary organization like an academy, but as a body of influence, whose boundaries are not fixed, whose roots are in the people. It should exhibit urbanity and gradation, and be guided by the now almost extinct religion of honor. Such a society would make life in our large cities agreeable, and without such a society no city can be said to have reached the ultimate fact of the life of a city. Conversation is the art of such a society, and all other arts nourish and stimulate it. Such a society cannot be composed exclu-

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sively of women—for women, when with each other, never reach the dignity of conversation, they only chat; as men with each other simply talk, which is conversation *minus* the art—*minus* the pleasure which is its object.

We chat to escape our thoughts, we talk to conceal them; but we converse to express them in the choicest or the most vivacious language. We converse, to commune with each other. Conversation is a gladsome breaking of the bread of social life—it is intellectual hospitality—it is a verbal sacrament which we should celebrate only with the *élite*, only with the elect of our souls. It is impossible to converse with an unfriendly, a stupid, or a profane person. We can only converse with persons sympathetic to us. The best conversationalist will be found to be the man of the broadest sympathies, and of the most attracting personality. But few of us can establish that fine and genial relationship which opens all the pores of our moral and intellectual being, and lets our proper self expand and shed its surplus of life in delightful abundance, making us enjoy the consciousness of a free body, instead of suffering from a clogged and stinted organization, through which Nature's currents do not liberally run. Conversation should be in society what the breeze or the wind is in Nature. It should run over us like a freshening and gladdening thing. It should be the play and stimulus of our minds.

Conversation is a gift quite distinct from that of the writer—and is not always illustrated by the best writers, but by men of the world, lawyers, artists, and women of heart and intelligence. It is generally true that travellers converse well. They have the advantage of full minds, and of varied and vivid sensations. If they do not converse with the grace and urbanity of a Parisian, or as a club-man should converse, they talk to interest us, and they are indulgent and complacent, which are essentials of a good conversationalist.

With the decline of the art of conversation, politeness likewise has gone. We are now poor listeners, but good readers. To be good readers costs us nothing but time and the price of our journal, book, or magazine. But to be a good listener and a good conversationalist costs us deference to others, modulation of voice, self-restraint, amiability, and patience; we must have what the French call *esprit;* we must have leisure; we must have something of the Christian about us—but all this is a tedious tax to sharp, go-ahead, driving business-men; so they read and forego the pleasure which animated and cherished social intercourse might give to us—so they suffer a neglected art to become a lost art. And yet we cannot be said to meet each other like Orientals, in silence, smoking and drinking, although our President has set us that striking and unfortunate example.

Most Americans *do* talk; they are loud and familiar, which is not so well—for noise is barbarous, and familiarity is hurtful to the dignity of the art of conversation. When we have more leisure, more art, more culture in the generous sense of that word, we shall cultivate conversation, which is a verbal means to animate, to awaken, to loosen the mind; then it will be to us what Madame de Staël said it was to the French, what music is to some people, what strong drink is to others,—a pleasure and a stimulus.

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A NEW ANSWER TO AN OLD RIDDLE.
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A NEW ANSWER TO AN OLD RIDDLE.

NEARLY all persons have a pretty definite conviction that it is a waste of time to seek after perpetual motion. This conviction, however, is oftener based upon the uniform failure of efforts to produce such a motion, than upon a distinct understanding of the principles which the effort contradicts. Exactly what is meant by "perpetual motion," and in what sense it is impossible, are questions which will not lose their interest while men continue to spend their lives in pursuing the unattainable.

Without considering the metaphysics of motion, what do we mean when we speak, in the ordinary phrase, of perpetual motion? Strictly speaking, nothing exists that is not an example of it. No portion of the universe is ever, even relatively, at rest. Astronomy first revealed this law in the motions of the stellar masses; and later discoveries have shown that it is imposed upon molecular movements as well. The same necessity of motion controls the atoms and the stars. Nor are these *material units*—the atom and the star—the only forms of material existence that are absolutely without rest. The tides of actinic, thermal, and magnetic force, currents of water, air, and sound, the transmission of light, are also a part of that perpetual *becoming* which is called the universe.

Nature, then, is constant movement; but the perpetual motion which we have in view is something different from this. It must be independent of these exterior forces for its supply. The problem of perpetual motion is not even attempted when we place a machine, as some have done, within their sweep; to do this is no more than to set a windmill in motion, or expose a water-wheel to the current of the stream. We have to define the conditions of perpetual motion. What is the accurate statement of the problem proposed?

In the first place, the motive power must not be supplied from without; it must originate within the machine—in other words, the machine must be "self-moved."

Whether the conception of *self-movement* is a possible one; whether it is, indeed, any thing more than one of those *pseud-ideas*, or forms of words that are "verbally intelligible," in Herbert Spencer's phrase, but not, in the true sense of the word, conceivable—we will not here stop to inquire. Let us admit, for the moment, that we can conceive of a self-renewing force—one that shall produce within itself an equivalent for its losses by friction and by conversion into other forms, such as heat and magnetism, and that shall thus maintain its motion without increment from without. Again, we must exclude the idea of a motion that is due to the momentum of an external impulse, as that of the rotation of a wheel in an unresisting medium. For a given amount of force cannot be made to subsist as the same form of motion. The conservation implies the correlation of forces. The original motific impulse, whether great or small, is soon transformed into molecular motions, and the machine comes to a stand-still. Friction is the great translator of the forms of force; it hinders even the planets in their orbits, and soon exhausts the largest original capital of force.

Nature does not go along cheaply. New forces are constantly required to maintain the minutest of her processes, and these forces are themselves incessantly remodelled, converted, differentiated, as if there were danger that phenomena should become monotonous. She permits no portion of her energy to be uniformly represented. To follow through its cycles of transformation the mere impulse of one's hand in turning a watch-key, would be to trace the mysteries of heat, electricity, magnetism, actinic power, nervous sensibility, life itself; it would unravel the utmost complexities of natural law, and enlighten the obscurest arcana of the universe.

Any form of force, however, soon loses, in the process of its transformations, all obvious likeness to its own prior phases. Thus, a *foot-pound*, when converted into heat or molecular motion, though undiminished in its intrinsic value, is no longer directly available to turn a wheel. The force of impetus, or *vis viva*, which the inventor seeks to invest as perpetual motion, constantly eludes him, friction being, as I have shown, a constant and inevitable larceny of motive power. Friction is the victorious enemy of perpetual motion.

But is there no way to make friction an ally, instead of an enemy? Can we not so employ the law of conservation as to prevent the complete dispersion of the motive power? If no force is ever lost; if its disappearance is but a transformation—why cannot we follow and preserve a definite quantum of it, through all of its mutations, and cause it to reappear undiminished and unchanged at the end of the cycle, and in time to turn our fly-wheel before its momentum shall be exhausted?

At first thought, it does not appear unscientific to suppose that we may yet be able to *cage up* in this manner a quantity of force, permitting none of it to escape, during its phases of appearance, as molecular motion, and finally reapplying its whole amount. Were this possible to be done, we should, indeed, solve the problem of perpetual motion. But it will not be difficult to show that the problem, as thus proposed, is nothing less than to *isolate one part of the universe from the rest.*

Gravitation alone, not to speak of other forces as extensive, connects each with every atom. The universe is a unit. Even could we isolate molecular motions, we should find our microcosm affected by cosmical influences. The very planets would tamper with our machine; the sun and moon would contend over it; and it would prove impossible to withdraw it from a web of relations not less pervasive and subtle than those of gravitation itself. It is impossible so to isolate a quantum of force that it shall always remain in the same confines, and be available for the same purpose.

It would seem that the obstacles in the way of attaining "perpetual motion" are sufficiently evident. There is, however, yet another objection, which I state, merely to disallow. It is said that perpetual motion is unattainable because any machine will finally be destroyed by friction. Friction has, indeed, a twofold result. It transforms force, as I have shown, and, at the same time, it wears out the machine through which the force is exerted. Nothing can withstand this *tendency to fluxion.* A statue, a cathedral, melt away like a summer cloud; steel and diamond are only less permanent than the flowing stream. The adamant is a misnomer. In Nature nothing is permanent, unless it be law. But this necessity of disintegration is not the obstacle that concerns the principle of the perpetual motion that we are considering. Could a machine be produced which should

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actually *go of itself*, it should not be objected that it would wear out in course of time. The solution of the problem would then be accepted, though the motion produced would not be perpetual.

We are now prepared to define what is meant in mechanics by perpetual motion.

Perpetual motion is *the movement of a machine that produces its own motive power.*

This definition excludes the coöperation of all forces which act as suppliers, or "feeders," of motion; it excludes the perpetual motions of molecules, of the cosmos, of circulating currents, and the motion of mere *momentum.* It restricts us to the idea of a machine, the product of human skill, that for any period of time is *self-moved.*

If the form of words, "to be self-moved," means any thing at all, it means, *to be moved without a cause.* But this is a *pseud-idea;* it is literally unthinkable. By no effort of the mind can we conceive of a *causeless effect.* The inventors who have struggled to contrive a perpetual motion have never brought themselves face to face with the absurdity of their attempt. When they have turned upon their machine a stream of external force, as a current of electricity or of rarefied air—diverting these agents from their more profitable acclivities out of doors—they have merely done what the steam and caloric engines do much better; they have created no motive power. When, again, they have taken a definite amount—a certain number of foot-pounds—of force, and vainly attempted to imprison it in their machine, they have not comprehended the essential idea of a perpetual motion; and, lastly, they who have attempted, in ignorance of the simplest laws of dynamics, to multiply force by means of machinery, have never even understood the statement of the problem. They have been pursuing something which appears to be, not only unattainable, but inconceivable—to be not an object, and hardly even an idea.

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A TYPICAL FRENCH FAMILY.
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A TYPICAL FRENCH FAMILY.

BALZAC has given us, in his wonderful series of novels, the most vivid illustration of French domestic life which exists in literature. Therein are portrayed, in colors so vivid, the passions, the virtues, the follies, the tastes, peculiar to the French, and especially to the Parisian character, that the truth of the description at once impresses every reader. It is not more true of any nation than of the French, that in order to know them you must penetrate beyond the outward social crust noted by the casual observer of every day. Underneath that glittering and reckless Paris which the passing tourist is content to observe, there lies much that is worse, much that is better, than the vain frivolity which flaunts itself in the spacious streets, the gorgeous saloons, and the luxurious theatres of the metropolis. Hid out of sight, there is a Parisian world of plodders and toilers—an earnest army, smileless, living on that narrow confine which separates decent comfort from hopeless want. Hid out of sight, too, there is the French home-life, the relation of the French husband to his wife and his children, and all those customs and habits which, through centuries, have accumulated to give the prevailing tinge to the intercourse and the relations of the French family. There is, indeed, but little difference to be observed between the French domestic life of to-day, and that so vividly described by Balzac many years ago. There still exist the same reasons why the French *foyer* should not be the witness of that substantial and homely happiness which exists at the Anglo-Saxon hearthstone. Marriage is, in France—especially among the middle and upper classes—in most cases but a selfish expedient, by which each of the parties profits, and each gives an equivalent for what he or she receives. From this fact follow nearly all the evils which afflict the social state of the French at the present day. False notions of morality pervade society; young women are brought up to dread young men as conspirators against their honor — the young men are too apt to merit that reputation, and are driven, by their exclusion from good female society, to make it good. Before marriage, the wife knows absolutely nothing, in most cases, of her husband's tastes, habits, temperament—or he of hers; there is neither mutual attraction nor mutual respect; the marriage is but a business transaction, concluded by parental diplomacy, and in which the parties most interested have had little concern. It is hardly strange, then, that, tied only by bonds of worldly gain, bound together, these intelligent beings, for no other reason, perhaps, than that madame has three *châteaux* in Normandy, and monsieur writes himself marquis, and counts his descent from the days of Henry of Navarre—it is hardly strange that there are for them few of the blessings of what we call home-life, few home joys, and little of that "home influence" which makes every man and woman better and purer who feels it. It has been the fashion of late, among some writers, to gloss over the real state of French domestic life—to strive to prove that the domestic virtues are really widely prevalent in the empire. Any one, however, who has long observed that society, while acknowledging that here and there one finds a family which is really domestic, affectionate, pure, and a model for all households, will be fain to confess that such families vary widely from the *dominant* type, and that it is but one goodly vine amid many weeds.

Monsieur Bontemps, to whom we are indebted for a frequent and cordial hospitality, is a retired merchant of large means and of luxurious tastes. He is as plump, and smiling, and prosperous, as possible. What monsieur's business actually was, is somewhat a mystery—at all events, it is not alluded to in the domestic circle. Neither do we hear aught of his ancestors, the coat-of-arms on his resplendent *cabriolet* being those of madame's family. You can see that, although monsieur puts on very many airs, and talks glibly on fashionable topics, and endeavors to enact on all occasions the fine gentleman, he is by no means really *au fait*—is, indeed, at bottom, *mauvais ton*. We have heard whispers that monsieur's origin was exceedingly humble—but that being gossip of the most malicious sort, we have given it no heed. Madame, his spouse, on the contrary, is one of the most elegant and polished of dames. Every thing about her betokens refinement and good descent. She is gracefully haughty, and proudly polite—her every movement betrays her breeding, and would grace the saloons of the Tuileries as well as they do her own drawing-room. Monsieur evidently regards madame with a kind of timid awe; madame, on the contrary, apparently barely suffers the presence of her lord. Somehow or other, while madame always seems to be quite at home in the superb apartments which they occupy in the *quartier* of the Champs Elysées, monsieur seems oddly out of place there, and you always have a half-unconscious feeling that he would be much more comfortable somewhere else. Monsieur is short, stoutish, and red; madame is tall, slim, pale, gray-curled, and possesses a quiet-grand manner, which is in singular contrast with the loud and somewhat coarse ways of her husband. Enough has been said to hint to the reader that this pair are the victims of a *mariage de convenance*. Bontemps was a sharp, successful trader, and early in life had acquired by his own industry, added to his inheritance from his father, a large fortune. He

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had always lived and associated in the Montmartre quarter; but being ambitious, he now took a spacious hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain (sold to pay the debts of a spendthrift young count with two scores of ancestors), and looked him up a "blue-blooded" wife from among his aristocratic neighbors. Now the Faubourg St. Germain, as you may know, is an asylum of splendid decay. The best "blood" in France is contained within its dingy solid old edifices. The remnants of the ancient *noblesse* cuddle together there as to a sanctuary which should protect them from the defiling touch of the modern and *sans-culottic* world; and there they take grim comfort in each other's sympathetic woes. Mighty grand their stately old houses look from the street; within many a one, however, there is a gaunt closet-skeleton, Penury. Stiffly and proudly these old families keep up their outward state; but to do it, they must, many of them, have become the most skilful practical financiers of the age—they must, seemingly, have belied Micawber's famous financial demonstration. They would rather starve, any day, than put their hands to useful toil; uselessness is their sacrifice to their ancestry, and the symbol and token of their nobility. There, in musty old Faubourg St. Germain, are rotting away, year by year, the feeble remnants of that once potent and obstinate class which, in centuries gone by, had trodden on the people and defied kings. Bontemps discovered the future chief adornment of his *ménage* in one of these old houses, the hope of an irredeemably broken-down family which boasted a string of surnames, belonging to mythical *châteaux*, rather longer than those of the emperor himself. Mesdemoiselles of the Faubourg, though they will never put their hands to toil the slightest, will yet, somewhat inconsistently, wed sons of toil, who woo them by those cabalistic signs called figures. So Mademoiselle Elise de la Fontaine du Baune de la Montgrand Le Châteaunoir accepted plain Pierre Bontemps, married him, and condescended to go over to the Champs Elysées with him, and occupy his new hotel.

The "consideration" was, on his part, an income of one hundred and fifty thousand francs; on hers, blood azure and tigers rampant. The penniless lady spent his money, and despised him; he thought her ornamental, and, for the rest, cared not a sou.

Monsieur Bontemps has a family consisting of one son, twenty-seven, loafer; two daughters, just blooming out of the chrysalis into the butterfly state of young womanhood; and two or three infantile hopefuls. As we pass in under the ornate portal, garnished with the heraldry of the *Chateaunoirs*, we feel already the aristocratic sphere of madame. The court-yard is sublimely aristocratic in its cleanliness and repose. The staircases are broad and echoing. The corridors, adorned with painting and statuary which Bontemps, certainly, never could have selected, are soft-carpeted, and betray long vistas and many turnings to the eye. How describe the sumptuousness and *luxe* of the saloons? If it is winter, they are, it is true, disgustingly cold; if in summer, the redundance of thick draperies gives you a suffocating sensation. And the magnificent clock on the mantel, with its figure of Godfrey of Bouillon astride his charger, is as stately and as utterly useless—for it never goes—as madame herself. Plenty of gilt and cushions and voluptuous *fauteuils* and gaudy candelabra on every side—for it is vulgar to burn gas in the parlor; here, in a corner, a library of superb untouched tomes. But we have hardly time to take these objects in at a glance; for madame herself sweeps in, arrayed in all the glory of wealth, and with all the taste of "blood," and receives us with a grand courtesy, which has a suspicion of *froideur* in it. Monsieur is more cordial, and gives you as hearty a welcome as he dares, under madame's eye. Having come to spend the evening, monsieur insists upon conducting us to a room for toilet purposes, but is suddenly annihilated by madame calling François, the valet, and with vast dignity ordering him to perform that task. Returning to the saloon, we are introduced to the young ladies, who have a half-terrified expression of countenance, and salute us by the slightest inclination of the head in the world. Of course, you must not shake hands with them, 'twere an offence unpardonable. As to holding a conversation with them, that were impossible. They are "in society," it is true; but in their own parlor, and under the eyes of madame herself—eyes that could not be accused of unwatchfulness—they can only distantly, and with great reserve, receive a male guest of the family. So we have to confine ourselves to chatting with monsieur on the last race, or the prospect of a war with Prussia, and with madame about Baron Haussman's ball, and what the empress wore in chapel last Sunday. At dinner, which takes place at a sharp six, we have experience of the most *recherché* viands and dishes, and are fain to think them more luxurious than substantial. The conversation takes the direction of the various social institutions in America and France. Madame has a lofty pity for our Yankee girls, who marry for love, and drudge ever after; she has an idea that we Americans live in a state of chronic insurrection; she is gently shocked to learn that marriages can be performed in the United States without the intervention of Holy Church. That servile person, her husband, follows her cue diligently, and airily defends the institution of "mariages de convenance;" his own marriage was one of that kind (madame smilingly nods); it was all cozily settled by the notaries: no long dancing attendance, nonsense about love, things of that sort; all was done like sensible folk; each gave something to the other. *He* certainly saw no reason to be dissatisfied. Here they were, flourishing, prosperous, as we saw them. We observe, however, that, amid all this glaring luxury—capable of possessing the means of gratifying every momentary fancy, every passing whim—these people are not really happy. There is here a sphere which is not the sphere of a real home. There is a stiffness and formality and cold indifference on the part of each member of the family toward the others, which betrays how little of mutual confidence and affection there is between the walls of the spacious Hôtel Bontemps. Monsieur and madame seldom speak to or look at each other; when they do, it is for some practical purpose; they do not chat and laugh with each other, or quiz each other—they only ask each other to pass the salt, or make some remark to which the general conversation gives rise. There is a studied, cold courtesy between the two which is absolutely freezing. The young ladies are over-respectful to their parents, sit seemingly afraid to speak, glide noiselessly and humbly away from the table, and have apparently been brought up to stand in awe of their mamma. Even in this inner home of theirs all is artificial, cold, constrained. Madame thinks that America must be the most stupid of earthly countries, where people are absolutely so dull as to be contented with the pleasures of home! It is a joy *she* has never tasted, and, hence, which she knows not. Monsieur has his sphere of pleasures—madame, hers; but they are reached by separate paths. Madame, as a true and pious daughter of the Faubourg St. Germain should, is a blind devotee of the Church; spends great sums in masses and Peter's pence, confesses weekly to her *curé*, and often tears herself from the allurements of fashionable society to yield herself up to pious devotion. Monsieur, like Dagobert in the "Wandering Jew," doesn't pretend to know any thing about these matters; is not certain what to believe, and doesn't care much; but this he does know, that "he hates these sneaking priests." And well he may; for, from his too credulous wife, the priests receive a minute weekly digest of all that goes on in his house, and they are perpetually coming in between him and his family in some way or other. Madame will only associate with those whom she magnificently calls "high-bred" people; she continues to maintain her association with the Faubourg; she will hardly recognize even the "*parvenu* society" of the Tuileries; she abhors all upstart members of society. Monsieur, on the contrary, is half afraid of, half detests, madame's haughty and supercilious friends; his associations are with retired tradesmen like himself, the world of the bourse, the club, and the Boulevard *café*. Monsieur never, and madame seldom, receives company at home; for madame wont suffer her husband's "boors," and her own friends prefer not to run the chance of meeting that *bête* Bontemps in the corridor. In public, monsieur and madame are never seen together. You will often see them, indeed, at the opera; but madame is seated with great dignity in a private box, surrounded by half a dozen aristocratic swells, and monsieur is standing compressed in the crowded *parterre* below. Madame rides in the *Bois de Boulogne*, in her husband's gorgeous carriage, with whatsoever gentlemen she will; and, although excessively Catholic, is not above flirtation, or even a *liaison* conducted in a fashionable way. Her admirers are devoted with perfect frankness, and with equal frankness she returns their admiration. Madame makes her calls alone, goes alone to the balls, and performs the multifold duties of Parisian society quite independently of her husband's movements. After dinner (to return) we are invited into monsieur's study, to smoke a cigar; there our worthy friend talks more freely, and speaks of his family affairs with perfect candor. "Well, messieurs," he says, "you may either spend your evening here with madame—which, let me say, you may not find over-cheerful—or you may go with me to the club."

"You will spend the evening from home?"

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"*Mais, sans doute; quoi faire ici, parbleu?* I never stay at home in the evening. It would be, *ma foi*, insufferable. The *demoiselles* are forever clattering on the piano; *madame* is hardly talkative to me; besides, *monsieur le comte* is likely to drop in for a *tête-à-tête* with her, and, you see, I would be *de trop;* or, worse, some priest or other will be crawling about, and, *bast!* that puts me out of temper. How, under heaven, can I amuse myself *here?* Why, I have all Paris to choose from! You, who have no Paris, may shut yourselves up with your wives, and mourn. But I am as free as air, can go where I choose, do what I choose, and never a soul to care or think of me. Sometimes I go to the theatre, frequently to the club, every blessed night to the *boulevards* and *cafés*."

"How does your son amuse himself?"

"How should I know? He has his jolly young bucks, doubtless *grisette* friends also; he shakes a foot now and then at Mabille; and I often see him flirting in the *première galerie* at the opera. But that doesn't concern me. He has his habits and resorts, I mine; he has his club, I mine. We don't in the least interfere with one another."

Monsieur puffs away complacently on his cigar, self-satisfied and smiling as possible. We might give him a Yankee lecture on matrimonial and paternal duty, but forbear—for he is French, and would shrug his shoulders and laugh at it.

We prefer, as gallant folk should, to remain with madame; and monsieur hies himself off to the indispensable absinthe and water, and may be seen, ten minutes later, ensconced in front of a *café* on the Boulevard des Italiens, surrounded by a group of little insouciant men like himself, quaffing his beloved poison, and talking fast, as only your Frenchman can. Madame is as serenely stiff, as studiously courteous, as before. Mademoiselles give us for amusement a feeble duet in the distance—at the farther end of the saloon. Hippolyte (the son) puts his head in at the door, all *pomadé* and curled, to bid us good-evening; he is off for an habitual lark. The table is strewn with yellow-covered novels of the Frenchiest type; one is turned down where madame has just left off reading. Our hostess, thawing a little, talks gayly to us—but what talk! It is not, happily, quite without an illustration in our own parlors at home. It is sparkling emptiness, until, after a while, the subject of matrimony coming up again, she deigns to shed a great deal of new light, for our benefit, upon that institution as it is in France. Madame discourses on this topic with charming plainness. The young men, she declares, must have their day of pleasure before marrying; and she is not, apparently, averse to the mode of life thus designated. Many more men marry at middle age than in their twenties. As for the demoiselles, they were domestic prisoners. Such a thing as going out alone they knew not, from the time they were fifteen till they were married. They could only go shopping, or calling, or to school, flanked by *bonnes*, mamma, or governess. They could on no account receive calls from young gallants, unless at the same time some older person was in the room with them; and not then, until the young gentleman's character, prospects, social position, had been thoroughly investigated by the anxious parents. But, as soon as our young lady was fairly wedded she leaped at once from absolute suppression to unrestricted liberty. She could go where she pleased, do what she pleased, see whom she pleased. Her husband, being much older than herself, inspires in her none of that romantic sentiment so becoming to young womanhood at the time of marriage; he is forty-five, loves only his club and his horses, and is the greater part of day and evening away from home. It is not so very wrong, young madame thinks, in this state of things, to receive calls from former young gentlemen "admirers;" and without great difficulty she persuades herself that it is not so very wicked to have a "lover." She *will* have her romance; so, her husband being only a convenience, somebody else is chosen to satisfy the sentimental part of her nature. 'Tis ten to one that the husband does not care a rush whether his wife has another lover or not. He is thereby relieved of the duty of escort, and may enjoy himself the more freely. But sometimes the husband becomes jealous, the consequence of which is not unlikely to be a scuffle on the staircase or a duel at Passy.

This typical French family, therefore, of which we have attempted an outline, have no objects or pursuits in common. Each goes his or her own way. When they meet at table or in the drawing-room, there is no congenial sphere, no mutual bond to bind them in affection together. Each, in his or her direction, is absorbed in the vanities of the outer world; to them, indeed, the best French translation of our word "home" is "*ennui*." The younger generation only learns from the elder how to pass a life wanting in the sweetest and most ennobling influences which mortal can enjoy. Religion is but a superstition to one and an unpleasant bugbear to others of the family. Morals are appearances; that which the Paris *monde* does not condemn is right. The object of marriage is simply to barter this advantage for that. They tell us that the population of France is deteriorating both in numbers and in character; thus, statistics are preaching a most startling lesson to a social system which is heedless and learns not. There are in France good priests, who go about striving hard to remedy the ever-growing evils which have been indicated; but alas! they meet face to face, on every hand, indifferent priests, or bad priests, who, fearing the decadence of Romish power, counteract their influence, and lull the people again to their inherited customs. State and Church both, it seems to us, are doing their best to encourage popular apathy to morals, and to keep a real home-life out of France; the political revolutions have done society rather harm than good; atheism stalks applauded everywhere. If France could but awake, as she did to the tyrannies of the old monarchy, to the diseases which eat at the heart of her society!

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A VISIT TO ARY SCHEFFER'S STUDIO.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Jan 15, 1870; III, 42;
American Periodicals
pg. 78

A VISIT TO ARY SCHEFFER'S STUDIO.

I FOUND my artist friend Clara waiting for me yesterday before the Venus de Milo, in the Antique Gallery at the Louvre, and we started together on our proposed visit to the studio of Ary Scheffer Clara was provided with a letter from Madame M——n, his daughter, which gave us the *entrée.* Arrived in the rue Ciapitel we rang at a closed iron gate, and waited a few moments its opening.

Presently it swung open and disclosed to us an avenue shaded by trees, and, at a little distance, another gate, which, as we approached, was opened to us by a little bowed old man with a smiling face.

My friend found it difficult to make him understand that we had permission to see the studio. She showed him her letter, and said madame had given her the permission.

"*Mais madame est absente.*"

"Yes, but this letter comes from her."

"Certainly, if madame were at home," replied the old man, dubiously.

At last Clara succeeded in making him understand the case, and he reluctantly prepared to open the studio.

The hotel stood at a little distance, surrounded by trees, but a low building opposite the *loge* was the studio, the door of which the old *concierge* unlocked, and we entered.

Here Ary Scheffer had painted those consoling religious pictures that have touched so many hearts, and which the graver's art has spread so widely wherever pictures are loved. How much good they have done! My heart thrilled as I stood where the gentle and great artist had wrought them out. His presence seemed to linger about the room, the arrangement of which was just the same as when he had occupied it.

I could not respond to the enthusiastic exclamations of Clara: my heart was too full. I could only silently and lovingly look on the mute testimonies of his presence, which spoke to my heart with a power beyond words. Before me was his large painting of Francesca di Rimini, in all the unutterable woe of that everlasting torment which Dante has described. What consummate art is needed to show in that close embrace of two loving hearts, the utter misery that fills them — so great, that their intense love was its own woe. What despair in the

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upturned and partly-hidden face of the lover! What tenderness in the anguished features, close to his breast, of his beloved!

I turned away my eyes, full of tears, to rest them upon the unfinished picture of the Angel of the Resurrection, pointing to the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. There yet remained the artist's correcting marks in chalk upon the painting. It is a noble picture, and the angel is full of that spirituality that stamps all Ary Scheffer's higher compositions.

Everywhere my eye fell, it was greeted with a familiar subject. There was a lovely portrait of his daughter at about ten years of age, holding under her arm the head of a magnificent Newfoundland dog, the ancestor of one that I had seen in the *loge* on entering; and opposite it, repeating the same delicate features, was the famous "Mignon," grave and cold in color, but inexpressibly charming in its quiet grace. Near this hangs his fine composition of our Saviour, shown to the multitude. The figure of our Lord, pure and dignified in character, the head noble and elevated in expression, is a little drooped, and is full of touching and mournful tenderness. Contrasting this figure, which is all in a clear mass of light, is a swarthy, athletic form, who stands behind and turns his face away from you to the people, as he draws back the crimson mantle from the shoulders of our Lord, and beckons that all may behold him.

What a refined feeling it is in the artist, that just indicates the vulgar character, and does not allow it to obtrude itself glaringly, as an ordinary painter would have done!

Here and there on the wall are repeated, with different expressions, the same lovely and dignified head of our Lord.

A company of blessed spirits are rising in this large picture, all aspiring heavenward. Here are two large pictures just commenced—both religious subjects—one of them, Jacob wrestling with the angel.

How sad it seems that the hand should have lost its cunning just at the time when his genius was ripe, and the world was looking for yet more works from him; just when his powers, in their perfection, seemed most fit to glorify the Master whom he served in his calling!

High up on the wall were portraits of a number of distinguished men—Lamartine some twenty years ago, and, among others, a large portrait of a beautiful duchess.

The picture, so well known to every one, of "St. Augustine and his Mother," hangs in a good light, and is finer than one has an idea from the engraving.

A recess in the studio, dimly lighted, contains the love-work of the painter. Here, carefully covered, is the recumbent statue of Scheffer's mother; and, above this memorial of her who was so dear to him, looks out the gentle painter's portrait, with his portfolio in his hand. Still above it hangs the mother's portrait, seated in her arm-chair, bending her face over her two little children, on whose heads her hands repose in blessing.

A little anteroom leading from the main studio is full of familiar works—studies for his paintings. It was most interesting to look through them. "Margaret," "Mignon," "The Dead Christ," and a bold study in crayon for the devil's head, that we have seen in "The Temptation," and many others, were there.

The studio is only of moderate size, with a parqueted floor of dark, polished wood. The high window was drooped over by vines and the branches of trees, which have probably grown since his death, and which, subduing the light, made us more sadly certain that the light and life of the room were gone forever.

A large green sofa stood beneath the window; before it, an oaken table, with his writing-desk and case of books upon it. Opposite it, on the other side, against the wall, was the model's chair; and at the side, under the Francesca di Rimini, stood the painter's piano.

"Oh, yes, he played; and many are the concerts there have been in the atelier," said the old *concierge*.

He knew Monsieur Schaffer well, and, he added, with a touch of pride, "Twenty-five years I have been in the family."

He looked much gratified when I told him that in my far-away country we had long known and loved Ary Scheffer's works, and reverenced him as a great artist.

We looked once more around the room, for the *concierge* evidently thought we had stayed long enough. We took a farewell of each beautiful picture, and, once more glancing at the hallowed corner where mother and son united remain in the silence of the deserted studio, turned to go.

Once more we trod the avenue that had echoed so often to the feet of Ary Scheffer, and, leaving the old servant, doubly gratified with a couple of francs and our departure, we came out into the bustle and noise of the city.

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AN AFTERNOON HOUR IN THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.
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American Periodicals
pg. 468

AN AFTERNOON HOUR IN THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

IT is not always the triumphal arches of a foreign city that constitute its most pleasing interest. It is not always its palaces and columns, its galleries and museums, that leave the strongest impression on the observer's susceptibility. These are its treasures, its hoarded wealth of history, but not its life, its ardor, its pulsation of to-day.

The artistic eye may wander, week after week, over its pictured walls, and through its echoing galleries, delighted with the recognized superiority, gathered from every land and all ages, yet bear away no vision which shall indicate wherein the Louvre differs from the Vatican, or Paris from Rome.

The intellectual spirit may haunt libraries, pore over historic rec-

* The late Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrew's, Scotland.

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ords, and waste itself in admiration of learned and cultivated men, yet not be cognizant of the idiosyncrasies of present existence.

The contemplative mind may roam through the memory-crowded rooms of imperial palaces, rekindling the extinguished torches of royal revelry, and muse over the lights and shadows of dead human hearts, yet know little of the actual throbbing life that is tramping the streets and stirring the dust of to-day.

These thoughts involuntarily impressed me, as I seated myself in the midst of the fountains, trees, and statues, adorning the "Garden of the Tuileries." The scene was one that no painter's hand can reproduce, no poetic inspiration can transmit. It was life. It was the breathing, the laughing, the sensate thrill, of the city's existence. It was men, women, and children, delightedly gathering for their usual afternoon pleasure. That was all. It was as necessary as their bath, their breakfast, their dinner, and belonged as much to the comforts of their daily life. With us, it would have been a gala occasion; with them, it was a custom. With us, it would have been labor and toil, from its rarity and ignorance of how to enjoy; with them, it was relaxation and happy ease, entire and thorough freedom everywhere. The garden belonged to the people; no red boards, planted low down as if ashamed of their office, withheld a footstep from the grass.

Chairs, too, were everywhere—not a few, but enough for the hundreds of restless roamers; not fastened down, but free, to be carried anywhere, placed any way, in a row, in groups, as you will. And the people—men, not the toilers of life alone, but men of all professions—walking about, conversing with a zest and vividness most bewitching, or, seated in groups, idly enjoying the bliss of rest, or, solitary, reading a journal, smoking a cigar, musing, writing—all buoyant with being, quaffing great draughts of that wine of life which brings to the eye lustre, to the frame strength, and to the brain electric force.

There, too, were women—beautiful family groups—the ladies, with their embroidery, knitting, feminine employments of all sorts (I saw one quite stylish-looking circle, the chief member of which was mending some beautifully-fine stockings, as unconcerned as if in her own boudoir), seated in groups, with books, *bonbons*, and the everlasting "chocolate," by way of entertainment. Young girls were there, with a roll of music, or a basket of bright-colored wools, each accompanied by her maid. These maids, or *bonnes*, are a pleasing feature in the picture.. With their pretty white caps, always fresh and clean, their large white aprons, with capacious pockets, they flit about like butterflies, guarding their older charges from too evident manifestations of admiration, or skipping, laughing, and playing with the dear little babies committed to their tenderness.

But the children. Breathe softly, for we are holding the future in our embrace. Paris loves her little children, and "forbids them not." Wherever the woods are greenest, the flowers most beautiful, the sights and sounds most pleasing, there Paris welcomes her children.

Nowhere in the world are the home affections so cultivated as in a native French family, and nowhere are there purer instances of filial love. It is because the fathers and mothers of France are with their children everywhere, and take pains and infinite care that they shall be made happy.

So chatty, so sparkling, so natural, yet withal so free from any thing low, these children were the gems of the scene. Playing unrestricted, within sight and sound of "the family," full of joyous gladness, they tossed the ball, or skipped the rope, or wound themselves up in those intricacies of mazy circle which the children of all lands know how to form.

Always neatly and tastefully, sometimes richly, dressed, they filled the air with soft notes of melodious laughter, or delighted the vision with sweet shapes of unstudied grace—a kaleidoscopic witchery, a dream of beauty, embroidered on the tapestry of human life.

Some American children were there; but it was evident they were not "to the manner born." Pale and delicate, or dark and sallow, they sat down with that prim composure that would be manifested in church while waiting for the service to commence, half desiring to join the unobtrusive merriment, yet half wondering and astonished at the careless gayety around them.

Sympathetic emotion soon smooths the rough corners of nationality; and, with a pretty shyness of invitation from their French sisters, as shyly accepted, the strangers were soon gayly enjoying themselves.

The rapid, rippling, and forcible utterance of the musical language sounds pleasantly to the ear always; but, from the French children, it has a wonderful charm of expression, and you cannot divest yourself of a species of amazement, absurd though it be, that they speak it so readily.

Women, with baskets of delicate, crispy cakes, seemed welcome to everybody, so homelike and natural is the out-door life. Many a quaint costume lent a fanciful image to the scene, among which the large, stiff, white Norman caps and bright bodices were noticeable; while a variety of military uniforms, including the Oriental costume of the sombre *zouave*, and the brilliant dress of the *chasseurs d'Afrique*, gave light and life to the picture.

Nor was music wanting, with its refining tendencies. One of the finest bands in the city plays an hour every afternoon, from five to six. The selections are varied, satisfying the classical, romantic, operatic, or popular desire. The gentlemen walk quietly about, with listening attitude, all gradually drawing nearer the central point, where the band is stationed, and where chairs are placed in the similitude of a concert-room. They stand silently, with appreciative air, while the pleasing harmony invites and rewards attention.

The ladies absently put aside their various occupations, and, with kindled eye, nod their pretty heads in unison with the measure of the music; or, soothed to quiet, bend their gaze downward, each, perhaps, thinking of that which the charm has most stirred into life.

And the children—bless them all the world over!—grow merrier than ever, and dance all alone, or in exquisite groups, with graceful motion, and all the *abandon* of innocent youth.

To the honor and glory of New York, be it noticed that, of a Saturday afternoon in summer, Paris can show no finer sight than the gatherings in Central Park, concentrated by the attraction of Dodworth's music; but that, which in New York is exceptional, is here an every-day delight, entirely free from the weariness which, with us, necessarily follows the occasional relaxation, that we ignorantly turn into "hard work." Here, instead of crowding the amusement necessary to each of the six days into one afternoon, it is scattered pleasantly throughout the week, so that at eventide Paris is fresh as at morning, having imbibed from the out-door life that element which knows no haggard countenance, no stooping frame, no toil-worn brain.

As the last gay and inspiriting selection of the band ceases, the throng begins to disperse, quietly, easily, leisurely, as though there was nothing else in the world to do but sit under the trees and listen to music. Yet they go back to stern duties, with recruited energy and encouraged ardor, to return again to-morrow afternoon, improving here or elsewhere the "time for rest."

Above them arches the blue sky of "France the beautiful," gleaming through the trees among which their fathers and mothers danced away their childhood before them.

Around them stand the chiselled statues of earlier days, from whose marble lips no sound comes to tell of the wild tumult they have witnessed, or the bloody horror on which their stony gaze rested when terror reigned supreme.

At one end of the avenue which divides the "garden" is the central façade of the Tuileries; and, as we joined the throng, moving in the opposite direction toward the Place de la Concorde, the setting sun threw into bold relief the beautiful figure of Fame upon one of the terraces. With the trumpet lifted to her lips, she seemed alive with glory, sounding on through the future the hoarded victories of the past. Into the open space passed the crowd, welcoming the benediction of night; but we walked slowly through that historic spot, remembering how lately the guillotine had given fierce joy to the populace on the soil our feet were treading, and how many of the fairest and bravest had there knelt to receive a bitter death.

The last strain of Vergniaud's heroic voice, bearing unfalteringly onward the burden of the Marseillaise, seemed still to tremble on the air, mingled with the exclamation wrung from Madame Roland's defiant wonder; yet the France of to-day buries their wrongs under sparkling fountains, and the Paris of to-day eats its daily bread in peace.

We walked slowly on through the active beauty of the Champs Elysées, thanking Heaven that home in Paris is as much out-of-doors as in-doors, and believing that the joyousness of a people depends upon its willingness to accept health, force, and vitality, from the sun and from the air under the open sky.

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BELLA'S DEFEAT.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Jun 19, 1869; 12;
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BELLA'S DEFEAT.

"BELLA!"

"Well, aunt?"

"Don't talk so loud, my love—you are attracting too much attention."

Bella shrugged her shoulders.

"Dear me, is that all? I suppose you mean that crew of donkeys over there? Really, I don't mind them."

The donkeys referred to were a number of flashily-dressed men, with dyed mustaches—creatures always to be found at watering-places, and especially at Cape May. They were ogling Miss Bella in a free-and-easy sort of way, but the young lady—a thorough representative of the light-hearted "girl of the period"—was not in the least annoyed.

"Drive on a little farther, John," said Bella's aunt, and the carriage moved up the beach, which was vivified with bathers, promenaders, and carriages—all under a blue sky and plenty of sunshine.

Bella Vernon, an heiress and an orphan, under the care of her aunt, Miss Mortimer, had come down to Cape May to pass a portion of the summer, previous to visiting Long Branch. Bella had been "out" three seasons—had gone through the yearly programme of parties—the operas, etc.—had jilted half a dozen lovers, and was in that state of supreme independence and self-possession which so astonishes foreigners, and leads them to form very peculiar notions of American women. Bella was charming, and knew it; she was wealthy, and never forgot it; she had every thing which, according to the world's idea, makes a woman perfectly happy. Yet, she was not happy. After rattling through a whole day and evening of gayety, she would lie awake and sometimes weep a little, and feel extremely lonely. Her thoughts would revert to her half-dozen rejected suitors, for when a woman has nothing better to do, she *thinks*. Bella firmly believed that she had been shamefully treated by these lovers; but the truth of the case was, *she* was the one who had changed. "Oh, shall I never meet one who will love me faithfully?" whimpered Bella. Yes, *ma chère*, there are plenty of true, brave hearts, who love sincerely, but they are not to be found in your "set," Bella, which is composed of young men who dispense everlasting small-talk, and who never suffer from enlargement of the heart.

Bella found the world of fashion pleasant, because it flattered her. Under the care of her aunt, Miss Mortimer, she was likely to become utterly *blasée* and worldly. She flirted outrageously, and seemed to take delight in making "the fellows" miserable. In short, Bella was spoiled. Her aunt was a foolish, good-hearted woman, easily flattered, whose care of her niece was any thing but beneficial. The two went fluttering like butterflies through the excitement of the seasons, quite indifferent as to the remarks their independence caused. Bella was considered by staid mammas wild, but her position in society was assured, and she was simply called dashing and eccentric. Being always surrounded by the fashionable young men, she was so unpopular among the girls that she had not even one female friend. This, however, did not distress Bella, who found gentlemen's society infinitely preferable to that of ladies. So the summer days at Cape May passed; and Bella and her aunt, between the bathing hour and the hop, found enough to dispel any unnecessary amount of *ennui*.

It was during the bathing-hour that Bella, leaning lazily back in the carriage, assured her aunt that she did not mind being looked at. Miss Mortimer, however, seeing the *social status* of the males in question, thought it best to withdraw her beautiful niece from their cool inspection. Bella laughed heartily as the carriage moved on.

"Dear me, aunt," she said, "how timid we are getting! I thought we liked to be admired. I am sure they were looking at you."

"Bella, how can you talk so?"

Bella yawned.

"I wish I could talk sensibly," she said, thoughtfully, after a moment. "I wish I knew one sensible man."

"There is Mr. Grandville."

"Mr. Grandville! An idiot almost!"

"Or Mr. Avery."

"Worse still. They say he poisoned his wife."

"Bella, don't repeat that dreadful scandal!"

"I can't help it, aunt; it was you who told me all about it. Oh, dear, I feel stupid this morning! Oh, the hop last night! That little goose, Martin, wanted me to promenade on the piazza with him, and actually attempted to propose; I believe I went almost to sleep while he was trying to do so. Oh, aunt, look at that big man flopping around in the water like a porpoise. Here comes that stupid Mr. Grandville.—How do you do. Lovely day, isn't it? Why ain't you in bathing? I wan't to see you swim.—Auntie, do coax Mr. Grandville to go in bathing, won't you?—Are you afraid of taking cold, Mr. Grandville? Too much trouble? A wave might carry you out too far? So it might. Must go? Good-by!—Auntie, there goes your sensible man. I wish you joy of him."

Miss Mortimer was too well accustomed to these tirades to make any remark; and Bella, after yawning again, continued pathetically:

"Aunt Mary, I shall die young—I know I shall."

"What nonsense!"

"You may call it nonsense, but it's the truth. Heigh-ho! There, I am not going to be gloomy any more. Here come your admirers, auntie; what lovely dyed mustaches they have! I wonder if I could gamble?"

Oh, Bella, Bella! A girl of twenty, yet knowing so much! Where was that childlike innocence which is the most beautiful trait in the character of a young girl?

"Auntie, did you ever gamble? No? It seems to me I should like to learn. I wonder if we couldn't have one of those creatures to teach me how? I can't exist unless I have some excitement all the time, and this place is so *stoopid!*"

"Bella," said Miss Mortimer, in languid astonishment, "what ails you to-day?"

"I don't know. I've got the blues. There, look at that!"

This remark was occasioned by the sudden flight into the surf of a fan which Bella had been energetically swinging around. A young man who was sauntering past, made a dash into the retreating wave which was carrying off the fan, and succeeded in wetting his feet, but recovered the article. He wiped it carefully with his handkerchief, and handed it to Bella, who, finding him unusually handsome, smiled graciously.

"Thank you," she said. "It wasn't worth the trouble. I am so sorry you got your feet wet! I wish I had a pair of shoes to lend you."

The young man looked slightly surprised at the familiarity with which she addressed him, bowed, and passed on, followed by what Bella intended should be another gracious smile, but which faded suddenly when she saw that she had made no impression upon him.

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She lay back in the carriage and pouted, scarcely heeding Miss Mortimer's remark about improper familiarity with people she did not know. For once in a long time, Bella's vanity was hurt. She was accustomed to have men regard her with frank admiration, and when a new-comer failed to do so, she immediately felt slighted.

"I think it is time to go back to the hotel," she said, briefly.

"It's too soon, Bella."

"No matter if it is. Take us back to the hotel, John."

Bella's will was law, and the carriage moved. As it did so, the young man who picked up the fan passed again, without even as much as a glance toward the carriage, although Bella burst into one of those laughs which young ladies indulge in when they wish to attract attention, and at the same time appear unconscious of any one but the other young lady to whom they are talking. Finding the young man did not take the least notice of her, Bella became sulky, while Miss Mortimer, who understood every thing that was going on, thought: "She is getting worse every day. She must be married as soon as possible."

The piazza of the hotel was deserted; so Bella went up to her room, put on a walking-costume, and appeared before her astonished aunt in the parlor.

"Bella," she exclaimed, "where are you going?"

"Out for a tramp. Don't send those boobies after me, or I'll never forgive you."

"But, you are not going alone?"

"Why not? There, don't look so grumpy. I'll be back soon."

Miss Mortimer sank back, resignedly.

"Very well," she said, "but I must say—"

"Don't say any thing. Good-by! To the beach!"

And off she went, avoiding the crowd, and sauntering on very much like a cat in search of a mouse. She was angry, very angry. She had met a man who refused to take any notice of her, and she was consequently on the war-path—determined to make him acknowledge her power! That was settled, and now *marchons!*

On she went in the direction she had noticed he took, but he was not to be seen. The beach was becoming lonely, and any thing but attractive to a fashionable young lady. Bella looked around in dismay. She had gone farther than she intended. At the same time, she uttered a little scream as a fiddler-crab came scrambling over the sand, and she made a quick, violent movement to avoid the creature, and fell. A sharp pain shot through her foot, she attempted to rise, but sank back with a moan. She had sprained her ankle.

"I've done it now!" she said, coolly. "I should like to know how I am to get back to the hotel."

She managed to limp to a dry bank of sand, and looked around courageously, for Bella was no girl of milk-and-water temperament. Nothing was to be seen but the dreary stretch of sand. Nothing was to be heard but the roar of the surf, which broke into foam and crept to her feet.

Bella looked at her watch. It was nearly one o'clock. "I shan't be able to dress for dinner to-day, that's sure," she thought, "and poor Aunt Mary will think I have been drowned, or something equally awful."

She made another effort to walk, but the pain was so intense that she felt faint. "A stimulant would come in pretty well now," thought Bella, and again she looked around—this time more anxiously. Her eyes brightened, she beheld a figure looming up in the distance. It was a man! Bella waved her handkerchief; he saw the signal, quickened his steps, and was soon by her side.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, my foot—sprained—can't move," gasped Bella, the pain becoming more intense, and she looked up.

The young man who had rescued her fan from the surf stood before her.

The recognition was mutual, but did not seem to please him, for he drew back slightly, and hesitated.

"Why does he dislike me?" thought Bella, and she immediately set about to conquer his aversion by that useful and effective resort—tears.

"Oh, dear, dear, what shall I do?" she sobbed; "I cannot wa—wa—walk."

"I will go for assistance," was the reply, and he made a movement to decamp, but Bella caught him by the coat.

"No, no," she moaned "you musn't leave me, I shall faint;" and, firmly resolved the young man *should* support her, she sank back on the sand. Of course, what could he do but raise her, and let her head lean on his shoulder, which very improper proceeding seemed to charm Bella so much that she revived slowly. When she did, she fixed her beautiful eyes upon him, and, in the full consciousness that he was extremely handsome, she murmured:

"I am so sorry to trouble you."

"Pray, don't mention it," he replied, with heightened color, feeling any thing but comfortable. "But, you must not remain here."

"No, of course not. But, what can I do? It is impossible to walk, Mr.—Mr.—what is your name?"

"Morris, George Morris. There is a cottage only a short distance off, where I board, and, if you will permit, I will—"

"Will what?"

"I will—carry you there."

He lowered his eyes and blushed. Bella regarded him curiously.

"What a modest creature it is!" she thought, remembering the time when a certain Adolphus had carried her from the sleigh over the snow to the house—or—but Bella thought no farther.

"You are very kind, Mr. Morris," she said, tranquilly, "and I suppose we had better adopt your plan, only please pick me up gently."

Imagine the feelings of a modest man when about to carry a strange young lady in broad daylight. George was one of the most noble-hearted fellows that ever lived, but timid before women, so that, although he raised her in his strong arms as if she were a child, his knees felt extremely weak, as he moved in the direction he had mentioned.

"Am I very heavy?" asked Bella, confidentially and sweetly.

"No," he replied, scarcely knowing what to say.

"I am so glad. Oh, how my ankle hurts! What would I have done if you had not come?"

"I am glad to be able to serve you," he answered, striding on, but Bella felt that the words were uttered coldly, and it set her to thinking, so that she did not look up until they had reached the cottage.

"Here is a patient for you, Mrs. Brown," called George, entering the house, and depositing his burden in an arm-chair. "I will go for the doctor," and off he went, before Bella could thank him. A jolly old lady bustled in, and soon made her patient as comfortable as she could, and then Bella commenced a series of questions about George. Who was he? Mrs. Brown overflowed in laudation. He was such a noble young man, a clerk in a Philadelphia business house, quite poor, and very proud. "Indeed!" thought Bella. Mrs. Brown endeavored to explain that Mr. Morris had no mean pride, that he was always doing kind actions, that he had helped her when in trouble, and had—

"That will do," interrupted Bella, beginning to tire of hearing such praise bestowed upon the young man who had treated her so cavalierly, and she fell to musing, until she heard the wheels of a carriage at the door, and Miss Mortimer in an hysterical state entered the room, accompanied by the doctor.

"For Heaven's sake, auntie, don't ask any questions or scold me now!" cried Bella, impatiently.—"Good-morning, doctor. You will have to carry me to the carriage.—Good-by, Mrs. Brown, and many, many thanks for your kindness."

She extended her hand to the old lady, and spoke loudly, hoping Mr. Morris might be within hearing, and was then lifted into the carriage, which was about to move, when Bella suddenly asked:

"Where is Mr. Morris?"

The doctor explained that he had not returned with them.

Bella said, "Ah!" then added dryly, "Drive on, John," and the carriage rolled away.

Bella's sprain was not serious, and kept her in her room for a couple of days only, after which she appeared in a basket-chair on the piazza, a beautiful and interesting invalid. During the hours she had passed in her room, she had thought deeply, and finally reached a climax by opening a diary in which were to be entered Bella's secret thoughts about men and things. The following are specimens:

July 20.—Some men seem to take delight in being as disagreeable as they can. For my part, I don't care how they act, but I must say that *some* of them are very rude. That disagreeable creature,

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called George Morris, who carried me to Mrs. Brown's cottage—but, pshaw! why should I think about the occurrence?

July 21.—The more I think about Mr. Morris's rude conduct, the more I am displeased with it. Common politeness required that I should thank him, yet the spiteful animal kept out of my sight.

July 22.—George Morris [here the name was scratched out and the diary continued], I overheard Mrs. Eversleigh say the other evening that "I was the wildest girl she had ever met." I wonder—[what followed was erased].

"Auntie," Bella said to Miss Mortimer, several days afterward, "I think I will take a little walk—*alone*, I mean." This was added with emphasis.

"Bella, my dear, pray don't! Your ankle—"

"It is strong enough now."

"But you may—"

"Fall? No—I shall not fall again."

This was said with a tinge of bitterness.

"Bella, how changed you are becoming!"

"Am I, aunt?"

"Yes, you are more quiet, and, I must say, I like you all the better for it."

"Thank you, aunt."

"Now, my dear, to make your reformation complete, I shall look you up a husband."

"Reformation? Have I been so wild as that?"

"Well, y-e-s. There, now, you are angry."

"Oh, no. Have I done any thing a young lady should not do?"

"N-o—that is, not yet—but you are so—so—"

"So bold, I suppose."

"I don't like to call it by that name, Bella, but I think it amounts to that. I have tried to tell you about it, dear, but you did not seem to listen or like it—until— You see, the men are afraid of girls who can stare them out of countenance, and who seem to lack that virtue which is a girl's best attraction—modesty. You are not angry now, Bella, for your eyes, like mine, are filled with tears. My dear, I promised your father I would be your guide, your loving friend, but until now, Bella, I have feared to speak thus, lest you should laugh at my advice and grow wilder. You have a good heart, my darling, and now that I have caught you in your humor, you will think of what I have said—will you not?—and you will profit by it?"

"Yes, aunt, yes."

And Bella quietly went up to her room. For some time she sat motionless. Then she put on her walking-costume, and wended her way—where? From a distance the cottage she was approaching looked very much like Mrs. Brown's, and when that jolly old woman came out to receive her visitor, there was no longer any doubt of it. Mrs. Brown welcomed her cordially, "Mr. Morris will be so glad to see you," she said, while bidding Bella sit in the arm-chair, "and I'll make you a glass of lemonade.—Mr. Morris, Mr. Morris," she called, as she bustled out, "come down!"

A step was heard descending the little stair, and Mr. Morris, calmly smoking a pipe, appeared.

He changed color on seeing Bella, and extinguished the pipe; then, recovering his self-possession, came forward, with politeness which was somewhat forced, and hoped Miss Vernon was well.

"He knows my name," thought Bella. "Good! he has been inquiring about me."

She replied: "Better, Mr. Morris, but not well yet. Don't let me keep you standing. Mrs. Brown is making me a lemonade."

He sat down near her.

"Have you been here long, Miss Vernon?" he asked, feeling he must say something.

"I have this moment arrived," she replied, wilfully misunderstanding him. "I have come to see you, Mr. Morris."

She could not help blushing slightly as she spoke.

"Me?" he said, surprised.

"Yes. Since you would not come to inquire after my health, I—"

"I beg your pardon, I did—that is—not directly, but—"

"Why not directly, Mr. Morris?"

"I had no desire to intrude."

"There is something more than that. Shall I tell you what it is? You do not like me."

He made a deprecating motion.

"You cannot deny it," she said. He did not answer.

"You think me rude—wild—I suppose?" she inquired, blushing so deeply that it must have caused her pain.

"Why force me to make unnecessary confessions?" he replied. "My like or dislike cannot affect you."

"I would rather hear your opinion, for all that," she continued, steadily.

Still, he did not answer. With a sudden movement she looked him full in the face.

"Mr. Morris," she said, "I believe you are good and honorable. I am a young girl who has never known what it is to have the love and protection of a mother. I am an orphan, left to the care of my aunt, a good-hearted, weak woman, who has permitted me to do as I pleased. I am wealthy; I have always had my own way; no one ever presumed to contradict or advise me, and I have become what the world calls a coquette. Until lately, the full force of the accusation never touched me. Now I begin to feel what a life of folly I have led. Tell me, frankly, that I may see myself as the world sees me, what are my faults?"

His lips moved, but he did not speak.

"You think me lacking in modesty?" she persisted, forcing the words out.

Morris drew a long breath.

"Miss Vernon," he said, "you must feel, as I do, that there is a great difference in station between us. I am an obscure clerk—like yourself, an orphan. Were we both poor and struggling to maintain ourselves, we might be friends, and I should then be able to counsel you. But destiny has willed it otherwise, and I am by circumstances so far separated from you that I have no right to offer you advice."

She rose slowly.

"Then you will not be my friend?"

"Your friend? No!"

"Why not?"

"*Because I love you;* because I have loved you since I first saw you in Philadelphia; because I know that my love is hopeless; this is why I *dare* not be your friend. Go, now, you have forced my secret from me. Go, and may God bless you and make you happy! Farewell."

Bella was too surprised at first to speak, but after a moment she said, softly:

"You are right. Forgive me for forcing you to confess that which I could not listen to. I—"

"Hush!"

Mrs. Brown stood in the doorway with a couple of glasses of lemonade on a tray. Bella took her glass with a steady hand; George silently declined the one offered him. Bella sipped the drink for a moment, then thanked Mrs. Brown warmly for her kindness, and turned to go.

"Good-day, Mr. Morris," she said, and she felt like extending her hand, but prudence forbade.

"Good-day, Miss Vernon," he said.

His eyes met hers, and she saw in them a world of passionate love. She turned away, and left the cottage softly. "Poor fellow!" she thought, and she sighed.

That evening she refused to go to the hop, and sat with her aunt on the moonlit piazza, very thoughtfully. She treated Miss Mortimer with a tenderness which surprised and touched that lady. That night she wrote in her diary:

"I was much distressed by the communication G. M. made to me to-day. I am sincerely sorry for him. I was wrong to lead him on; but I had resolved to make him like me, little knowing that he lo—[something erased]. . . . G. M. has a noble heart, I am sure. I am so sorry we cannot be friends; but he is right, for, of course, I do not [more erased]. . . . Oh, dear, I am awfully low-spirited to-night."

The next day Bella had not yet recovered her spirits. She could not rid her mind of the scene at the cottage. She sent Mrs. Brown a silk dress, after which she felt better.

"Bella, my dear," said Miss Mortimer, "what is the matter with you?"

"I am a little low-spirited, auntie, that's all," replied Bella, gently.

She resolved to go to the hop that evening—but every thing seemed so stupid that she would not remain. Once, in glancing toward the crowds which were looking in the windows from the piazza, she

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thought she saw Mr. Morris's face, pale and sad, watching her intently. Her heart gave a great jump, and she scarcely knew what she was doing. Her partner, Mr. Grandville, asked her if she had a headache? "Yes, severe headache," she answered; then, shocked for the first time in a long while at having told a fib, she hastily added: "No, no, I am quite well, only weary of the hop."

She left early, and lay awake that night, wondering if George (she unconsciously called him George) were doing the same. The next morning she was sitting on the piazza trying to fix her attention on Miss McGregor's charming novel, "John Ward's Governess," when her aunt approached in a great state of excitement.

"Bella," she said, "have you heard the news? Poor Mr Grandville was in bathing, and ventured out beyond the breakers; the life-boat was not on the water, and he would have been drowned, had not a Mr.—dear me, what was the name?—Mr.—Mr. Morris swam out and saved him."

Bella was at that moment thinking of this Mr. Morris, and looked up, startled, when she heard her aunt carelessly mentioning a name which had, within the last few days, become to *her* so familiar.

"Mr. Morris?" she repeated, awkwardly echoing the name.

"Mr. Grandville, who was—"

"Yes, yes, but Mr. Morris saved him."

"Of course. They are going to make up a purse for him."

"He will not take it."

"Eh? why not?"

"Because—that is—I would not be paid for doing such a thing. It is an insult." And she went up to her room, and paced up and down excitedly. George's heroism seemed to her superb. She pictured to herself the struggles of the drowning man—every one hesitated to go to his aid — a moment more and he will sink, when suddenly a handsome, oh, a remarkably handsome man springs into the surf, buffets the waves! He will be lost; it is death to venture out there! Ah, he sinks; no, no, he has reached the drowning man, holds him firmly, and strikes out for the shore—the people on the beach cheer, the men say "Thank God!" the women dry their tears, and, as the preserver and preserved fall exhausted on the beach, a great shout goes up, and George Morris is the hero of the day!

Bella's eyes flashed; but suddenly she turned pale. What if George should be ill after such exertion, what if he had injured himself in the struggle with the waves? She began to tremble for him, and wring her hands. Oh, dear, dear, what should she do? She could not ask her aunt without causing suspicion. Suspicion? What suspicion? How silly! Yet she did not ask Miss Mortimer, and retired early that night, pleading indisposition. She could not sleep—George's face was constantly before her. At last she sank into a troubled slumber; dreamed that George was dying, and awoke to find her eyes wet with tears. Angry and ashamed, she paced the room until the Catholic church clock struck three, when she retired once more, and finally fell into an unrefreshing sleep.

She scarcely spoke to Miss Mortimer the next morning, and at last left the piazza, after kissing her aunt tenderly.

"Don't be angry with me, auntie," she said, and with that she went to her room. A half-hour after, she donned a walking-dress and went (oh, Bella, Bella!) in the direction of Mrs. Brown's cottage. Her heart beat hard as she approached. The door was half open. She knocked, there was a rustle of a dress, an inner door shut, and Mrs. Brown, with her eyes red, stood before Bella.

"Oh, miss, is it you?" she said, confused; "come in, come in."

Bella entered slowly.

"Is Mr. Morris—well?" she asked.

"Quite well, quite well."

"I would like to see him."

Mrs. Brown's lips quivered.

"Too late, miss," she answered, "he has gone."

"Gone?"

"To Philadelphia. Forgive me, miss, but I fear you've broke his heart. He loved you so."

"Hush! you must not speak in that way." And Bella grasped a chair to support herself, for the room seemed to swim around.

"He—left no—that is—no message for me, I suppose?" she said, after a moment.

"Nothing."

"It is—well—very well."

And having uttered this heroic sentiment, Bella sank into a chair, overcome.

Suddenly she started up. A man's step was heard on the walk. Bella glided behind the door, and George entered.

"I have forgotten my valise," he said, and then stopped, for Bella had shut the door, and stood with her back to it. She held out her hands entreatingly, her eyes were filled with tears, and there was a glory in her face which had never been there before.

"George!" she sobbed.

He put his hand to his head like one in a dream, and his pale face flushed.

"George, I love you! Will you have me?"

And the two young creatures fell into each other's arms, and wept divine tears of joy, while Mrs. Brown put her apron to her eyes, overcome.

"You love me, you love me?" repeated George, over and over again.

Bella's heart was so full of happiness that she at first answered him with sobs, but after a while she whispered "Yes, yes," to his passionate questions, and called him her hero, her own!

"But your aunt!" said George; "what will she say?"

"She will ask you to forgive her for playing the eavesdropper, and then say Heaven bless you both," replied a voice, and Miss Mortimer stood on the threshold of the inner apartment.

"Yes," she said, slowly coming forward, "I have been weeping in there, and praying that you might be happy. Mrs. Brown has told me all, and I can only say, love Mr. Morris, Bella; he is worthy of you."

"Aunt, dear aunt," cried Bella, as she kissed her, "I have at last found a true heart who loves me more than I deserve. But George will teach me to correct my faults, and the world will witness the wonderful transformation of a wild, thoughtless girl into a faithful, loving wife."

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BESSIE BLACK; OR, THE UNDERTAKER'S COURTSHIP.
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pg. 580

BESSIE BLACK; OR, THE UNDERTAKER'S COURTSHIP.

MISS BESSIE BLACK was the smallest person I ever knew who passed unquestioned as a full-grown woman. It seems to me that, if she had been a hair's-breadth shorter, she would have been a dwarf, yet, in spite of her diminutiveness, she carried her head high, and with great energy spoke in a contralto voice; she was very active in body, and successful in her limited sphere in business, and, on the whole, impressed you with an idea of largeness, not always accompanying individuals with truly gigantic proportions. There were marks of maturity sometimes about her face, which, as a rule, are only to be seen on ladies of uncertain age; yet Bessie Black was so much like a child in her figure, and in many of her ways—the which contrasting so strangely with the sage remarks and grave truisms displayed in her ordinary conversation—that no one, however shrewd in such matters, could make even a satisfactory guess how old she really was; and she would have been less a woman than even her external appearance indicated, if she satisfactorily decided the question.

For some good reason of her own, Bessie Black always dressed in the deepest mourning; externally sombre, there was also a great degree of solemnity and earnestness in her face, which accorded well with her proclivity to visit very sick people. She was perfectly familiar with the circumstances, and the "last words" of most of the persons who had within the last few years died in her neighborhood. She generally acted as a sort of self-constituted usher at small funerals, and often managed to slip in a chair at the head of the coffin, where she indulged in the pleasant idea that she would be mistaken for the chief mourner.

But Bessie Black, in spite of all this, was far from being a sad or disagreeable person; on the contrary, she was good-natured, ready to do any one a kindness—very hopeful in her disposition, as the struggles she made against adverse circumstances, to keep up respectable appearances, daily testified.

Bessie and her mother lived in a cheap boarding-house, next adjoining my lodgings. They occupied, I understood, a back attic bedroom. The mother seldom was seen; Bessie was engaged out most of the daytime, evidently a dressmaker, but not for the public at large, for she had plenty to do among the friends of her youth, people who had known her "in her better days." In the evening, if not engaged in some office of mercy about the sick, she would venture into the common parlor of her boarding-house, and being too small to take up much room, and naturally too timid before people in good health to be obtrusive, she was in nobody's way—so she was popular without being a favorite.

Just at the time of which we write, twenty-five years ago, Bessie was busily engaged in attending on the "last hours" of Mrs. Bugsby. This lady had been sick a long time of some complaint that "defied the doctor's skill." She was quite rich, and had by will, carefully drawn up and properly signed and witnessed, given all her property to her two relatives, who resided in the house with her. These relatives were, therefore, very solicitous about Mrs. Bugsby's health, and the idea of her dying filled them with feelings that can be "better imagined than described." To the world these disconsolate heirs showed their sympathy by running about and consulting doctors. That they dearly loved Mrs. Bugsby was certain, for they had as many as a dozen disciples of Galen in her room at one and the same time. To be sure, the doctors sometimes wrangled when they got together, and came to high words, but Mrs. Bugsby's heirs would pacify them, lest their personal quarrels should interfere with Mrs. Bugsby's taking medicine, and thereby shorten her valuable life. The poor woman, as a matter of course, succumbed; she stood out against such attention well, but no human constitution can maintain itself against the odds of a dozen doctors—the bereaved relatives mitigated their lacerated feelings, by celebrating a magnificent funeral—the most fashionable undertaking, the most grim and most experienced sexton,

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was commissioned to do the details, and Bessie Black, as the recipient of many attentions from Mrs. Bugsby, was complimented with the task of making the shroud.

Her admirable abilities for attending funerals were made apprecia-ble on this momentous occasion. The heirs of Mrs. Bugsby having no female relatives present, Bessie was permitted to assume the most important functions, independent of her professional duties as a needle-woman. Her suit of deep mourning was harmonious with the sur-roundings, and as she performed the sacred duties of the nearest fe-male friend of the deceased, with a supervision of the household, her dignified bearing was happily mingled with evidences of profound sor-row, and she commanded the admiration of all who saw, especially the admiration of Mr. Hollowshell, who was head man of the fash-ionable undertaker.

Mr. Hollowshell himself was no common person; he was descended from a long line of undertakers. His great grandfather was subordi-nate sexton of Trinity Church at the time of the Revolution, and caught cold, from which he died, in his violent efforts to personally dig all the graves that were needed by the unfortunate defeat of our army at the Battle of Long Island. His grandfather was a tombstone cutter, and added to the grace of his business a certain amount of ar-tistic knowledge, for he had the monopoly of sculpturing all the hideous skulls and crossbones which a half century ago were considered so necessary to grace the red sandstone slabs that marked the resting-place of the honored dead.

His father had charge of Potter's-field, and he took such pride in his duties, that he resolutely dug a new grave for each pauper, where his predecessors used one grave for a dozen recipients. When the Potter's-field was finally abandoned as a burying-place, the ancient keeper as a favor was permitted by the city authorities to live in the old house among his tenants, where he quietly and pleasantly passed the latter days of his life. When the city authorities decided, however, to turn Potter's-field into Washington Square, they or-dered that the remains of the paupers should be removed. This piece of vandalism the venerable grave-digger resented, and in his vexation—died.

Now, Mr. Hollowshell had contemplated for a long time going into business for himself, and the sudden sickness of his pom-pous employer gave him an opportunity he long desired, of hav-ing entire charge of a first-class funeral. While thus pleasantly engaged, he made the acquaintance of Bessie Black, and it is no more than the truth to say, that he had his first flirtation while talking with her about the excellent quality of the cloth used in making Mrs. Bugsby's shroud. Bessie held it up in many co-quettish ways before the eyes of the undertaker, and managed to get in many of her sage remarks, and practice many of her winning ways, and she made an impression on the undertaker which almost amounted to love at first sight.

The undertaker, however much he might have been impressed with Bessie's charms, did not forget his official duties. He asked Bessie to assist him by her suggestions, while he placed the coffin so that the friends of the deceased could fully appreciate the delicate marks on the rosewood, and be deceived into the idea that the plated nail-heads and handles were solid silver. He was also careful to go in and out of the rooms with a sort of mysterious motion that interfered with the ladies' dresses, and caused every now and then groups of se-rious persons to rise from their places, to sit down again with a marked petulance of manner, produced by the involuntary soliloquy —"why they were interrupted at all." But the undertaker for once had eyes for other things than his business, or possibly he had more eyes than ever for business, for he noticed all the while the becoming manner Bessie acted "on the trying occasion." He was impressed, especially, with the appearance of her fine aquiline nose, the end of which did not grow red under the discipline of the eyes weeping. Her pale face was almost angelic with its black surroundings—and so enthusiastic did he at last become, that, even amid the solemnities of Mrs. Bugsby's funeral—even while the minister was comforting the relatives and the listening congregation with cheerful pictures of the pains of the dying, and of being laid in the cold grave—of having the dark, dank sod clank on the coffin-lid—and of the possibility of waking up in endless punishment—even under such solemn remarks the undertaker determined to win Bessie Black, and wear her as his wife, and that the era of his commencing business on his own account should be celebrated by the further important step of having a helpmate, who would with him attend funerals, and thus pleasantly and profitably let life pass away.

To commence at once to carry out his intention, as he passed out of the late residence of Mrs. Bugsby, to take his place at the head of the funeral procession, he gracefully removed the long streaming crape from the bell-pull, and handed it to Bessie, with a meaning, pleasant smile, that filled the little woman with the most pleasurable sensa-tions. In this delightful state of mind, she folded the sad emblem of Mrs. Bugsby's death (but to her the joyful token of a new birth of life) to its smallest dimensions, and then, looking at it a moment with eyes beaming with intelligence, she placed it over her heart, and held it there by a broad black satin waist-belt, clasped by a huge jet buckle.

The very evening following these momentous events, Mr. Hollow-shell called on Bessie. He wore the same black gloves he obtained at the funeral, and, as he took his seat beside her, he apologized for a few spots of earth on his otherwise perfectly polished boots, which desecra-tions, he playfully remarked, "were obtained by incautiously treading in the mud, outside the receiving vault of Greenwood Cemetery."

Mr. Hollowshell had been so long accustomed to associating inti-mately with dead people, that he was very much embarrassed at first in having a deliberate conversation with a real, and to him most interesting, living one; he stammered—assumed his professional funeral face; then hideously smiled—then recovered his self-possession by talking about Mrs. Bugsby's funeral. It was his last pleasurable ex-citement, and he was quite eloquent on the subject; he was talking about a thing that interested him, and he talked well.

He made many judicious comments upon the character of his busi-ness, and, among other things, condemned the anti-American custom of not employing professional mourners at funerals, and of not wearing long strips of crape on the hats of the bereaved male relatives. He dwelt with some indignation upon the fact that, when his father lived and was in the business, it was the custom for a funeral to be followed, not only by a long line of mourners, but also by a substantial dinner. He spoke with the enthusiasm of an artist on the difficulties he often had of getting a good light to show off the coffin; he said he thought it quite likely that many persons at Mrs. Bugsby's funeral went away with the impression that she was encased in veneered instead of the solid wood. He displayed most feeling, however, in his criticisms on most of the officiating clergymen, who, in the offensive prominence they assumed at funerals, did great injustice to the claims of his pro-fession.

Bessie listened as one entranced; she had never before heard such pleasing subjects so interestingly treated, and, in the impulse of her generous feelings, she would have got into a coffin just to make herself more attractive to one whom she instinctively felt viewed her with a lover's eyes—to dream that in some undefined future there was a possibility of being an undertaker's wife—to have the ecstatic pleasure of making grave clothing with her own genius untrammelled. It was almost a too daring proposition, and she, faithful soul—and so sub-ject to disappointments—repressed the full pleasure of the ambitious thought.

Mr. Hollowshell was no common lover; he was terribly smitten, and did not seen indisposed to press his suit to an immediate consumma-tion. He apologized for his earnestness on one occasion by remarking, that some people were fond of burying their feelings under the sod of deception, but he preferred to let them lie in state above ground. And why should he not have liked Bessie, dressed as she was in deep mourning, with black hair, and blue-black eyes—then her glistening jet breastpin and jet bracelets, and a pair of little black kid gloves, and shining black streamers hanging down her back, with her hair in a black silk thread-net, and her feet in black prunella gaiters? and when she told Mr. Hollowshell that all this mourning costume was the result of her taste, and not because she had met with any especial and heart-rending domestic calamity, his enthusiasm was difficult to re-strain within reasonable bounds.

Bessie Black's heart, as might be presumed, was now in a state of the most pleasurable excitement. She had been for many years a sort of waif on society—the unhappy victim of cheap boarding-houses, and the occasional recipient of sympathy from rich people, who made her feel, at the same time, she was a seamstress and a dependent. She bore, however, good and evil fortune with equanimity—she had worked hard and earned but little—but her favorite recreation at funerals cost nothing to indulge in, so she managed, with a character above reproach,

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and terrible self-denial, to live. She deserved to do well, and fortune seemed propitious—and for once she decided to be extravagant; so, taking a few dimes from her little store of savings, and, to make herself look more attractive in Mr. Hollowshell's eyes, she bought a handkerchief, the black border of which was so wide that the white in the centre scarcely afforded a visible contrast.

"I know he will like this," she soliloquized, pressing it to her little dried-up face; "the store-keeper who sold it to me said it meant 'inconsolable grief;' to me it is the sign of uncontrollable happiness."

A month rolled on, and Mr. Hollowshell found his business increasing, which he ascribed to the fashionable location of his new store, and the constant interference with the health of the city by the newly appointed "sanitary committee." Determined that not even the pleasures of courtship should interfere with his official duties, and yet unwilling to lose the excitement of a daily interview with Bessie, like a careful business-man, as he was, he changed his lodgings to the house nearly adjoining his sweetheart, so that all possible accidental meetings might be enjoyed without any absolute loss of time.

The day following this arrangement the ordinarily quiet and very healthy neighborhood was horrified by the appearance of a common-looking, well-worn hearse stopping at Bessie's door. The vehicle was driven by a half-grown-up boy, and with a levity, too, that would have shaken the nerves of a fish-cart. Pulling up the jaded horse with a jerk that almost brought the poor animal on his haunches, the boy jumped on the pavement, and, giving a sort of double-shuffle movement to his feet, evidently to circulate the blood in his ill-developed limbs, he rushed up the steps of the first house he came to, and, ringing the bell with the greatest vehemence, he astonished the lazy servant who answered his call, with the remark that the servant must be very dead to be so long getting to the door. The neighborhood meanwhile was alive with grotesque-looking faces thrust out of the windows, astonished at the sight of the hearse, and wondering who had so suddenly died. The undertaker's apprentice, after alarming the residents of the locality to his heart's content, both by his manners and by his hearse, finally, by Bessie's directions, found Mr. Hollowshell's contemplated landlady. This accomplished, the boy went back to the hearse, opened the door thereof, and, running his arm full length into the interior, with some difficulty hauled out what, to the horror of all the lookers-on, seemed to be a heavy coffin—it was, however, Mr. Hollowshell's trunk—and, when deposited at its place of destination, the undertaker's apprentice took an apple from his pocket, which he commenced eating as he mounted the box, and, thus comfortably situated, he hit his old horse a tap, and rattled away.

That the course of true love never runs smooth is true as a rule, but the love of the undertaker was an exception. He now had some one to talk to, and his manners grew more genial and pleasant, and he at last signalized himself by telling Bessie a humorous story, the gist of which was, that on one occasion he sent the wrong body of a gentleman who suddenly died in New York, to his friends in Massachusetts, and that said friends received it with tears in their eyes as the "genuine article," and erected a monument of commemorative grief over the "mistake." "You see," said Hollowshell, ending his recital with a sort of professional flourish, "you see my work, after all, is something like a doctor's—our little errors are hidden away, and, once out of sight, they are soon out of mind."

Mr. Hollowshell's coffin warehouse was situated at the head of one of the oldest and most popular streets of the city. When the attempt was made to give some mathematical arrangement to our new thoroughfares, it was left at the corner of an old grave-yard, the owners of which, contrary to precedent, refused to sell for building purposes. The consequence was, that, when he fixed up his establishment, he afforded a magnificent display of his goods, extending over a front of some forty feet. This was very imposing; while in his rear, and on the west side, stretched away the old grave-yard alluded to, and all this in the most thrifty and business part of the metropolis.

Mr. Hollowshell, when he leased the premises on the most favorable terms, was amused at the landlady's remark, that the property was injured by its surroundings; and that people as a rule did not like to live in grave-yards. But that was not Hollowshell's case; he was born within the rude palings of old Potter's-field, and it was often a sort of pleasant chit-chat with him, when in, "softer moods," he talked to Bessie, to relate how when a child he gathered daisies from the old paupers' graves, and with the neglected children of the neighborhood played hide-and-go-seek in the hills and hollows of that to him, in remembrance at least, still cherished place. To Mr. Hollowshell is New York obliged for the tastefulness displayed by undertakers' stores—the best of which now are inferior only to druggists' shops in their fascinations. To Mr. Hollowshell is the public indebted for the display of those long lines of coffins that cover the walls of such establishments, and for window shades on which mourners are sitting by the open graves, or, in solemn grandeur, winding their way through long lanes of trees, with prussian-blue leaves and lampblack trunks.

Mr. Hollowshell was a happy man; his name appeared over his store-door on a white ground with black letters. He had tastefully made little signs in jet and gold, announcing that he negotiated for burials in all the cemeteries, and he particularly prided himself on the German-text lettering in various colors, announcing that he kept "ice coffins," and would supply hearses and carriages at the shortest notice. In addition to his other duties, he had the upper part of his store fitted up for the eventual reception of his lady-love, and from the mahogany of an old coffin, with his own hands, he made her a dressing-case. Bessie meanwhile was not idle, for, while her mind was busy with day-dreams of future happiness, her fingers were equally busy in making up little articles used in Mr. Hollowshell's business, and her great triumph of ornamenting an infant's coffin, and ingeniously working together glaring white lute-string ribbon with creamy folds of satin, was a triumph, that met not only the highest indorsement of the old ladies who saw it, but fairly set Mr. Hollowshell in an ecstasy of delight.

In those palmy days of his first triumphs he unexpectedly met Bessie in one of the avenues. He was at the time carrying under each arm a diminutive coffin. Mr. Hollowshell was in remarkably good spirits, and gave Bessie the particulars of how the dear little innocents, for whom they were intended, were twins, and died an hour after their birth; and he further illustrated his technical knowledge of his business, by paraphrasing the epitaph—that, "if the babes were so soon done for, he didn't see what they were begun for"—and cheerily laughing at his own wit, and remarking that he didn't know any poetry except what was cut on gravestones, he gave Bessie a meaning smile, and pursued his way.

The day set for his wedding was rapidly approaching. Mr. Hollowshell, in addition to the usual wedding-ring, purchased some little "charms" for his watch, which consisted of a little coffin and a skull and cross-bones in gold. He gave Bessie a beautiful picture of a white monument standing in an open field, with two tall figures leaning on it, as if in deep sorrow; he also gave her a massive necklace composed of ebony-wood and anthracite coal, with a heavy cross attached.

The excitement in Bessie's mind, as the eventful period of her marriage approached the culminating point, was of a mixed character, but her greatest anxiety was about the color of her wedding-dress. She could not reconcile herself to appear in a guise that was, to her mind ghostly and most unattractive, and after a great deal of hesitation she opened her heart to Mr. Hollowshell on the subject. As an instance of true sympathy, they discovered that each had had the same serious speculations. Mr. Hollowshell, in his arguments against white as a wedding-dress, very significantly observed that gentlemen wore black when they were married, and if the color was necessarily penitential or of funeral association, then it was an insult to the bride, who alone by her white dress gave superficial evidence of pleasure at the ceremonial; and he further insisted that, if there was any thing in color, then the bride and bridegroom should be dressed in the same hue, and thus show that they were equally interested, and a wedding he thought would certainly look like a funeral, if he made his appearance at the altar in white linen or even delicate merino. Bessie in return urged that black was her favorite color; that she first saw Mr. Hollowshell in her black dress, and now the style of it was doubly dear to her mind, and, with these and other similar sensible arguments and expressions, they determined to be married in what the world is pleased to designate as full mourning suits.

Mr. Hollowshell's genius for his business developed with the demand made upon its resources. He noticed the effect of attractive displays of one's goods by walking among the fashionable marts of Broadway, as he lined "his store" with "show-cases," behind which he tastefully displayed highly-polished coffins, some of which he said were superior in finish to any case of the best grand pianos. And then there were tall coffins and short coffins contrasted, and narrow coffins and very wide coffins of different colored woods; and, here and there, he had little shelves put against the walls, but, instead of using them for

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busts and charming little statuettes, he made them resting-places for little coffins. In the window he had one of these miniature shells, lined inside with white satin, and ornamented outside with silver-lace and more white satin; it was doubly attractive to Mr. Hollowshell, for Bessie had made it up in the evenings, when Mr. Hollowshell was indulging with her in the little tittle-tattle of a rapidly consummating courtship.

And Mr. Hollowshell's business increased. The "sanitary committee" had been goaded by the newspapers for their "inefficiency," and, "smarting under these well-merited reproofs," they cleaned up several streets in the "lower wards," and pumped out two inundated cellars "across town," and the effect was to spread a sort of contagious disease through several neighborhoods "occupied by tenement people," and funerals became plenty. About this time he made the acquaintance of a city coroner, and was honored by the presence of that distinguished official sitting in his store-door. Mr. Hollowshell felt that he was becoming known among the "ruling classes." In fact, he felt more than this; he had been approached on the subject of making coffins for one of the pauper establishments under the charge of the administrators of the "public charities."

But his triumphs did not end here. By a curious custom, only prevailing in New York, that class of its population whose importance is of quick growth, as if unconsciously foreshadowing how soon most of them will die out, feel it necessary to have a sexton to preside over their social gatherings. They are Egyptians in always being reminded of death, by having it symbolized at their feasts, not by the embalmed bodies of their deceased ancestors, for they have not the slightest idea of ancestors, but by the presence of a man who digs graves, and does up funerals. So Mr. Hollowshell was inducted in a small way into this seemingly inconsistent branch of his public duties; he went from the house of mourning to the house of laughter. He hired hacks for a funeral, and big fiddles for private dancing-parties. He assisted the florist while making bouquets for revelling beauties and wreaths for the silent dead, and the very japonica that contrasted and yet harmonized so wonderfully with the pale face that spoke of eternal sleep, he rescued from its intended oblivion of the tomb, and, mounted in a button-hole of his coat, where it shed its dim lustre over the boisterous wine-bibbing entertainment that signalized the "coming out" of Miss Ephemeral, and completed its multitudinous uses by presenting it to his affianced, Bessie.

But the details of Mr. Hollowshell's business are private affairs; his affections alone belong to the world.

If Mr. Hollowshell had been an eider-duck, we should say that, with the constantly increasing down that began to line his purse, he was more profuse in the preparations he made for the nest of his intended mate. The two little rooms over his coffin store were nicely fitted up. The one on the rear was prepared for a bedroom; and it afforded him exquisite pleasure to sit at the only window that lighted up the apartment, and contemplate the mysterious minglings of white, gray, and black, that seemed to make up the visible things in the old graveyard, that stretched out in its neglected surface before him. It was a strange yet pardonable weakness, growing out of our unconquerable love of offspring, that Mr. Hollowshell, on more than one occasion, even fancied he saw his own little ones playing among the old slabs, and hiding away in the tumbled-in graves, just as he had done in his boyhood days, in old Potter's-field—thus it is that domestic history repeats itself.

Bessie, meanwhile, was not idle. She had learned, among other simple accomplishments, in her younger days, to make wax flowers, and, in the success of her manipulations, she conceived the idea of applying her knowledge to the preservation and embalmment of funeral wreaths. Bessie was proud of them, and Mr. Hollowshell and the aristocratic coroner pronounced them "handsomer than the real things," and the undertaker made two frames of pine-wood, and painted them to look like ebony, inclosing French plate-glass, cut from the remnants of a large pane, that had formerly made up one of the sides of his best hearse.

And these mummified flowers were hung up in a conspicuous place in the undertaker's shop. They were horribly attractive and fascinating, as a rattlesnake is fascinating. It seemed as if these charming heaven-favored gifts of bounteous Nature had been frozen by a sudden breeze of wind from the wing of Death, which had left left them shrivelled, shrunken, ghastly corpses of what were once flowers—their heaven-scented fragrance departed, and now smelling only of the earth from which they were born.

The momentous wedding-day at last arrived. The church selected, by a happy coincidence, on account of the recent decease of a "beloved pastor," was draped in mourning, and the hour for the ceremony was interfered with by the departure from the church of a belated funeral. It so happened, therefore, much to Bessie's delight, and Hollowshell's professional pride, that, while the end of the funeral cortége was passing out of one door, the wedding throng entered another. It was also natural that the coachmen, seeing the undertaker, supposed he was attending to his professional duties, instead of being a groom, on the eve of marriage, and funeral coaches and wedding coaches got irretrievably mixed up, and at least one of his vehicles followed the unhappy hearse to Greenwood. This confusion annoyed Mr. Hollowshell exceedingly, and it was with difficulty he could be restrained by Bessie from rushing into the street, wedding-clothes and all, to restore order.

When Bessie and her affianced stood before the altar, it was a queer sight. Although Mr. Hollowshell was dressed in the most approved manner, and could not have been told, with his black suit and huge white cravat, from a clergyman "with a loud call"—a gentleman manager at a subscription ball—or a favorite waiter at a Fifth Avenue restaurant—yet, from the fact that Bessie was dressed in black, it made him look even more like a personified funeral than Bessie herself.

Bessie maintained her favorite costume. Her face looked paler than usual, which gave more brilliancy to her fine black eyes. She had relaxed her discipline in dress in one particular—she carried in her hand an entirely white handkerchief, which Mr. Hollowshell some years previously found in Trinity church-yard. At Mr. Hollowshell's earnest solicitation, she wore on her head what was intended as a May-day or bridal wreath, but, from the compactness of the flowers, it seemed at a distance as if it were composed of immortelles, and, therefore, had a very ghastly look.

The Episcopal clergyman in attendance was only "an assistant." The crape on the walls and the altar spoke eloquently of the recently departed rector—and being only an assistant he was only a deacon, and consequently his black silk surplice was unrelieved by white. He was a near-sighted man, and very nervous, because he had little experience in the performance of his duties. Looking dimly at the dark objects before him, and having just completed reading the funeral service, in his want of presence of mind he opened the prayer-book, and, lifting up his eyes, solemnly uttered:

"Man born of woman."

Now, Mr. Hollowshell, as we have hinted, had a sort of rivalry with the clergy. He was convinced that, on public occasions, they absorbed too much attention from the undertaker, and he had his presence of mind about him, and was rather gratified that he had an opportunity of correcting the clergyman's mistake, which he did, by suggesting that he came to be married, and not to make the material part of his professional calling.

Bessie herself was too much excited to know what the clergyman said. All she knew was, that, at the end of certain to her indistinct sounds, the answering mechanically of set questions, and the reception of a ring, she would be Mrs. Hollowshell, the undertaker's wife, and that her wildest dream of ambition and human success would be more than realized.

When Bessie left her humble lodgings, so dear to her from sufferings, mortifications, and triumphs, and rode away in Mr. Hollowshell's favorite funeral hack, she could not fully realize that she would forever turn her back upon the little room in the third story, and be transferred the mistress of the undertaker's establishment. As far as maiden modesty permitted, she had interested herself about the furnishing of the house, and taken part in the preliminary arrangements to follow the marriage ceremony.

Mr. Hollowshell was no small-minded man, so far as his hospitality was concerned. He had determined upon a good wedding-supper for his friends, and, at the coroner's suggestion, he had cleared the floor of his coffin wareroom, to be used as an extemporized parlor; the coffins for the time being were piled up in the rear, covered over with pure white linen, used by the undertaker in the manufacture of shrouds, while coffins and linen served as a commodious table for the supper, and was as trim and nice for the purpose as could be conceived.

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We feel that the interest of our story grows dull, for the natural depravity of human nature makes the illustration of perfect human happiness distasteful, and we reluctantly draw our truthful narrative to a close.

There were fine times at the undertaker's wedding-supper. The coroner presided, supported by two fashionable undertakers. There was a young doctor present, who was assistant at a city charity hospital—he was the wit of the occasion. His description, given to the young ladies, of the pauper's coffin, the top of which opened on hinges, was a perfect bit of humor.

The undertakers conversed about the most costly coffin they had ever known, and the most expensive funeral they had ever attended. Without an exception, they all seemed jealous of the clergymen, and friendly with the doctors—especially the younger members of the profession. The coroner's story was rather prosy about the four inquests over the same body, with the full legal pay from the county for each, but he was forgiven on account of the magnitude of his social position.

The time for dancing came at last—three musicians, mounted on the trestle-work used to sustain heavy coffins, made the air eloquent with music. Bessie led off, supported by the coroner; she had promised to do this with the young hospital surgeon, but Mr. Hollowshell objected. The contagion of music and graceful motion is electrical and perfect, and there was never such a whirl as took place that night at the undertaker's wedding.

The steady beating of time, of twenty athletic dancers, in that comparatively small room, and imperfectly built house, shook the edifice to the centre, and, in the midst of it, the coffins that lined the glass cases, and stood endwise against the walls, literally joined in the dance. They actually pirouetted and gallopaded; and in the "Irish jig," which was performed in compliment to the coroner, the *foot* end of the coffins kept perfect time with the *feet* end of the undertaker and his friends.

It was long past midnight, a stormy misty night, when Bessie and her husband looked from their bridal-chamber upon the dreamy outer world. The gaslights struggled for notice in the streets, and afforded such illumination as decayed fish do, that phosphoresce in their corruption. Down at their feet, all was suspicious darkness, but there seemed to be dimly floating in it white slabs that evidently indicated the graves and mouldering bones beneath. The dim outward light, as the mists swayed to and fro in the swelling breeze, penetrated the bridal-chamber, and the white drawn curtains of the bridal-bed appeared a huge tomb.

The dream of Bessie was realized. It is seldom in this world that such congenial spirits with such appropriate surroundings meet—but such, indeed, was the happy consummation of the undertaker's courtship.

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BEVERLY.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Jan 1, 1870; III, 40;
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BEVERLY.

"WELL, I call this tough," said Chi.

"The steak?" Mrs. Fanshaw looked around the urn with an expression of mild annoyance. "What does Daniel mean, I wonder, by sending us inferior meat? You will have to speak to him, Chi. These men are sure to take advantage of a lady whenever they can."

"The steak's delicious, mamma, and Chi's a grumbler. Don't mind him."

This from Darlie, a little more pert than usual to-day, because of her new scarlet frock, with its black braid and butterfly bows, that made her look like a kingfisher on parade. She was dressed in advance, for a drive to The Hollies, and for various Christmas affairs that were expected to culminate there to-day; and, the rest of us being only in ordinary breakfast-table attire, Darlie was bound to demonstrate her superiority.

"The idea, Chi, of calling this steak tough!" turning round in all her glory to rebuke "the offending brother." "In the first place, you've never tasted it even, so that shows how much you know about it."

"In the next place," retorted Chi, "who said any thing about the steak? Was it I, Miss Pert?"

"Of course it was; I leave it to mamma. Didn't he say it was tough, mamma?"

"He said *something* was tough, certainly; perhaps it was only a figure of speech, though."

"Oh, I suppose it was slang;" with a flirt of her ribbons. "I should think you wouldn't talk slang at the table, Chi, and before the lady you're going to—"

"Put out of the room pretty soon, if she doesn't hold her tongue," interrupted Chi, hastily, his face growing red as Darlie's frock. "Mamma, if you'll take my advice, you'll send that young person to boarding-school as soon as the holidays are over. She's suffering for a little wholesome discipline."

"And, if you'll take *my* advice, mamma, you'll give Chi a dose of aconite," said Miss Darlie, confidentially. "It's a sign of fever when people get so red in the face for nothing, *I* know."

Chi smothered an exclamation of wrath; then looked at Darlie, with the most intimidating expression he could summon to his genial countenance. But that red frock was not to be suppressed by any concentrated glances.

"As to the discipline, you know, Chi might do that for me himself if he could spare the time from Pam," she continued, coolly. "What a deal of improving Pam takes, mamma! Chi said he would finish her education when she first came, and he doesn't get time for any thing else."

"He'll take it by the forelock now," said her brother, getting up with a suddenness that was rather alarming. "I warned you, didn't I?" as his large hands bore down upon the black shoulder-knots, and Miss Darlie was hustled out of the room in a little whirlwind of mingled rage and laughter. If he had boxed her ears in addition it would have been quite agreeable to my feelings. No time for anybody but Pam, indeed! But he only turned the key upon her, and came back to his seat: and the next minute, of course, she was peering through the ivy-leaves of the oriel, her gypsy face twisted into mocking grimaces for his benefit.

Mrs. Fanshaw looked disturbed. "Don't mind her," she said, deprecatingly; "she's nothing but a child."

Pamela looked down into her plate—she knew she had beautiful eyelashes—and a smile shimmered about her pretty mouth—a smile that exasperated me; it was so confident and self-satisfied, with a gleam of amusement in it.

But Chi spoke rather crossly: "She'll never be any thing but a child—and a very bad child, too—if you keep on spoiling her as you do. I tell you what, I shall clip her wings myself before long, if you don't."

"It would be more to the purpose to clip her tongue," put in Josephine, laughing. "But who minds her nonsense?—Tell us what it is that's tough, Chi."

"Oh, it's that fellow Wilcox," he answered, impatiently. "As if Christmas Eve was any time for doing business! And he sends me word this morning that I must meet him at Beverly to-day, at three o'clock."

"At Beverly—this afternoon? I wouldn't go!" exclaimed Josephine, with more energy than usual. "Why can't he come here?"

"Got to go back, he says, in the evening train. Couldn't possibly get through in time if he came on here."

"And so your convenience must give way to his?" put in Pamela, with a disdainful upper lip. "I should teach my lawyer better manners and more consideration."

"It's all very well to talk about teaching your lawyer," Chi retorted. "He isn't my lawyer; he's the trustee of the Beverly estate, and in the interests of the heirs-at-law, of whom I am the only male representative, Miss Pamela; I must go when he sends for me. It's very provoking, though, considering all our plans for to-day. I shall have to be left out of them, that's the end of it."

But a chorus of feminine voices rose in protest. Josephine wanted to know who cared about Beverly. Nobody knew who the heirs were, any way, and the stupid business had no right to spoil Christmas. Mrs. Fanshaw was full of argument and compromise; Pam puckered her lips into their prettiest pout, and declared they might leave *her* out, too; she wasn't going to The Hollies in a party of unprotected females—not she!

"I can find you an escort, if that's all," Chi retorted, a little touched—perhaps at her speech, perhaps at my silence.

"Marjorie has nothing to say about it," with a reproachful glance at me.

"Where there's nothing to be done, there's nothing to be said," was my response oracular.

"Of course, if there's nothing to be felt, either."

He pushed his chair back, and walked to the great oriel, where the ivy dropped in trailing wreaths of greenery. Darlie had grown weary of making faces, and taken herself off some time ago; the view of the wide, white lawn, with clumps of evergreen rising out of the snow, was unobstructed, and appeared to possess some unusual attraction, to judge from his intent outward gaze.

"I say, Chi"—Josephine returned to the attack—"can't you hurry through the business, whatever it is, and get to The Hollies for the ball, at least? It will be too aggravating if you are not there at all."

"I might, possibly, by hard riding," he admitted.

"Do ride hard, then," cried Pam, saucily, lifting her eyelashes with a sudden sweep, and flashing all the brightness of the blue orbs upon him as he turned round. She was pretty as a picture, there was no denying it, and there was something arch and winsome in her every expression. I could not wonder that Chi's face beamed in response to her sunny smile any more than I could help the jealous pang I felt in observing it.

"What do you care about it?" he said, with a pleased look; and she, with a pretty toss—

"Oh, not much!" that meant more than if she had said "Oh! a great deal."

"Promise to come, though, and I'll dance with you as often as Marjorie will let me," she added, with a provoking laugh toward me.

"As if Marjorie was Chi's keeper!" I retorted, trying to keep cool, but very conscious that my face blazed, and that Pam saw it. "Dance all night with anybody you please; what is it to me, pray?"

And I sailed out of the breakfast-room, not too soon to hear Josephine say, "Isn't Marjorie cross, though? What's the matter now, I wonder?"

I could hardly have told her myself, though it was true enough that I *was* cross, and more than that. I was in a rage with Darlie, with Pam, with Chi—most of all, with myself. Why was I such a fool as to care about him, when even that child could see that he had eyes for nobody but Pamela? And why did Pamela come, any way, when we were all so happy and contented without her? If she had stayed at boarding-school to "finish her education," or gone home to her guardian, or anywhere else but just here! It didn't mend the matter, to my vexation, that she was Chi's cousin as well as myself, and that Mrs. Fanshaw had a right to invite anybody she pleased to her own house. For that matter, Chi had a right to fall in love with her, too; but it was not agreeable to my feelings to see him doing it.

I kept cross the whole morning. Mrs. Fanshaw came up-stairs to dress, and looked into my room to say:

"Would you like to go with Darlie and me this morning, my dear? The gig is roomy, you know, quite large enough for three, and your Cousin Amelia would be glad of your assistance in her preparations. You have such pretty taste about evergreens and things."

"I beg your pardon, aunt," very stiffly. "My taste is nothing to speak of about any thing. Besides, we've no evergreens up at home yet, and somebody ought to see to it."

"Oh, Pamela will attend to that," she returned, innocently. "I heard her planning decorations with Chi; and Bushrod has gone into the woods for a load of holly and cedar. You need not trouble yourself about that in the least."

"Very well, ma'am, I won't, since it's in such good hands. But if it's all the same to you, I would rather not go to The Hollies this morning."

"Just as you like, dear," with a shade of formality in her tone, responsive to my ungraciousness. "Josephine will be very glad to go early; she wished it, but I thought I would give you the first opportunity."

"You were very kind—I am much obliged," I answered, a little ashamed of myself.

And she returned, "Not at all," in her suave, stately way, and went on to her own room, where Darlie stood calling, for the sixteenth time:

"Mamma, mamma! Won't you please to hurry?"

I realized, as soon as her back was turned, that I had been a fool. If I had gone with her, I should have found diversion and forgetful-

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ness, and I need not have been tantalized by the thought of them together—all alone—"planning decorations." Josephine would have been a third, and Josephine was not likely to take herself out of the way for anybody's accommodation. No danger of a lover's paradise when she was in the house. But now, thanks to my own idiocy, she was going out of it; and I might have the serene satisfaction of filling my lonely hours with pictures of them in their pretty occupation, from which I had been so coolly counted out.

Couldn't I make mental tableaux of those Christmas-wreaths? Two heads close together over myrtle-leaves and ground-pine; blue eyes bent upon the holly-berries, but not seeing them; brown eyes bent upon *her*, and seeing nothing else in the world. Then the mingling of hands when wreaths were tied, and all the delightful opportunities of mutual service; the sweet sense of nearness; the consciousness of freedom from all restraint of other eyes—what could come of it but the inevitable crisis?"

"Let it come," I said, doggedly. "Have I no pride to sustain me? I'll have enough to keep out of their way, at least."

So, when Pam knocked at my door half an hour later, I was deaf and dumb and invisible. In vain she called "Marjorie, Marjorie!" I never answered. She tried the door, and found it locked. She shook it and rattled it, but nobody heard.

"Isn't it odd?" I heard her call down-stairs to Chi. "Marjorie's room is locked, and nobody inside. Could she have gone to The Hollies, after all?"

"Nonsense!" was Chi's answer. "She couldn't have gone in Josephine's pocket, and that was the only vacuum."

"How do you know that was one?" asked Pam, saucily.

"I know her habits, and I saw her porte-monnaie yesterday," he returned. "Are you sure Marjorie isn't there? Call her again."

"Call her yourself," with pretty petulance. "I shan't be screaming after her all the morning if she doesn't choose to hear. Perhaps she *will* hear *you*."

And, indeed, I strained my ears to listen, but there was nothing to hear. Only a careless—

"You'd better come down, Pam. She's gone for a walk, perhaps—and here's Bush with a forest of cedars of Lebanon. I haven't the dimmest idea what to do with them."

"Nor I. How tiresome it is of Marjorie to be cross, and leave us all the work to do!"

Yet she skipped down-stairs lightly enough, and I could hear the murmur of their two voices, with fragments of merry talk, and every now and then a ripple of laughter that showed how much they missed Marjorie's company, or needed her assistance!

When I couldn't bear it any longer, I wrapped myself in a hood and shawl, and went out-of-doors. They were too well employed to observe my egress, and I strolled off to the woods undisturbed. These were near enough, the pine-forest stretching like a girdle half-way round the Fanshaw domains, and one long glade opening up to the lower slope of the lawn. The ground was white with a light fall of snow, and the sky was gray with the promise of more. Bushrod's hob-nailed shoes had trodden a path, and broken branches of myrtle and cedar, with fragments of varnished holly and gleaming red-berries, marked his homeward progress with the Christmas greens. I picked up one of the shining, prickly leaves, and its sharpest thorn drew a blood-drop from my finger, which I surveyed with tragic scorn.

"Bleed on, poor finger!" I said, melodramatically. "You are not ashamed to show your hurt. But, when the proud heart is pierced, no tongue shall have the right to say it bleeds!"

Nevertheless, my pride was cold comfort to me. I tried to wrap myself in it as a garment, but to no avail. My heart yearned after the sweetness which had seemed so near to me a little while ago, waiting only for me to reach out my hand and take it in. And now it was gone—all gone. Another heart had welcomed it; another hand grasped it, and I was left, robbed and desolate. A cold, damp wind went sobbing through the trees; the pines made their melancholy moan; all creation, and all existence, were dreary alike to my despairing thoughts.

"Dinner-bells ring though passing-bells toll," however. My reflections upon the transitory nature of human happiness were sharply and suddenly interrupted by a prolonged tintinnabulation in the open air, and, looking between the tree-stems, I saw Bushrod standing on the lower terrace, swinging the biggest bell in the house, with the combined energy of both hands. Evidently he had been sent out to ring me in; so, to save my ears, I responded at once to the summons, and showed myself in the opening. Bushrod paused from his labor, and his complacent grin displayed a refreshing contrast of ivory and ebony.

"T'ought dat would fotch ye, Miss Margy," with a beaming expression, as I came up the slope. "Miss Pam, she got oneasy, t'ought you was lost; but dis chile nebber had no such idee. Knew dat bell would fotch you back fast 'nuff."

"Is that all you rang it for?" I asked, indignant. "You'd better mind your own affairs another time Bush, and I'll come home when I get ready."

"Ax your pardon, Miss Margy," more beaming than ever. "Berry sorry for 'sturbin' you, but Miss Pam was so pow'ful hungry, she couldn't wait no longer for her dinner nohow."

"Why didn't she eat her dinner, then? She needn't have waited for me."

"Dat jes de same adwice Mas' Chi gib her. But she said she wouldn't do noffin of the kind. It wor too lonesome and disagre'ble; dem was her words. Reckon Miss Pam berry fond of you, Miss Margy."

"Reckon she is, Bush," satirically. "Suppose you hurry in and relieve her anxiety about me. And do bring up the dinner before she starves."

Bushrod pulled his woolly forelock and scampered off. I followed leisurely, pondering "Mas' Chi's adwice." He was so indifferent to my comfort, and so anxious for hers! She must not even wait a few minutes longer than usual for her dinner, poor little dear! Wasn't she a real delicacy? As to Marjorie being left out in the cold, literally as well as figuratively, that was nothing, of course, to him.

The thought did not improve my temper, and I'm afraid Pam's dinner was more "disagre'ble" with me than it would have been without me. She was very kind and cordial, I'll allow; and so was Chi. Both of them scolded, playfully, because I had forsaken them; and declared it was all very nice and romantic to be strolling through the wintry woods, forgetting the dinner-hour, and shirking the Christmas-wreaths—but what was the cause of such absorbing maiden meditation? That was what Pam would like to know.

Perhaps I told her! Only I didn't, as the children say. She got short answers and snappish ones to her playful speeches, which she kept on making, however—maliciously, I knew, just to show Chi how amiable she was, and what a cross-patch I. He kept a grave silence after the first rebuff from me. Now and then I felt his eyes upon me, as if in wonder at my strange mood, and once, when I happened to meet them suddenly, they were full of indignant reproach—an expression to which I conceived I had the best right in this instance, and telegraphed an intimation to that effect accordingly. I had the satisfaction of observing that he comprehended it, and was confused and disturbed thereby, His eyes sought mine again, appealingly, but I took no notice. And presently he was obliged to leave the table, to get ready for his appointment with Mr. Wilcox.

"I can't wait for dessert," he said. "It's two o'clock now, and ten miles to Beverly. I shall try to be at The Hollies before nine," addressing himself to Pam. "And the carriage awaits your orders, young ladies, whenever you are ready for it. I should advise an early start, for there will be a snow-storm before dark, unless I am much mistaken."

"Then you'll have to ride in it," exclaimed Pamela. "On horseback, too! What a pity your mother took the gig."

"Oh, that's nothing," he laughed. "I like it.—Marjorie" (turning to me with a sudden bright look), "do you remember that mad-cap ride we took together one day last winter, with our bridles crossed, the horses galloping, and the snow flying in our faces? What a frolic it was!"

"Yes, I remember," I said, coldly; and Pam took it up.

"Bridles crossed! What do you mean?"

"Why, changed across the horses. Marjorie had mine, and I had hers; and the ponies galloped together as if they understood the fun of it. We rode five miles so, and they never swerved apart."

"What a piece of folly!" Pam commented. "Just suppose they *had* swerved apart? You'll never cross bridles with me, sir, I can tell you."

"Suppose I never want to?" he retorted. And she made him some saucy answer, easy and assured, as if to let me see what a perfectly good understanding there was between them.

"What time shall we order the carriage, Marjorie?" she asked, when Chi had gone.

"Whenever you please," I answered, formally.

"My pleasure is yours, you mean to say?" with one of her arch looks. "Are you getting amiable again?"

"You can think so, if you choose."

"Well, I wish you'd give me cause to," she exclaimed, laughingly. "Marjorie, what *is* the matter with you? You've snapped at me all day long. What have I done?"

"I believe I have only seen you about an hour to-day all told," I said, coolly; "and you have borne the burden of the conversation between us."

"Why didn't you tell me to hold my tongue? You looked as if you wanted to. Oh, Marjorie, what a little goose you are!"

"I've sense enough to hold my own tongue, at any rate, and keep my own counsel," I answered, with some irritation.

"That's very evident," shrugging her shoulders. "You won't even say when we shall go to The Hollies. I wish you *would* name an hour, though, so that I may know how much time I have to get ready."

"Name your own hour, and you can arrange all that to suit yourself. It doesn't concern me, for I'm not going at all."

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She looked at me for a moment, her face blank with surprise. "You don't mean it, Marjorie; you're saying that to tease me," she exclaimed, presently.

"I *never* say things to tease," I replied, pointedly. "That's your prerogative. As for The Hollies, I mean exactly what I said. I'm not going at all."

"Are you really so vexed?" she asked, looking at me curiously. "Upon my word, Marjorie" (her face flushed up a little), "I wouldn't have believed it if anybody had told me you could be such a little fool."

With that, she turned her back upon me, and went out of the room. It was the rudest thing—the *only* rude thing, in fact—I ever heard Pam say, and her nearest approach to being out of temper. It was quite a satisfaction to have stirred her up a little. I felt better for it in spite of the disparaging epithet.

But it was a terribly empty house when she was gone. She ordered the carriage at four, and drove away most independently, nodding a careless good-by as she passed me in the hall, but never once asking me to "reconstruct" my refusal. Not that I should have done it if she had. I was too miserably, jealously wretched to be capable of self-forgetfulness, and all the Christmas jollity at The Hollies—the dinner-party and the Christmas-tree, the dances and the tableaux—would only have been an aggravation. It was wiser to stay away, yet how was I to kill the time and get rid of myself all this dreary afternoon?

The servants watched me curiously as I roamed from room to room in my unrest. Bushrod, the familiar imp of the establishment, ventured upon an expression of his curiosity in the form of condolence.

"Mighty sorry you'se sick, Miss Margy. Was afeard you'd ketch cold out in dem ar damp woods. Tole Prudy so."

"Who said I was sick?" I asked, turning round upon him with a disconcerting suddenness.

"Dun no; reckon it was Miss Pam," he shuffled. "Mought ha' been Mas' Chi, mebbe. Leastwise, I 'lowed you wan't berry well, or you'd be guine to de ball 'long wid all de rest o' de folks."

"Very good. Now suppose you 'allow' that you don't know any thing at all about it, and go put my side-saddle on Polly Flinders?"

It was the inspiration of the moment, and I seized upon it with a sense of relief. Polly Flinders was a favorite mare of Chi's, a reckless little, hard-mouthed Chingoteague pony that neither Josephine nor Pam would ever mount. Darlie boasted that *she* could manage her, until she was pitched head-foremost into a turnip-patch one day, and carried her arm in a sling for three weeks. After that she was given up to Chi and me. We understood Polly, and Polly appreciated our comprehension of her. Many a long, delightful ride we had had together; Chi on his stately Selim, I on little brown Polly, in the shadow of pine-woods, on the yellow sand, with the Atlantic surge rolling up to the horses' hoofs, through Laurel Swamp, with the great creamy magnolias burdening all the air with heavy sweetness, down Sweetbrier Lane, and up the Hill Difficulty, which paid us for the climbing with the loveliest view in all the country. I remember all these rides—never to be repeated—with an ineffable pang, as the impulse to ride now took hold of me. Yet I could not help laughing at Bushrod's ludicrous dismay when I gave him the order.

"Lord-a-messy, Miss Margy! you ain't guine to ride Polly Flinders to de ball? What for didn't you go wid Miss Pam, like a lady?"

"Because I'd rather go alone, 'like a lady,' Bush. Don't distress yourself for the credit of the family, but go saddle the pony, and be quick about it."

"But it's guine to snow, Miss Margy, mighty soon too. Lord bress you, honey, wouldn't tink of such a ting no how 'tall, 'f I was you," he remonstrated, growing affectionate in his zeal. "What'll all de folks say, see you streakin' up dere like crazy Jane, and all de oder ladies lyin' back in de fine carriage? Lord, Miss Margy, Mas' Chi'll be dreffful 'shamed, sure."

"Don't be a fool if you can help it, Bush," I said, a little angrily. "Did I tell you I was going to The Hollies? and how many more times shall I have to tell you to saddle Polly Flinders? Bring her up here in five minutes, and then go teach Prudy how to behave. I don't want any of your advice."

He went off, discomfited, and I hastened to put on my habit, with a ridiculous sense of eagerness and excitement, as if there were any earthly object in view in my going. Never was a ride undertaken more aimlessly, yet my spirits rose with every button that I fastened, and when I stood before the glass to arrange the little Spanish hat with its sweeping plume, I wondered at the color in my cheek and the sparkle of my eyes.

"Is Pam so much the prettiest?" I said, half aloud, and then I blushed, and laughed at myself, and thought I was a fool; yet on the whole felt better than I had done all day. Perhaps—wasn't it just possible?—I *might* have been making a *precious* fool of myself all day! imagining things that never existed anywhere but in my own jealous fancies. Only suppose—

But I ran away from the dangerous supposition and mounted Polly, who stood at the door in a fidget to be off. She went like an arrow as soon as I gave her the rein, and the last thing I heard as we shot down the avenue, was Bushrod's confidential aside to Prudy—

"Sure's you're born, she'll come home wid her neck broke some o' dese days. Ef I was Mas' Chi—"

But what would happen in that case I never heard, for Polly and I were on the high-road, and flying like the wind in perfect sympathy with one another. I let her take her own gait, and choose her own road; it wasn't in the least my fault that she took the upward course to Beverly instead of the downward one to The Hollies. I had no purpose in view, no intention of going anywhere; that I affirm. At the same time I was quite conscious that I was on Chi's track, and that it was very possible I might meet him as he returned from Beverly. I didn't ask myself what he would say to such an encounter; I didn't anticipate or dwell upon it in the least. We simply galloped on, Polly and I, and the snow-storm galloped after us swift and sure. In ten minutes from the time we left home, the white flakes were powdering my habit; in half an hour I could not see a yard before me for the wild whirl of snow that thickened the air.

But we never thought of turning about for that. Polly tossed back her head and shook her mane disdainfully, as the cold flakes settled in her nostrils, but only galloped the faster. And I thought of the madcap ride Chi had alluded to—so close to each other, side by side, hand to hand—and one heart at least thrilled to its centre with something more than the exhilaration of the wild adventure. For that ride was the beginning of consciousness with me; before then he had been my cousin, my pleasant friend merely; afterward he was a study, a subject of secret thought and speculation, a constant object of peculiar unacknowledged interest. Nobody was aware of it; Josephine had affairs of her own, Mrs. Fanshaw was wrapped up in Darlie, and that young lady never considered me worth much of her notice. So nobody meddled, and I studied Chi at my leisure. He studied me, too, I was conscious of that. He was never a man to risk losing his game by hasty or ill-advised movements; he was slow, watchful, persistent; he made sure of the thing he wanted, and then he was bound to secure it at all hazards.

This was how I thought of him, at least, and I thought, in my vanity and self-delusion, that *I* was the thing he wanted, and waited to test, and try, and bind to him, so surely that there could be no possible doubt when he spoke at last! I wasn't impatient; I was at ease and secure, and even when Pam came and turned everybody's head with her beauty, I was not afraid at first. It was that nonsense about Chi's finishing her education that vexed me. I saw no need of it at all; she might have had a drawing-master to touch up her sketches, and all that French reading together I considered ridiculous—especially as I did not understand French, and had declined Chi's offer of instruction for myself.

I said things like that, and made myself disagreeable; and Chi, of course, did not alter his conduct to please me. He grew more attentive to Pam as I neglected her; she was always winsome and attractive, and everybody loved her, while it grew the fashion to find Marjorie "cross" on frequent occasions. A verdict generally in accordance with the facts, I don't pretend to deny. "Only *he* might have found an excuse for me," I said rather bitterly as I went over the whole ground in my thoughts.

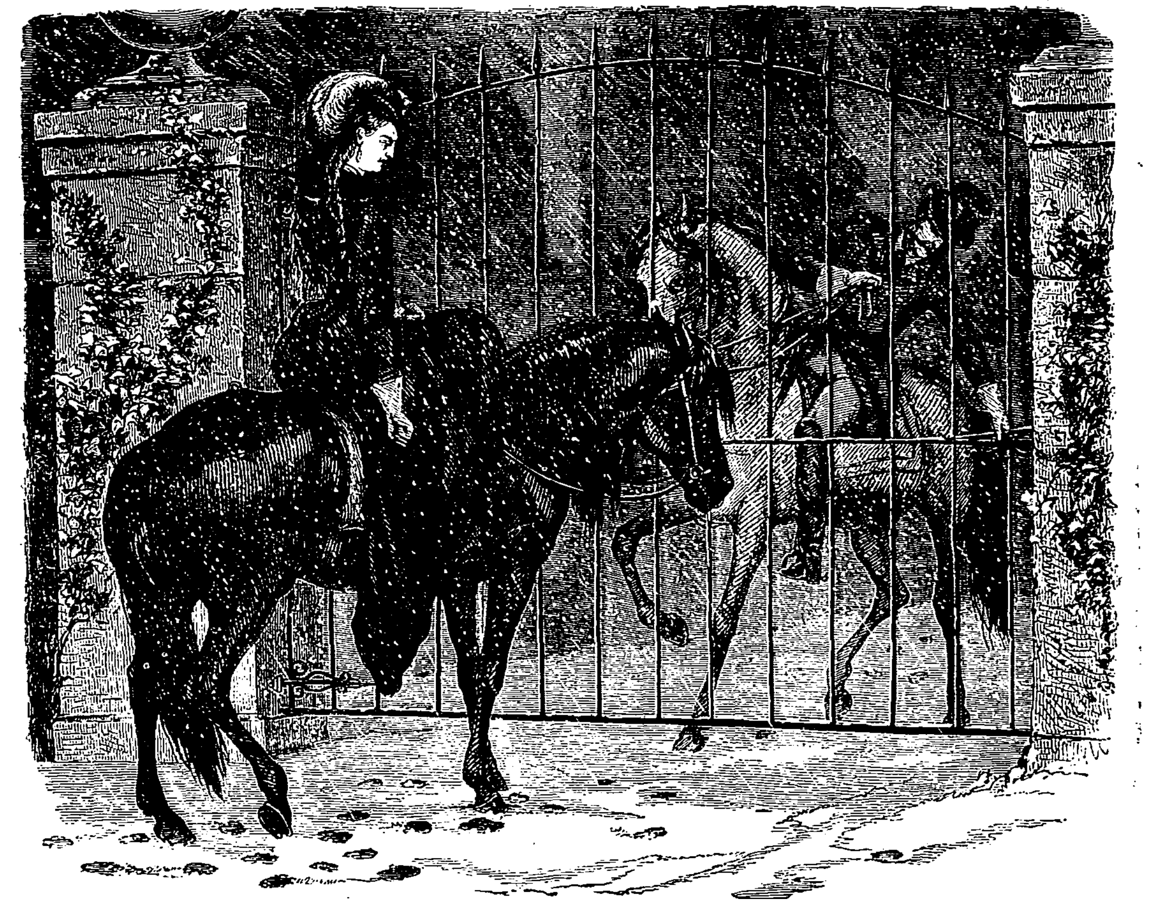
Polly Flinders had been going over other ground meanwhile, at a peculiar rate of speed; and, before I dreamed that we were anywhere in the neighborhood, she came to a sudden halt before the great gates of Beverly. They loomed up blackly through the mist of snow and the gathering darkness. Night had overtaken us, as well as the storm, and Polly—like a sensible pony—conceived that it would be wise to take shelter.

"Not inside of *those* gates, however, since somebody else has not passed them," I said; and gently insinuated that conclusion to Polly by endeavoring to turn her head in a homeward line. But Miss Flinders had a will of her own, and the head obstinately refused to be turned. I pulled at the bit, she did not yield; I slapped her with the reins, she only tossed her mane defiantly; I coaxed and scolded, by turns, I even kicked her; but she planted her forefeet firmly, and faced those gates as obstinate as any mule.

"If I had a whip, you little wretch, I'd *make* you go!" I screamed at her in desperation. "Polly, how dare you behave so? Get up! gee! go on!"

She only "got up" a little closer to the gates for answer, and my despair culminated as I heard the sound of hoofs at that moment, approaching us from within. Polly heard it too, and, with that unerring animal instinct, she recognized her bridle-companion, Selim, and gave a loud whinny of welcome; which—as if to set all my doubts at rest and assure me of my sweet predicament—was instantly responded to. I made one wild final effort to move on—*any thing* to escape from meeting him just here—but I might as well have tried "to move Rock Dunder" (in Bushrod's vocabulary), as to budge Polly Flinders. There she stood, and there I sat; ready to die of mortification, and

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"Hullo! who's there?" rang the well-known voice, as Selim came to a full stop.

wildly uncertain whether to spring off and hide myself in the bushes, or—as soon as the gate was open—dash past without waiting for his recognition. That seemed the most feasible, especially as I could see the dark outline of horse and rider close at hand already. But I forgot that we could be seen, too, and at a disadvantage.

"Hullo! who's there?" rang the well-known voice, as Selim came to a stop. "Polly Flinders! is that you?"

Polly whinnied and neighed: "Yes, sir, here I am, sir!" It was as plain as speech.

"What under the sun, moon, and seven stars, brings you here? *Marjorie!*" with a sudden cry that thrilled me through, it had such a startling anxiety in it. Should I speak? but before I could reason about it, the old habit of response to *him* brought my words out unawares.

"It *is* Marjorie, Chi, don't be vexed—I couldn't help it," I faltered, with an absurd disposition to cry.

"Couldn't help what? Is any thing the matter? Are you all alone?"

"No—yes—please open the gate and go on. I don't want any thing at all."

"That's cool," with equal coolness. "A little more information, please, before I move on. What did you come for, in the first place?"

"Because Polly brought me—the little mule! and she wouldn't take me away again!" I answered, vexed and ashamed beyond expression.

He suppressed a laugh. "Well done for Polly! but I don't understand the conjunction still. Why are you at Beverly with Polly, when by all rules you should be at The Hollies with Pam?"

"I didn't go to The Hollies," I said, stupidly.

"That's more evident than the reason why."

"Because I didn't choose to, and that's the reason why!" I exclaimed, angrily. "How much longer must I wait in this storm to be catechised? I have asked you to open the gate for me."

"And I obey you instantly." He stooped from his saddle and lifted the latch of the single gate. It swung open lazily, and the two horses darted toward one another. Chi reined his back to let me pass, but Polly, instead of dashing on as I supposed she would, sidled up like an idiot to Selim, and stood perfectly still again, to my rage and disgust.

"Go on, Polly!" I said, desperately; but it was all the same as "Stand still, Polly!" to her ladyship. She rubbed up against Chi, and whinnied with pleasure as he bent toward her and patted her neck in the darkness.

"Poor Polly!" he said, softly. "Your little mistress is angry with you, and with me, too; and I dare say you know as little about it as I do. If you would only tell me, Marjorie, what you wish—" turning to me with gentle forbearance.

"I wish I was at home! I wish—" but my voice broke, and the tears I had been fighting back got the mastery of me.

"My *dear* Marjorie!" there was the tenderest concern in his tone, and he stretched across the horse to put his hand upon mine. "It is the most impossible situation for us to come to an understanding. I can't even *see* you—and you must be wet through with this snow. It is no time and no weather for you to be so exposed—will you let me take you up to the house?"

"They are waiting for you at The Hollies," I sobbed; "go on, and never mind me. I'll do well enough."

"They are waiting for you, too," he returned, "and they'll not see one of us without the other. Come, Marjorie!" and he turned his horse's head toward Beverly. "I'll win a race with you up the avenue. Start fair!"

He gave the word to Polly, and she plunged forward half her length ahead of Selim. Five minutes breathless galloping brought us, side by side, up to the great hall door. A light was shining from the windows of the library—the cheerful glow of the fire built for Mr. Wilcox's benefit—and it showed us where to dismount, glimmering fantastically through

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the whirl of flying snowflakes. Old Jerusha came to the door with a towering turban on her head, and a candle in her hand.

"Dat you, Mas' Chi?" peering out under the blaze with a scared look. "Ain't nothin' de matter, honey? Lord bress you!" as she caught sight of me—"who dat you fotch back, dis time o' day?"

"Don't you know Miss Marjorie?" he said, and Jerusha gave a scream.

"Reckon I *does!*" setting her candle down in haste, and enveloping me in a fat embrace. "Lord bress you, honey, who'd ha' thought o' seein' *you* dis night? Where you cum from, like a ghost? 'Pears like ole times cum back agin, to see you at de ole place!"

"Bring her into the fire, aunty; she's half perished with cold," said Chi. "I reckon we'll not go any farther to-night, and I'll get your old man to help me put up the horses.—Go in, Marjorie, do."

So I was half led, half carried into the library by Jerusha's ample arms, and soon divested of my wet habit. The damp snow clung to my hair, and soaked through my thick riding-gloves; but, in the cheery blaze of the great hickory fire, I was warmed and dried by the time Chi came in. Jerusha bustled about, asking questions, and pouring out voluble welcomes; I could not help feeling very comfortable, and very much at home, in spite of my previous mortification. Beverly was familiar ground to me: I had spent many a month under its roof, many a merry childish day in the old fields and orchards; many another, in more thoughtful girlhood, searching out the treasures of this old library. It had an owner then, but Uncle Chichester (Chi was his namesake) was dead a year ago; and the estate—a very valuable one—was in the hands of trustees. No will had been found, although one was supposed to be in existence somewhere; and the court had decided to put the property under guardianship until the youngest of the three heirs-at-law—Pamela, Chi, and myself—was of age. Then—failing the discovery of the will—it was to be equally divided between us.

This was an arrangement we had all acquiesced in willingly, since it so happened that none of us were in actual need of Uncle Chichester's money. We were each "only" children—Pam and I of the two sisters, Chi of the brother—and we each had an independent income that sufficed our wants. Chi's father, who died when he was a mere baby, left him well provided for; and his mother—a widow for the second time—had a comfortable jointure from both husbands. Josephine and Darlie were Fanshaws; they had no interest in Beverly. We three were the heirs-expectant, and we had often discussed the division of property among ourselves. Chi, having the name (so much of it as family abbreviation left him—he was christened Wentworth Osborne Chichester), wanted the old hall and the landed estate; Pam preferred the bank-balance, and I the books, the silver, and the family portraits, which were decreed to me by laughing consent—"and never dare to ask for any more," Pam said.

One of the old portraits frowned down upon us, in wig and ruffles, from the heavy chimney-piece; and some of the old silver, in the shape of a diminutive milk-jug and sugar-bowl, with two undersized spoons, was spread out presently for our benefit. A little round table, with claw feet and an inlaid top, was set between us; and Jerusha brought in, one after the other, hot corn-muffins, cold turkey in dainty slices, brandy-peaches, and fragrant coffee, diffusing aroma from two old-fashioned cups, exquisitely thin. The fire snapped and sparkled with fresh fuel, and Jerusha's comely mulatto face, too fat for wrinkles, beamed with satisfaction at our enjoyment of her dainties. I was undeniably hungry, for my part, having had small appetite for my dinner, and, however it had been with Chi then, he was quite able to keep me in countenance now. His muffins disappeared and his coffee vanished with marvellous celerity; Jerusha renewed both with cheerful hospitality, and I sat watching him, curiously happy and contented. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to be sitting opposite him in this easy, unrestrained way, though certainly nothing like it had ever happened to me before. I had been alone with him in walks and rides; but in the Fanshaw house there was no conception of solitude. Darlie was everywhere, like a will-o'-the-wisp, and Josephine forever had visitors. This was just the fireside-picture that I had so often framed in my secret, unconfessed thoughts; how bright, how sweet, how real it seemed to me now! I could not bear to think it was a mere shadow without substance, and to-morrow I would find myself "out in the cold" once more.

He pushed his plate back at last, with a laugh. "What a cormorant I have been! But really I had neither breakfast nor dinner to-day, Marjorie, and Nature will assert herself sooner or later."

"Take anoder cup, Mas' Chi," said Jerusha, elevating her coffee-pot.

"Don't insult me, Jerusha," he said, solemnly. "Bear off your beverage to your own domains, and mention coffee no more, if you love me."

"Den you won't hab none for brekfus to-morrer, I'se 'member," chuckled Jerusha, as she gathered up the dishes. He answered her with some gay retort, keeping up a banter of nonsense till she left the room with her tray of empty plates. Then he came up behind me, and laid his hands on my shoulders.

"This is better than the Hollies—eh, Marjorie?"

"If you think so, then it is to you."

"Hear that wind!" as a blast came roaring down the chimney, and the flames leaped out before it. "Fancy me riding twenty miles to trip it on the light, fantastic toe! What good angel inspired you, Marjorie, to come to my deliverance?"

"As if I did," I retorted. "I begged you to go on—you know it, Chi—and, if Pam is disappointed, it isn't my fault."

"Do you think Pam will care?"—with a tone that irritated me. And I answered, indifferently, twisting my shoulder away from his hand:

"How should I know? She was eager enough to get your promise, if that means any thing."

"But do you think it did? Do you imagine her really missing me, and wishing for me? Because you know it is not too late yet; Jerusha's coffee has refreshed me mightily, and I could get there still in time for one of those dances she promised me so kindly."

"Better go at once, then, and assure yourself. My opinion is of no consequence in the premises."

"On the contrary, it is just your opinion that I want, and that will decide whether I go or stay. Tell me honestly, Marjorie, if Pam cares any thing about me. You girls understand one another; you have opportunities as well as intuitions; you can see where I am blind."

"Blind, indeed! idiot, insolent!" I said to myself, with inward rage; but outwardly, quiet and cold—

"You must really excuse me, Chi. I am not in Pam's confidence in the least, and have had no opportunities for discovering her feelings. One would think," I could not help adding, bitterly, "that you had ample opportunity this morning to satisfy yourself on all points. I took care that you should be uninterrupted."

"Did you? That was very kind." He wheeled my chair about, so as to look me in the face, and his eyes shone with mischievous exultation.

"Was that the reason, Marjorie, that you locked yourself in your room, and would not answer when Pam called? Was it pure consideration for us that sent you out into the woods? and *did* you imagine that I did not know the very moment when you went? Oh, Marjorie, what a little goose you are!"

I drew back from him, hot with vexation and shame. "Pam has been kind enough to call me a fool twice to-day, sir; you need not trouble yourself to indorse her opinion of me. Please let me pass. I wish to leave the room."

"But if I wish you to stay?" His hands upon my shoulders pressed me gently back into the seat from which I struggled to rise. "Marjorie, what has Pam done to you that you should dislike her?"

"I do not dislike her; I care nothing about her," I answered, vehemently.

"I beg your pardon; you are bitterly jealous of her."

"Chi, you insult me!" I sprang up now, too indignant for any further endurance. But he caught me in his arms.

"Marjorie, I love you!" he whispered, passionately. "My darling, my darling, why do I need to tell you? Where were your eyes that you could not see it long ago?"

"Where *yours* were—watching Pam," I retorted, struggling vainly to free myself. "Don't fancy I believe you; I've no faith in you; and, if you did love me, I've no love for you. I simply hate you."

But never was hate so fondly greeted. My words were met with kisses—a perfect rain of them upon lips and cheeks and hair—until, half suffocated, flushed, furious, utterly powerless, and ineffably happy, I surrendered at discretion, and acknowledged the double truth, not only that he loved me, but that I loved him, with all my heart and strength and life.

The wind blew, and the powdery whirls of snow flew past the windows; the light-wood blaze leaped and flared among the snapping hickory logs, and grotesque shadows danced and wavered upon the ceiling. I neither heard the whistling storm without, nor saw the firelight pictures within. All apprehension was merged in one blissful consciousness; all the universe narrowed down to the circle of Chi's arms, for they held me close, and would not let me go, and I rested in them, the happiest "little fool" in Christendom.

What is it about the foot of Time that only falls on flowers, and so forth? The hours flew so unheeded, with all the inevitable explanations, that we never guessed how late it was until Jerusha came in with candles.

"Time you was in bed, Miss Margy, dis hour ago," she said, dogmatically. "Reckon yer an' Mas' Chi kin do your courtin' by daylight jes as well. Pretty carryin's on, sure 'nuff, an' de clock dun struck midnight dis long time."

"Oh, Jerusha! What a shocking old story-teller!"

But, Chi's watch being consulted, the hands, pointing to half past twelve, confirmed her statement. I was duly horrified, and not only at the lateness of the hour. It suddenly occurred to me to remember, what in my new and overpowering happiness I had given no thought to

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before, that we were "violating proprieties" in an unheard-of manner. I turned to Chi with a look of dismay.

"Well, what is it?" with a mischievous apprehension of my feeling dancing in his eyes. "You are frightened now; you know you will get a scolding to-morrow from Mrs. Grundy."

"Oh, Chi! what *will* your mother say? I ought not to have let you bring me here; I ought to have gone home. I never thought till this minute—"

"Well, don't think now," Chi answered, hastily. "What nonsense, Marjorie! As if there could be any more impropriety in your staying here all night than at home! Why, don't you know we should have been alone there just the same? Lucky chance, *I* say—one I began to be afraid would never happen."

And he laughed—so frank and merry a laugh, that my shadowy scruples and fears melted under it involuntarily. It was true that, with all the family at The Hollies, where, of course, they would spend the night, Chi and I would have been quite as much alone, had we gone home. Aunt Fanshaw was exceedingly "particular;" but she was sensible, too, and would see that we could not help ourselves. So I concluded not to worry. I said good-night, and ran on before Jerusha, up the broad staircase. She tucked me into the spacious bed, and I nestled down among the pillows, with a comfortable intention of going to sleep immediately. But it was not on the cards that that intention should be fulfilled so soon.

Jerusha was gone; the candle was put out; I had heard Chi shut his door across the hall, and was just dropping asleep, with a last sweet thought of him lulling me to rest, when a sudden sound startled me into broad wakefulness. It was a footstep overhead, where no footstep had a right to be; for Jerusha and her husband were the only dwellers at Beverly, and I knew well enough that they were far down in the lower regions of the house before this time. I heard the creak of the boards, and the stealthy tread, step following step, and sprang up involuntarily, the first impulse, of course, being to call Chi.

I relighted my candle, drew on my stockings, slipped my dress over my night-clothes, in nervous haste, and opened the door as softly as I could, half expecting some midnight assassin to strike me down as I did so. The bedrooms all opened upon a long, wide corridor, divided at intervals by arches, in whose dark recesses the assassin aforesaid might easily have hidden himself. Chi's room was just opposite, and I called him under my breath, too frightened at the sound of my own voice to speak aloud. If he had not been a lover, I should doubtless have called in vain; but his ears were sensitive to my voice, it seemed, and the response was immediate.

"Marjorie, what is it? where are you, dear?" with an instant spring out of bed, and a click of the door-latch.

"There's somebody up-stairs. Oh, Chi, I am terribly frightened!"

"I'll be with you in one moment, dear." And, before I could have imagined it possible, he was standing beside me, dressed, and ready for the emergency. I explained what I had heard; he went into my room, and listened; but the mysterious sounds had ceased.

"They have heard us talking, Chi; they are keeping quiet—oh, what shall we do?" I whispered, nervously.

"Perhaps it was a rat you heard, or a cat," he suggested. "The old garret is overhead—isn't it?"

"Yes; but that was no rat. It didn't scamper; it *trod*—there it is again."

The same creaking board and stealthy step; then a spring, and a sudden, startling crash, as if some heavy body had fallen. I screamed with all my might; in spite of Chi's arm around me, I could not control the first impulse of my terror; and it was rather mortifying to have him burst into a hearty laugh, instead of sharing my alarm.

"It's a cat; take my word for it!" he exclaimed. "Give me your candle, Marjorie, and I'll hunt her out."

He snatched it from me, and strode down the long corridor to the attic staircase. I followed, too frightened to stay behind, and with some sort of heroic idea of sharing his fate, whatever it might be; and so we came together to the door that enclosed the narrow stairway leading up to the garret. It was slightly ajar.

"That's where puss squeezed in," said Chi, laughing; and he sprang up the steps, three at a bound, I scrambling after as well as I could, having no faith whatever in the cat, and in deadly terror of some unseen murderer. The candle was the merest glimmer of light in an immensity of blackness; it showed but one step in advance, and in no way prepared either of us for the approach of a moving object that bounced suddenly against Chi in the dark, knocked the candle out of his hands, and, with a fierce plunge, and a flash of two fiery, frightened eyes, went scuttling down the stairs.

Of course it was the cat, but it's not pleasant to have even a cat rush at you in the dark, and I screamed naturally enough. It's the first duty of woman to scream at such crises, and I always do my duty. Even Chi himself was startled out of his composure.

"Confound the cat!" he muttered. "Don't be afraid, Marjorie!" as I clung to him in abject fear. "I've got a match, I'll light the candle again."

"Oh, come down, do come down!" I implored. "If it's the cat, she's gone. There's nothing to stay for now."

"I want to see what it was that fell down so heavily," he said; "but you need not go, Marjorie. I'll take you down-stairs to Jerusha, and come back afterward."

"And get killed all alone? No, you sha'n't!" I gasped. "I'll go where you go."

"Come on, then," he laughed. "I've no intention of being killed, I can tell you, though. I've too much to live for now!"

And, dark as it was, he found my lips some way, without any difficulty. The candle was discovered, after some groping, and relighted. Then we went warily down the black length of the huge garret, Chi holding his light aloft, and looking from right to left for the cause of the crash. It was an eerie old place by candle-light; an immense space, divided only by huge archers that supported the roof, and filled with all the heterogeneous lumber that the many generations of an old family accumulate. There were holes in the floor where rats skulked, there were holes in the loft where pigeons built their nests, flying in and out of the broken window-panes. There were old chests and trunks filled with forgotten fineries; there were rusty old fire-arms; there were tables and chairs of a past dynasty, in all stages of dilapidation. Nothing, however, seemed to have been disturbed from the repose of years, until we reached the extreme end of the garret, back of the last arch.

There something lay in a heap of ruins, and Chi shouted "Eureka!" as the yellow flare of the candle revealed an old desk completely shattered, and a mass of papers strewn about the wreck.

"Here's your burglar!" he cried. "Now, Marjorie, you can see exactly how it was. This desk has but two legs left of four—that's evident, for there are only two in the ruins; it was tipped back—so—against the wall, and the cat sprung upon it from this chair. Of course it came down with a crash—don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," I answered, nervously. "Come away if you are satisfied. Don't stop in this horrid, spooky old place any longer."

I was not convinced yet, by any means, that no evil agency had been at work. A dozen thieves and robbers might be hiding all around us; not to speak of the Beverly ghost that had a right to haunt this place, so stored with relics of the past. I could have no peace of mind till I was out of it, and so I was willing to accept Chi's theory, whether I believed it or not. But he was rummaging among the papers.

"I want to see what these are, first. Help me to pick them up, Marjorie."

"What *can* you want of them? Old law-papers, old bills, and receipts. Do leave them, Chi."

"Not I!" he answered, gayly. "Who knows but we may find Uncle Chichester's will among them? Stranger things have happened."

And half laughingly, half earnestly, he persisted in gathering up the whole mass, and, in spite of my shaking terrors, coolly waited to tie them in a bundle with a bit of string that lay conveniently near.

"Now then, Marjorie," putting his arm around me again, to my infinite comfort—I was not so mortally afraid when I felt myself actually under his wing—"we'll go down and investigate our discovery. And you needn't shiver so, little goose; I'll protect you from your burglar and your ghost too."

Notwithstanding which assurance, I was thankful when we reached the foot of the staircase, and shut and locked the door behind us. Still more thankful when, the long corridor traversed, we met Jerusha and her husband at the head of the main staircase, each with a candle in one hand and a poker in the other. They were shaking with fear, in spite of the pokers, and their old teeth chattered in their heads as they poured out questions and comments about the disturbance.

"Nebber got such a skeer—not since ole mas'r die," Josephus cried, his old grizzle-head shaking to and fro. "Lord's sake, Mas' Chi, what *was* dat noise? T'ought de ole roof was tum'lin' on our heads!"

"It was nothing but a cat," Chi answered, cheerfully. "You can go back to bed, Uncle Joe; there's no robber, and nothing damaged but an old desk. The cat knocked it down and smashed it, and we found these papers in the ruins. Now we are going into the library to look them over; fire isn't out yet, is it?"

"No, honey, but Lord bress you! is you sure dey ain't nuffin wrong up dar?" Jerusha ejaculated. "'Pears like 'twas an awful noise for de cat to make."

"Why it was a great heavy old desk, I tell you," Chi exclaimed. "It was tipped back on two legs, and I only wonder it never toppled over before. It was easy for the cat's weight to upset it, and of course it made a big noise when it fell."

"Was it ole mas'r's desk?" asked Jerusha, eagerly. "De ole ting dat was broken open when he died, to find his will?"

"I don't know any thing about that," said Chi. "It was a broken desk, and it stood back of the last arch, at the far end of the garret."

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"It's de berry one, sure's you're born," Jerusha cried, excitedly; "it used to be in his room, and when he was dyin' he tole de minister his will was in dat desk. Dey hunted all over for it—you know, Mas' Chi—an' dey broke all de inside out ob de ole desk, but dey nebber foun' no will. An' den dey said he was dreamin' when he tole de minister; an' de ole desk was carried off up garret. S'pose 'twas ole mas'r's ghost—Lord, Miss Margy!"

Jerusha's eyes seemed ready to pop out of their staring white circles, and old Josephus shrunk together till he looked more than ever like a shrivelled-up persimmon, at this awful suggestion. Even Chi was a little startled; there is a vein of superstition in the bravest men; and as for me, I lost all the remnant of courage I had retained. I clung to him, imploring:

"Come down-stairs, for Heaven's sake, Chi—somewhere where there's a fire and a light, and we can see what's around us. I shall die of fright up here!"

So we went, and fresh logs were piled on the smouldering fire in the library, and blazing lightwood knots sent their bright glow into the farthest corners of the spacious old room. Lighted candles added to the brilliance, and in the cheery illumination we gathered courage again, and Chi began the examination of his papers, which had certainly acquired a very vivid interest for all of us. Jerusha was evidently convinced that Uncle Chichester's spirit had taken this method of discovering the will to us; and she was rather crestfallen when Chi, after running over the papers, threw them carelessly down on a table, as if they were of no importance.

"Old love-letters—from great-grandfather Hezekiah Chichester, to great-grandmother Mildred Scarborough," he said, turning to me with a curious expression. "Uncle Chi might have saved himself the trouble of smashing the old desk, Jerusha, if that was all he had to show," he added to her. "I reckon you'll have to believe it was the cat, after all. And you and Uncle Joe had best go to bed again. I shall sit up, for my part, with Miss Marjorie, and if any thing happens we'll let you know. But I don't think any thing will."

Jerusha demurred a little at leaving me to sit up, and had to linger awhile to gossip about the missing will, and the search for it when "ole mas'r died," and to wonder "how *dem* ole papers could ha' got into de desk arterward." But Josephus was anxious to lay his old bones to rest again, and carried her off at last, to our great relief. Then I turned to Chi with an irrepressible conviction:

"You've found the will; I saw it in your eyes. Oh, Chi!"

"Yes, I have!" he acknowledged. "It wasn't just the thing to read it before the old folks, but you and *I have the right*—eh, Marjorie? if anybody has. Here it is!" producing a long slim paper from the heart of the package.

"I should think so!" was my eager response; and our two heads were soon bent over the document, which, fortunately for our scruples, was not sealed.

It took us some time to decipher, for the ink was faded somewhat, and half a foolscap page was filled with legal formulas before we came to the body of the instrument. We got to it at last, though:

"*I give and bequeath to my nephew, Wentworth Osborne Chichester, the bulk of all the property of which I may die possessed; including the manor of Beverly, with all scrip, bonds, mortgages, funds in bank, etc., etc. Subject only to the following conditions: first, that he shall pay to his cousins, my nieces, Marjorie Denham and Pamela Ponsonby, the sum of ten thousand dollars, to be equally divided between them; second, that he shall marry, at or before the age of thirty, an honest woman of good birth, and such good looks as it may please God to give her; third, that he shall faithfully bestow the following legacies, in the order, and to the objects described below. And so may God prosper him!*"

The legacies filled a long page, and comprised sums of greater or less amount, for servants, friends, and distant relatives; together with bequests of certain old heirlooms to Pamela and myself. We merely glanced at these; the great fact of Chi's inheritance of the estate overbalanced minor considerations. And yet neither of us was greatly surprised, or altogether pleased.

"It is to keep up the wealth with the old name," said Chi. "That's understood, of course. But I confess a more equal division would have pleased me better. What right have I to so much, when you and Pam have a pitiful five thousand apiece? Between ourselves, Marjorie, I've a great mind to throw this bothering paper into the fire, and let the decision of the court stand."

"Oh, Chi! but have you any right?" I held his hand back as he made a motion toward the lightwood blaze. "Here are all these legacies and things—*they* ought to be attended to at any rate."

"That's true; I suppose I have no right to destroy the precious document," he assented. "But there are more ways than one of getting round a difficulty, and, you may depend upon it, Marjorie, I shall not leave the thing in this shape. It doesn't signify about *you*"—giving me an unnecessary squeeze—"but poor Pam must not be robbed in this way."

"No, indeed, especially when she has just been robbed of something else," I said, demurely. "It wasn't my fault, really, though, Chi. Confess that I gave you ample opportunity."

"Not much," he laughed. "Didn't you intercept me on my very way to her, make me break an engagement, keep me prisoner here at Beverly, wake me out of my peaceful slumbers, and heap up the measure by getting me into the tangle of this will? Don't boast of your exploits to-day, Miss Denham."

"Would you like any of them undone?" I asked, mischievously. "Because you can go back to Pam to-morrow, you know, and I dare say she will forgive you. It's Christmas Day."

"You don't deserve to have me tell you a secret," he said, pinching my fingers, which had acquired a sudden habit of playing with his. "I'll set you a good example, though."

"And I'll promise not to follow it," I answered, saucily.

"And I'll take the risks," confidently, "that you *will* follow it, with the first secret that falls in your way. This is Pam's—can you make a guess?"

"No—unless that she rejected you this morning."

"Little wretch! She never had the chance"—and I was punished with another pinch. "There's no telling what might have happened, though—Pam is a great deal prettier than you, and there's no comparison as to temper—if she had not told me in the beginning that it was no use."

"Considerate of her, and not in the least vain," I retorted.

"Certainly not; only sensible. She took me into her confidence, you see, which you never did, and told me how her young affections were already engaged. It's an artist in New York—going to be something wonderful some day, but in the shell at present, and poor, of course. It has been Pam's little dream to go abroad with him, when her share of Beverly was realized, and set up housekeeping in a Roman studio. It was no use thinking of it before, for you know Pam's inheritance from her father was very small. And now comes this stupid will to spoil plans; but I'll manage that."

I listened with mixed feelings, of which the uppermost and shortest-lived was a selfish vexation. Pam engaged all the while, and I tormenting myself so needlessly! *No wonder she called me a fool.* That little bit of vanity overcome, I had room for more generous feeling, and satisfied Chi, who had the matter very much at heart, with my expression of sympathy.

"You see how much there is at stake," he went on afterward, "and what a beast I should be if I could think of keeping all this money. The only trouble will be to make Pam accept a compromise; she is proud and delicate."

"That needn't prevent her from being sensible; and, considering that she has some one else to think of, as well as herself, I fancy she'll not be stubborn about it," I said. "Let's look at the will again, and see what these legacies are, and how much the whole thing amounts to."

"Two hundred thousand, Wilcox told me to-day—half in real estate, half in cash, bonds and mortgages, etc. And, by-the-way, there are three or four valuable bonds among these papers here, answering to some that Wilcox said were missing. It must have been a well-contrived secret drawer in the old desk, or else they searched it very stupidly. What made the old gentleman hide his will, I wonder?"

"What made him do queer things all his life?" I answered. "He was always odd as Dick's hat-band."

"Did you ever learn the fashion of that hat-band?" he said, carelessly, unfolding the will again. We had not really read those inside pages, and now, conning them together, we gave a simultaneous start, as the ominous word "*Codicil*" met our eyes for the first time.

"Ah!" said Chi, dryly, with a quick intuition of the truth; "this cuts the knot, I fancy." And he read aloud:

"*After due deliberation, I repent of verifying Scripture, and choose not to furnish another illustration of the saying, 'To him that hath shall be given.' Withdrawing the name of my nephew, who has sufficient of this world's goods, I substitute that of my niece, Pamela Ponsonby, whose patrimony is small, and whose sweet face and winsome behavior have infinitely cheered the solitude of my sick-room during her recent visit. I double the portion of my niece Marjorie, and upon my nephew Chi bestow my blessing.*"

"*Well,*" I gasped, when he finished. Words failed me, and I simply stared at him in blank dismay. The feeling was reflected in Chi's face for half a second; then he burst into a hearty laugh of genuine amusement.

"The best joke I ever heard!" he exclaimed, fairly shaking with laughter, partly at the comicality of the whole thing, but equally at my rueful countenance. "You and Pam are the heiresses, after all, and I'm dismissed with his blessing! What will come next, I wonder? Will you dismiss me, too, Marjorie?" and he snatched me up in his arms, and nearly squeezed the breath out of my body. I had only voice enough to utter:

"It's a shame, Chi, a horrid shame!"

But, if he had crushed me, I would have borne it, rather than let

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him imagine, for the shadow of a second, that *twenty* codicils could make any difference in *my* love. Not that there was any danger of his imagining it, however. The ridiculous aspect of the affair seemed to make more impression upon him than any other. To think how he was planning for Pamela so benevolently, when all the while Pam was mistress of every thing, and he absolutely disinherited! He laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks, and I was fain to join him from the sheer force of example.

The night wore away rapidly under this new excitement. The need of sleep was forgotten, and, before we thought of it, the morning twilight was glimmering through the unshuttered windows.

"Daybreak, actually!" Chi exclaimed, the first to spy the dawn. "And Christmas Day, too—merry Christmas, Marjorie!"

"Merry Christmas!" I responded—"if it isn't adding insult to injury, Chi. To lose a fortune, and get a little simpleton for a wife—"

"One needs to be strong-minded to be jolly in such circumstances," he interrupted, finishing my sentence in his own way. "I say, Marjorie, hadn't I better fall in love with Pam now?"

"She wouldn't look at you," I said, securely. "She has her fortune, and she will soon have her artist. You'll have to content yourself with me."

"She's welcome to her artist—God bless him!—and her fortune, too," he cried, merrily. "I have my little Marjorie, and all the world has not her equal—for me."

The sunshine was brilliant on the new-fallen snow when we galloped homeward. Jerusha had given us a bewitching little breakfast, and Chi, in spite of his disinheritance, had made her happy with two shining gold-pieces, by way of Christmas-box for herself and Josephus. We had all been up to inspect the garret by daylight, and Chi had satisfied himself about the secret drawer, the exact position of which he explained to me elaborately on our way home, though I cared very little about it, if it must be confessed. I was thinking far more of him, and the new world of love and happiness opening before me, than of Uncle Chichester and his secret drawers, his wills and codicils. We were rich enough without Beverly, and Pam was welcome to all the benefit of our discovery, for me.

Bushrod spied us in the distance, and rushed to open the upper gate. "De folks dun got home, Mas' Chi, an' missis, she feel drefful 'stressed 'bout Miss Margy; t'ought she got lost in de snow; jes gwine to sen' Uncle Sim to look arter her."

"Get out of my way, Bush; I'll make Polly ride over you, you little humbug"—and I galloped on to ascertain for myself the reality of Mrs. Fanshaw's distress. Darlie's red frock was vivid against the snow, as we rode up to the piazza. She stood there with her mother; but Josephine and Pamela had disappeared.

"My dear Marjorie," Mrs. Fanshaw began, before I had fairly dismounted, "I have been exceedingly anxious about you, and Chi, too. What *is* the meaning of all this?"

"My dear mother"—Chi lifted me from the saddle, and carried me bodily to Mrs. Fanshaw—"allow me to present my little wife to you."

There was an outcry, of course; but my aunt kissed me with a good grace. I don't think at heart she was very much astonished. Darlie clapped her hands.

"Oh, Chi! I wonder who needs a little wholesome discipline now? I'm sorry for Pam, though."

"You needn't be. Pam's got the best of the bargain."

"I wonder how? Marjorie's got *you*, at any rate."

In spite of their frequent sparring, Darlie evidently thought me a lucky person to get her brother—a piece of good sense for which I forgave her many impertinences.

"Marjorie has got me; but Pam has got Beverly," he said; and Darlie's eyes grew luminous with sudden curiosity and wonder. But she never suffered herself to be taken by surprise.

"Beverly, indeed! Marjorie wouldn't swap, *I'll* bet," she answered, cool and superior as ever. And Chi was too amused to find fault with her "jargon." As for me, I kissed her promptly, astonishing her more by that act than Chi had done by his information.

"What is it all about?" Mrs. Fanshaw asked, bewildered. And at that crisis Josephine and Pamela, just discovering our arrival, came running down-stairs to greet and scold and laugh at us, and ask fifty questions, all in a breath. Chi was tempted to run away; but he stood it bravely, and, after a while, we all subsided into the parlor and a reasonable state of quietude, and, Chi being spokesman, the story of the midnight alarm—the cat and the ghost, the will and the codicil—was duly related. There was plenty of comment and outcry, of course—was ever a will in the world that satisfied everybody? Passing by that, it was pretty to see Pamela's generous indignation.

"If I could have dreamed of such a thing, Chi—surely, you'll believe me—I would never have gone to make that visit, or I would have made myself so cross and disagreeable, that that codicil would never have been written. It won't stand, though; I'll tear it off as soon as I get hold of the stupid paper, and you'll have your own, Chi, all the same."

"You can't do it, you silly little Pam," he laughed. "It would be a legal misdemeanor."

"As if I cared for that! I'll do something, at any rate. Chi, what nonsense!" She turned to him, with her blue eyes sparkling, her face in a glow. "Do you think so meanly of me as to imagine that I would keep all that property? Would *you* do it yourself? You know you never would, and it's hateful of you to think such things of me. I don't care."

With which irrelevant conclusion she burst into tears.

Chi put his arms around her, and kissed her tenderly; but I was not jealous, not in the very least. Josephine came in with something sensible, as usual. There was a very practical vein in the Fanshaw family.

"Why don't you stick to the old agreement? Let Chi have the house, and Pam the money, and Marjorie the family portraits, just as you planned it all before the will turned up. What's the use of crying, Pam? It's late in the day to be grieving for Uncle Chichester."

Her droll tone provoked a burst of laughter; Pam giggled hysterically through her tears.

"I wish Uncle Chichester had been asleep!" she exclaimed. "It's just what I want—to make an equal division; but Chi is so disagreeable."

"Did he refuse to take his share?" Josephine asked, dryly. "*I* haven't heard him."

And Pam seized Chi's hands tragically. "*Will* you?" she cried, her dewy blue eyes appealing to his, her sweet mouth in dangerous proximity. "Now, Chi, you know how happy I mean to be one of these days"—the loveliest color flashing over her face—"don't spoil it all by being obstinate and disobliging."

If I had not perfectly understood her meaning, it might have been a trial—even then—to see Chi take the kiss which those rosy lips invited so unconsciously. How could he help it, when they were so near him, and so exceedingly pretty? But it was no treachery to me, or the faraway artist either, to whom Pam's little heart turned with steadfast devotion; and it was the simplest way of signifying his consent to her wish—something not so easy for Chi to do, for, as he had said of Pam, he was both proud and delicate, and, to accept such a gift from her, even though so clearly his right, cost him an effort.

It was all settled, however, by that kiss, and afterward in due form by solemn legal procedure. The estate was halved, not thirded, Chi and I only counting one. The next Christmas Day found us domiciled at Beverly, where no midnight alarms troubled me again, and the ghost of Uncle Chichester did not haunt us, in spite of the codicil.

Pamela is abroad still, as happy as the sunny skies of Italy and the fulfilment of all her sweetest dreams ought to make her. One of the loveliest landscapes that graced the opening of the new Academy bore her husband's name, and Chi and Marjorie made a special pilgrimage to New York to see it.

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"BOOTS."
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Oct 30, 1869; II, 31;
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"BOOTS."

FOR the month of July my family were absent, at a distant watering-place, by way of contrast to their ordinary life on our secluded estate. Having lately returned from a pleasure-trip myself, home appeared so attractive, that I decided to remain in close quarters with Solitude. The charms which sages had seen in her face might be discovered in so fit a place—no vista from it opened into any haunt of man; the stage-road, the railroad, the post-office, and

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the shire-town, were from one to ten miles away. The neighboring farms and estates were of great extent, and the houses upon them concealed by woods, gradual stretches of slopes, and valleys. Our own two hundred acres were circled by a deep fringe of lofty trees. The country outside was generally as silent as a cemetery; the sounds breaking the stillness were the *crick-crack* of a mowing-machine, a far-off dinner-horn, and the cries of the crows. To see any thing beyond the woods, I must go, like sister Ann, into the tower, from which could be discovered the curling smoke rising from hidden chimneys, specks of cattle grazing invisible grass, and a dim blue ring, at the north, which denoted that somewhere a river rolled and a town stood.

I had been making merry among a fashionable set in the city. Built bouquets, high-flavored dinners, Etruscan jewelry, five-feet high beaux, boned turkey, and an eternal din of music in street, drawing-room, stage, and hall, attuned me to my present situation. Extremes meet. The transition-point is the effective one. I appreciated the present by remembering the past. The great house was empty; nobody in any room to be "introduced." My bruised panniers, peplums, and paletots, were hung on the closet-wall for monuments. For a day or two, what a possession mere time seemed to be! The weather was idyllic; out-of-doors was as secure as in-doors. The mornings were dewy, sweet-scented, wrapped in tender mist, or red with a dry sun, and fixed in shadows. The evenings were calm and clear; bright with a swelling moon, or soft with fleecy clouds and the high-steering stars. If the hours grew long between them, I looked at the backs of the books along their shelves, and studied my rather vacant face in the several mirrors, or knocked the slugs and bugs from the flowers on the lawn and terrace. A regular piece of industry was impossible; there was no nucleus to hitch it to. Hermits never accomplished any thing; neither have those who contemplate Nature habitually.

Thanks be to youth, I slept soundly, and ate well, though Becky, the housekeeper, constantly predicted a failure of appetite, because I was alone, and bad dreams, because I did not go to bed early. Owing to my hermit-like position, I suppose, I began to stare a great deal at the clouds, trees, and grass, and for this purpose occupied the veranda, the terrace-steps, and the benches under the walnut-group and the chestnut-group. A pleasant numbness took possession of me. It was all the same whether I was about to melt into a cloud or to become steadfast in a tree, so long as I was somehow ebbing into the great harmony of Nature.

"My goodness," cried Becky, "you are getting the dumps. Moping under the trees so—I wish the folks would come home, or I wish your friend Miss Bell would make the visit she has promised you so long."

"Becky, I am now a dryad; don't disturb me. Pan is not dead."

"Miss Anna, you are crazy. If me and Hannah talked so in the kitchen, what would you say? *Pan;* well, I must go to my milk-pan."

So long as I heard no clatter, I cared not where she went; but the house was still, no one besides myself went into the rooms which opened on the terrace and lawn. The gardener swept the veranda, watered the flowers, and removed the rubbish, before I was down-stairs in the morning. He, with the farmer, occupied tenements, which were situated at the end of the place, beyond a lane in the woods. Jimmy, the ostler, slept in the stable; consequently the only persons in the house were Becky, Hannah, and myself. By sunset, we three were the only creatures astir; the work-people were away, and Jimmy, having somnolent traits, and being at present left to his own devices, was generally asleep. Hannah's evening amusement was darning stockings in the garret, and Becky's that of dozing on the settee in the best kitchen, till nine o'clock, when she went to bed, stupid as an owl, by candle-light.

In the early twilight of one of those long days, after the funeral of the world apparently, so lifeless was the landscape, I was sitting on the top step of the terrace, with my fan, and very little speculation either in my eyes or mind. Below the terrace were gravel-walks, crossing the upper part of the lawn, and winding round flower-beds and clumps of shrubs. At the angles of the straight paths stood cedar-trees, whose thick, feathery foliage, as everybody knows, grows to within a foot of the ground. The lawn beyond was bordered, on each side, by a hedge-row of wild vines, hawthorn-bushes, low sumacs, and tall walnuts, and its immense space dotted with oaks and cedars. The ground gradually sinking, and my being positioned at the widest part of the lawn, I commanded a view which included any sudden appearance of beast, bird, or man, within the area. I should have said so, at any rate, if I had been asked any question concerning stragglers or ghosts. The clouds were beautiful. I watched the slow passage of their silver masses, stained by the sunset, till cramped in the neck; I dropped my eyes, and idly scanned the deep shades along the gravel-walk to the right, but my vision was violently arrested. Under the boughs of the cedar, at the first turn, not more than forty feet from me, I saw a man's heels and the lower part of his legs. He wore boots, and light-gray trousers; one foot was before the other; he was in the act of stepping away! My heart jumped, and stood still. I helplessly turned my head toward the house; it had a merciless air—all the upper shutters were closed, and all the lower open windows, of course, vacant. When I looked at the cedar again, the man had vanished. An invading army could not have pervaded the place as this invisible man did for the next half hour. I remained on the step, but saw nothing; no bush nor bough moved or rustled; the swallows dipped and rose above the lawn, making ready for dim night, and the bits of brown birds hopped over the walks, as if no alien had appeared among them. Whether the mysterious creature had wormed himself beyond our lines, with his curiosity satisfied, or whether he was lying in wait in the hedge-row, I could not decide; that he was a stranger in the country, I knew—the fashion of his boots and trousers was a city fashion. How could a city burglar know that our house was at present defenceless, or that we did not own a safe for the silver? I pondered on the matter, till it grew quite dark, and my mind got confused like the forms before me. Could my eyes have deceived me? For the past two weeks I had been a mild-eyed lotus-eater. "Falling asleep in a half dream," I had watched the "cloud towers by ghastly masons wrought," and, descending to the earth, had fancied myself an eremite in the desert. Possibly, as was the way with the latter, I had become the victim of an hallucination. Some of the saints had visions of girls dancing in the most charming style of the ballet; and I had had a vision of a handsome pair of boots!

Going into the house I felt "creepy," and was ready to scream, if any thing should touch me. I concluded not to tell Becky; she would howl at all events, and not only insist upon sitting up all night herself, but would keep Hannah and myself awake. I opened the kitchen-door; the room was pitch-dark, but, hearing a faint snore, I called, "Becky!"

"What's wanted?" she answered; "I ain't here."

I asked her where Rover, our watch-dog, was; whether at the stable, with Jimmy, sharing his slumbers, or on the alert outside.

"Oh, it's you, is it? If you will believe me, Rover has not been on the premises for the past three nights. Jimmy says so. He is after game of some sort; he does have such spells. Rover is good for nothing—lazy, worthless rascal."

"What if thieves should visit us, Becky?"

"We only have thieves in water-melon time, or peach-time. The niggers come up from Troy then, and spread themselves. I have always lived in the neighborhood, and I never heard of any thing besides being stolen, unless it was chickens; in the fall of the year it is hard to resist fowl. So you need not be concerned about Rover, nor thieves, and I am going to bed; did you slip the window-bolts?"

With a forced courage I hastened back, and fastened the windows down. I saw Becky and her candle disappear with regret; I would gladly have begged her to pass the night in my room, but I denied myself that pleasure, and retired alone.

Rover's deep bay down in the woods startled me about midnight; he was coursing, for his yelp now sounded near, now far. He was a powerful dog. I had seen him spring upon a strange boy, in our yard, and throw him with ease; but I doubted whether he would attack a man, especially a well-dressed man; he might also be intimidated by a cane, or weapon of any sort, and it was not likely that my friend of the boots was unprepared for defence. If this intruder knew any thing, he must know that all country-seats have watch-dogs, as well as the farms. If he happened, at that moment, to be passing Mr. Welford's, the adjoining property, he would encounter four, so savage, that by day they were chained in their kennels behind the wall. There was a hole in the wall before each kennel, and many a time, when riding by, I had shuddered at the sight of four red-tongued animals tugging at their chains in the vain hope of getting at me.

Rover was now silent, but I could not sleep; *Boots*, if I might so familiarly name that dread segment of a man, had murdered sleep. Not only that, but he had destroyed my loved *Solitude.*

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Freedom shrieked when a celebrated Polish hero fell, and, although I did not hear this sister-spirit, I have no doubt but that she, shrieking, fled. Henceforth it would be impossible for me to feel alone, though I might, and must appear so.

My window being open, I heard all the sounds of night: little owls hooted at each other from the cedars, attracted by my dim night-lamp; moths struck their downy bodies against the window-panes; the negro-minstrels of the sod, the multitudinous crickets, sent out their monotonous lay; all the creeping, nocturnal rodents were abroad, snapping, rustling, squeaking creatures of the woods. Among all these peaceful noises I soon heard another, stealthy but distinct; it was a step on the zinc roof of the bay-window on my side of the house. I rose from the bed in terror, with the cry at my lips of, "Becky, pistol; Jimmy, club; Rover—" but the cry would not utter itself; I was dumb. A spot of moonlight glimmered through the inside shutter, like an oblong, Chinese sort of eye, and I gazed at it with the mild imbecility which we feel when screwed up in a dentist's chair, and behold the monster dentist selecting, with infernal deliberation, steel instruments of torture. *I* expected the entrance of *Boots* by that light of the silver moon. A minute or two glided by, and he did not come; but Rover arrived. With a suppressed groan, he flung himself against the wall with a thud, which must have bruised him; then he skurried round the window with a mad howl, which ended in his being throttled. The dead silence which followed made me impatient, and diminished my terror; I crept to the window and peeped through the blinds. I saw neither man nor dog anywhere; within the reach of vision were the garden, a wide meadow, and an open summer-house; they were quiet and shadowless; the full moon, directly overhead, revealed every object.

"Well," said Becky, at breakfast, "we heard Rover fast enough last night, making up for lost time by pretending to be on the watch; he is lazy enough this morning; I can't coax nor drive him from the porch. Sakes, didn't you hear him?"

I replied that I had either heard him or dreamed so. I went out to see Rover a few minutes afterward and examined him; his collar was off, but there was no wound upon him. He slavered uncommonly, and beat his tail on the stone floor with violence; but he would not follow me. When hungry, he cried and snarled so, that Jimmy had to take food to him. How tedious and perplexing was the day that followed! At intervals, I thought more catastrophe would be preferable; how dull it would be to make a pause, and not shine in a developed drama! Yet this vague, hidden threatening was terrible—especially after sundown. I might, to be sure, set a watch, rouse all the neighbors, and turn things upside down generally; but I was averse to fuss always. Struck by a happy inspiration, I ordered Jimmy to saddle white Surrey, and ride post-haste to Chellon, fifteen miles distant, where my friend Laura Bell lived, with a note, containing an urgent invitation to come to me. He rode away, returning late in the evening, and brought the welcome news that she would be at the station nearest us the next morning. Becky declared herself thankful at the tidings; I was moping, she perceived, and I need not contradict it. I waited till she had gone up-stairs, and then I called Rover; he understood me, and came into the house quietly, swung himself along like a bear, and dropped on the floor by my door, giving a long, low sigh of relief, as if he had found the spot he had been waiting for all day. But no booted ghost troubled us that night.

When Laura arrived, beaming and gleaming, a green-and-gold bird in her hat, and a large black cross on her breast, I thought she looked as a phantom-banisher should, and greeted her warmly.

"I am here with my Saratoga trunk, you see," she said. "I understood, from the urgency of your invitation, that you were bored to death. You are tired of being alone."

"But I am not alone," I answered, cautiously.

"A cat and a parrot, like Robinson Crusoe—have you?"

"Not those; but there may be a man Friday on the premises."

"What ails you, Anna? Something is on your mind."

"No; it is in the woods, or in the air." She made me explain the matter, and refused to believe it; my imagination had misled me, she insisted. What was Becky's opinion?

"Becky knows nothing of the business, Laura."

"You have gone deranged; that's the long and short of it."

I finally brought her round to my way of thinking, in regard to disturbing Becky and Hannah, but could not convince her of the reality of *Boots*. She declared it was a pleasant excitement, and wished it was a fact. Considering the alarm and anxiety I had experienced, I felt vexed with Laura for laughing at me. I had generally shown the most nerve and self-possession of the two; in fact, she had the character of being flighty, romantic, fitful, easily influenced. Being bright and handsome, these traits did not go for much, however; she was popular in spite of them. We had been intimate all our lives—were forever exchanging visits, going on excursions, during which we disputed and remained devotedly attached. She was rather famous for flirtation, and she believed that she had had one or two heart-rending affairs. I, who was still ignorant of such matters, was sure of my ability to advise and direct her. I did not intend that she should fulfil the prediction of some of her friends, that she would most likely throw herself away on some skilful adventurer. She was, by-the-way, somewhat alone in the world, and possessed a comfortable fortune. I dropped the subject, so interesting to me, and led the conversation into a channel interesting to her—the history of her late past. She had been having a lively time, she said; and, of all the times she had ever, ever had, was the week she had passed at the Garnet House, with her cousin, Mrs. Hall. There she had met with—but no matter about that—and she pursed her mouth up, as it were about to burst with an important secret.

"Flirtation number sixty, Laura?"

"There, miss and friend, I met Fate."

"Light or dark hair?"

"My cousin, attempting your *rôle*, separated us."

"Who was the other half of *us?*"

"John Egbert."

"I do not know the name."

"There may be a gentleman, within the limits of the United States, whose pedigree you do not know."

"Who introduced him? Was he alone? What is his profession?"

"He led the German at the hops we had at the Garnet; he keeps a yacht, and his yachting friends were with him."

"I see, a fast man, and a rich one—patent medicine, or machines."

"He is fast; and, of my own accord, I sent him to the right about. He is off with his yacht, taking a little run, as he calls it, and very likely is at the north pole. Wherever he went, he said, he should never give me up. He is my Fate, whether we meet again or not. You need not exercise your wits upon me."

"You shall have a month to forget him in, Laura."

She shook her pretty head, and gave several patronizing sighs.

"Anna, I think I may regain my composure here. How delightful it is! You seem farther from the world than ever. How thick the hedge-row is! and the ivy on the bay-window!—it has grown enormously."

It was at my tongue's end to say, as I glanced at the tough network of the ivy-stalks, "Yes, *Boots* made a ladder of the ivy-bush, when he ascended the roof of the window;" but I did not speak; I would bide my time. The day went by as usual, and we enjoyed it, as Becky said, in "one continual stream of gab." She was good enough to give us tea under the walnuts; the cup which cheers was more cheery in the open air, with our prospect of lawn, grove, and meadow. Hannah had clattered off with the tea things; I was rolling up my fancy-work, for it was now past seven, when I happened to glance toward Laura: her face was crimson, and her dilated eyes were fixed on the southern corner, at the bottom of the lawn, where the Virginia pines were a thick, dark grove, avoided at this season, on account of a prolific poison-vine there. Trying to hide her dismay, she cried:

"Upon my word, Anna, your nonsense is infecting me; a yellow-bird, or white-black bird, has been flying among those pines, and for an instant I fancied somebody was waving a handkerchief at me."

"It was not a bird, but some of the men, of course, digging potatoes, or cutting wheat."

My attempt at irony was received with contempt.

"Let us go back to the veranda," she said; "it grows damp here."

"That was just the effect upon me. I felt a cold perspiration all over me."

"What a dreadful ninny you have grown to be! I am ashamed of you."

In spite of her words, I saw she was frightened, and then my self-

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possession returned. I concluded to feel as much at home with phantoms as Leonora did, when she answered the "ting-a-ling" of the doorbell, and rode away with her lover's ghost. I did my best to entertain Laura; my mode, hitherto most successful, was drawing her on to relate her own feelings and affairs. Now, she continually interrupted herself to ask questions. Did Jimmy sleep in the house? Was Rover on the watch as usual? Did pack-pedlers ever come into our road, or were we ever troubled with city tramps? I assured and consoled her, mentioned a fabulous pistol, and a mythical Revolutionary sword which Lord Cornwallis did not present my great-grandfather with. I also invented anecdotes concerning the prowess of Rover—the said cowed animal was at that moment waiting to be invited into the shelter of the house. As for calling help, it was an easy thing to do. We had an immense dinner-horn, like that blown at Jericho when the walls fell down; at the sound of ours, the farmer and his laborers would rush to the rescue. But she knew why I had not made any disturbance.

"I should like to 'take a horn' of that sort, Anna," she said, faintly; "I believe I am horridly nervous. I'll go to bed, dear; leave your door open."

With her calling to me repeatedly whether I heard any noise, and Rover's whimpering dreams at the foot of the stairs, I had a night of it. I was fain to anathematize the stupid absence of my family, and the more stupid idea which had led me to stay at home in solitude. The sunlight brought better things. We had a perfect, enticing day; in the afternoon I drove Laura up the country in an open wagon. I chose sequestered, shady roads, crossed by brooks, and bordered with ferns. Laura was loud in admiration; but, in the particularly dark and dense places, I noticed that she looked sharply to the right and left. I made no comments. At last she burst out with:

"Who is he, and what does he want?"

"You believe in *Boots*, then?"

"I do. A handkerchief was waved at us yesterday in the pines."

"What *is* to be done?"

"Run away with me to Chellon."

"Desert a post in danger? Nevare! I might send over to Mr. Welford; but, if nothing should turn up afterward, I should not hear the last of it, either from him or our folks. I cannot bear ridicule; I had rather live in a perpetual terror."

"I never heard so strange a thing. He did not kill Rover; he has not entered the house. He is waiting for something. He may be deranged—gone mad for love of you. *I* know how you treat your admirers, miss. The avenger is on your track."

"He is a foolish, miserable, melodramatic villain. I'll have all the people on the place up and scouring it."

I turned the horse homeward, and drove rapidly, not speaking to Laura on the way; she was too absurd. As we turned into our drive, which was long and curving, Laura gave a little shriek which made me jump.

"Do you see something white fastened to the oak-tree just ahead?" she asked.

"It is a tax-notice."

"No. I'll hold the reins, if you will get it."

"You want to make a cat's-paw of me. I am not afraid."

I sprang from the wagon, tore the paper from the tree-trunk, and jumped back. The paper was a violet-colored letter-envelope; a man's hand was neatly drawn upon it, the thumb and forefinger of which held up a ring. Was Laura's theory the right one, after all? I looked at her in consternation; her countenance was much changed; she was pale, and in her eyes was a queer light; she held the envelope tightly, as if it were a treasure. I was provoked enough to shake her.

"What is the matter, Laura?"

"'Tis a French paper—that—I know it—I—I do. O Anna! Now it is all clear to me. Drive on—Jimmy's at the porch."

She threw herself upon a seat in the porch, and tossed her hat off.

"Tell me this instant, Laura, the cause of your extraordinary behavior."

"*Boots* is Egbert—that's all," she gasped. "He knew that I intended to visit you about this time. He swore he would carry me off, and I said you would hide me. He expects me to evade my cousin, and marry him."

"Did he expect the ceremony to take place on the roof of our bay-window?" I asked, severely.

"What shall I do? I wish you would not scold."

"On the whole, I approve of the match. But you must go to Chellon to-morrow morning. Perhaps Mr. Egbert's yacht is in the woods, somewhere; *he* may take you."

She laughed hysterically. I went up-stairs in a heat. That I should have been scared out of my wits by a foolish lover of Laura Bell's was too much. I stayed in my room all the evening. Afterward, I knew that Mr. Egbert met Laura on the veranda. Within a month, he wrote me a letter of explanation and apology, and returned Rover's collar to me.

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BY NINETEEN HUNDRED, A. D.--WHAT!
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BY NINETEEN HUNDRED, A. D.—WHAT!

WHAT is likely to occur in this country during the next quarter of a century affords to all intelligent Americans a most interesting field, not merely for speculation, but for careful investigation. We all know quite certainly what the population of the United States will be, and we have a general idea as to how large an extent of country will be comprised under our flag. Statisticians also can give an approximate estimate of the number of miles of railroad there will be in the country by the close of the present century.

So much we all know, in a general way; but as yet no one has undertaken to "think out" what will probably be our future social and industrial condition, or what changes will be effected in our habits, institutions, and creeds, yet it is clear that there are forces in action in this country which will probably lead to certain definite results, which all intelligent men can foresee, once their attention is directed thereto.

In the first place, it is reasonably certain that, within the next thirty years, we shall have no great war. The abolition of slavery and the practical failure of the extreme doctrine of state-rights have settled the only questions which, in all human probability, would lead to civil war.

As to foreign wars, a conflict with any of the powers on this continent is not probable; and, should one occur with Mexico or Brazil, it would have but little appreciable effect upon the social and industrial future of the country.

A war with France, or any European power but England, is very improbable; but, should one take place, it would be mainly a naval conflict. France might succeed for a while in blockading our principal ports, but she could land no army upon our shores, nor could we secure a lodgment on the coast of France. Spain is too contemptible a military power to take into consideration. In the contingency of a foreign war, the only serious struggle we could have would be with Great Britain; and, in this case, Canada would be the battle-ground. All the power of England could not hold that province against the United States for more than a couple of years after a declaration of war between the two countries.

There seems, therefore, to be no impediment worth mentioning to the rapid material development of the country, and I venture to say that the next thirty years will see in the United States an augmentation of wealth and increase of industrial activity such as no nation mentioned in history has paralleled in any one century.

We have started on a race for wealth, for unbounded abundance of all the good things of life, in which we are certain to accomplish far more than our wildest dreams would seem to warrant. Our railroad system is so far developed; our industrial organization is so complete; the craving for the accumulation of wealth is so universal; the education and political habits of the people train and sharpen their faculties and activities to such a degree, that the great object of the American mind—the acquisition of wealth—will, in all human probability, be fully attained.

But this vast accumulation of wealth will be very unequally distributed; there will, undoubtedly, be a very large disproportionate increase in the number of those who work for hire to those who employ others for hire. The great bulk of the property of the country will centre, no doubt, in very few hands, as compared with the mass of the population. The growth of great fortunes in modern Europe—I mean great fortunes made outside of commercial and legitimate banking transactions—was contemporaneous with the creation of great national debts. The Rothschilds, Barings, Hopes, Browns—indeed all of the leading financial houses of Europe—have come into existence since then. The largest part of their property has been made in the manipulation of the national funds. The daily fluctuations of a quarter or an eighth per cent. in the "consols" of England or the "rentes" of France, which seem so trifling to the ordinary observer, were equivalent to very large accretions to the wealth of the banking class.

This same cause, together with the necessity for some few large firms to deal in government securities, has already, in a very few years, built up gigantic fortunes in the United States. We know what the national debt has done for "Jay Cooke & Co." We do not know, and would be surprised if we did know, of other very large fortunes which have been accumulated by the same agency.

But not only will our national debt be the means of adding immensely to the wealth of a few great bankers, our whole industrial apparatus is even now, and will be in a greater degree, a vast machine for grinding out very rich men.

We all know what has occurred with regard to our railroads; every day they are falling into the hands of fewer and still fewer men. The Vanderbilts, Fisks, Drews, Goulds, and the other railroad magnates, "exploit" tens of thousands of small fortunes; and wealth, formerly in the hands of a great number of men, has, by practices known in railroad speculation, been transferred to the hands of a very few. This has not been done wholly by improper means, although accompanied by much that was scandalous to our civilization. It is in the tendency of all modern enterprises that the large sharks shall eat up the little fish; that what was comfort to the many shall become affluence to the few.

We see the same tendency in trade. The house of A. T. Stewart represents five hundred, or even a thousand, smaller stores; his great rival in the dry-goods business, Claflin & Co., takes the place of about as many more.

There was a time, within the memory of people now living, when it was possible for one to be a dry-goods merchant with a capital of fifteen thousand dollars; he would be a lunatic who would now think of entering upon that line of business without a capital of at least a quarter of a million.

According to the statistics of commerce, ninety-five persons in every hundred who enter a commercial life fail, and but five per cent. succeed; but these five represent all the wealth which the ninety-five brought into business, as well as all they should have realized by a fair investment of their money.

So far there has been a vast development of the joint-stock principle in this country; it has been applied to all kinds of enterprise, but, in those employments in which it has had its fullest development, it has become so notoriously corrupt, that I am inclined to believe that the future control of all industrial occupations will be far more likely to centre in individual hands or firms. The history of railroads gives an inkling of what all great industrial enterprises are liable to become under the administration of joint-stock companies. The only management which can be honest and efficient, in the long run, is that of individuals, or at most that of firms composed of few partners. The use of other people's money, without any real responsibility, especially by salaried officers, has a tendency to develop individual selfishness at the expense of the body of the stockholders; hence we see that the railroads are practically passing into the hands of individuals. Not only are the holders of stock sacrificed over and over again, but a few even of the directors are the only persons who acquire great wealth. It will be the turn of the bondholders next; they, too, in all human probability, will lose the principal of their investments.

This tendency has become so universal in all channels of trade, that prudent men are beginning to doubt the propriety of investing any money in joint-stock companies.

Already some of the large manufacturing establishments are following the bad example of the railroad monopolies, and it requires only some exceptionable excitement, like the famous petroleum bubble, to show that the great mass of the projectors of companies are intent not upon developing the resources of the country so much as "exploiting" would-be shareholders and buyers of stock. I confidently predict that the time is not far distant when all joint-stock companies, including manufacturing establishments, life and fire insurance, banks, and the like, will pass into individual hands at the expense of the present shareholders. The history of the railroad system foreshadows that of all other joint-stock enterprises. There is something in corporate management essentially faulty, as it not only develops individual selfishness at the expense of the other corporators, but offers peculiar facilities for depriving the latter of their property.

At the same time, the necessities of commerce are so great, the variety of industrial enterprises is so tempting, that I have no doubt that the next ten years will see an enormous development of corporate management by the organization of joint-stock companies.

But I insist that, no matter how promising the various programmes of these corporations may be, the system itself can have but one issue—the accretion of vast wealth in the hands of a few persons, at the expense of the people who invest their savings in these corporations.

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Another influence which will help to accumulate large fortunes is the rising value of land. We are not likely to be cursed in this country with the reign of enormous land-monopolies, such as obtain in Great Britain: the equal division of property at the death of the parent forbids that. But we must not overlook the fact that the same causes, which have accumulated landed property in the hands of a few persons there, are also active among ourselves, in concentrating lands in fewer and still fewer hands.

Ten or fifteen years ago, our agricultural papers were loudly demanding of farmers that they should dispose of their surplus lands, have fewer acres, but farm these better. It was argued that a good farm of a few acres was better than the poor farming of a great many, and there was a great deal of nonsense written about "ten acres enough," and even ten rods enough, and the drift of opinion seemed to be toward small farms; but the development of agricultural science has brought about, within the last ten years, a very different tendency. The invention of labor-saving machinery has rendered large farms the most profitable. To take advantage of the most recent and valuable inventions in labor-saving machinery applied to agricultural pursuits, it is indeed necessary to have very large farms. The improved ploughs, reapers, sowers, horse-hoes, and all the equipment of a first-class modern farm, require a great extent of acreage, to be economical. Hence the tendency now, in all parts of the country, with the exception, perhaps, of the more northern of the late slave states, is to the consolidation of small farms into great ones. If the census should ever give the figures, it will be curious to note how each decade will show a gradually-enlarging average of the size of farms in nearly all the northern states. I venture to say, if we can get the precise statement of the average number of acres of land in each farm, in 1870, compared with the same figures in 1860, we shall be amazed at the vast accumulation of land in few hands. Within that time it has become unprofitable to be a small farmer, except in the immediate vicinity of a large city.

The extension of our railroads augments this tendency wonderfully. Proximity to a commercial emporium has always, heretofore, operated in favor of the small farmer. Located near this centre of population, he obtained a ready market for his garden-truck and other products in the adjoining town; but the clamor in favor of *pro-rata* freight on all large railroads shows that nearness to the commercial centres does not now operate in favor of the farmers in adjoining districts. The great farmer who cultivates his one thousand to five thousand acres in Illinois has an immense advantage over the man who farms his fifty or sixty acres within a hundred miles of New-York City. The railroads have done away with the monopoly of the near-by farmer, while the use of labor-saving machinery gives to the large farmer in Illinois an enormous advantage in all the great markets.

Now, this is not a good tendency—these accumulations of great wealth in a few hands, this growth of noble fortunes and princely houses, the swallowing up of the property of the middle classes and small farmers, are an unwholesome drift of the times; but it is a real tendency, and we must look it straight in the face, and bring the lights of science and public opinion to bear upon this—one of the gravest problems in the future of this country.

This accumulation of wealth in a few hands will not, however, be without its compensations: we shall have, within the next thirty years, an immense development of literature and art. So far, it has been to the extreme discredit of our wealthy classes that they have done nothing for art or literature. In the rich Italian cities of the middle ages, it was the recognized duty of the merchant-prince to be a patron of art and artists. The rich New-York speculator satisfies *his* highest ideal in patronizing horse-flesh and becoming a member of the "Jockey Club." The conception by our merchant-princes of the duty which accompanies the control of great wealth has so far been contemptible.

But, while the rich are getting richer, will the poor become poorer? On the whole, I think not—at least so far as regards the white laborer. The competition of Mongolians will probably, in time, drive our native laboring-classes out of the smaller and ruder occupations; it has done so already in California. The large amount of Chinese immigration yet to come will cause this question of so-called Coolie labor to become a more serious problem to solve than was that of African slavery. It is surrounded with difficulties, with prejudices of race, of religion, and of an entirely different civilization, and will, in the future, inevitably create grave disturbances.

But the Mongolian has commenced to come, and come he will for the next quarter of a century—not in driblets, as now, but in armies. This Asiatic labor will be found useful on the farm and in the ruder industries; it will relieve the white American from a great deal of drudgery, and will enable him, perhaps, to turn his more active brain and stronger body to pursuits that are really more lucrative to himself and advantageous to the community.

But these Mongolians will be added to the wage-receiving class; and, when the country becomes fairly settled, when the public lands are all taken up, and the price of lands in private hands begins to rise, then we shall see in this country the strange phenomena of a comparatively large wealthy class, a small middle class, and an immense wage-receiving class.

The great bulk of the American people have, in times past, belonged to the middle class, being neither rich nor poor; cheap lands, and the facility with which they might be acquired, have helped to encourage small farmers, and build up minor industries, and to diffuse wealth among a large part of the population. But, from this time forth, this tendency will be reversed, or, at least, will not operate in the same manner. The turn of the tide now is toward the accumulation of great wealth in the hands of individuals, and to the growth of the wage-receiving class, at the expense of the middle class.

What will be the probable moral condition of the American people in the year 1900? I am afraid that the social philosopher cannot look at the future without a great deal of apprehension. Our wealth will be secured under conditions that certainly will not favor a great moral development. I but echo a truism, when I say that the prevailing sentiment is not accompanied by a religion calculated to save society. Our churches are losing their hold upon the public mind, and I consequently look for a most gigantic increase of corruption in every department of government and of industry. The development of fraud and swindling in most of our railroad and industrial enterprises has reached our legislative bodies; purely selfish considerations control our parties, elect our legislators, and administer our government. Honesty is becoming the exception, fraud and knavery the rule. We want some new condition or phase of religion to correct this growing cancer of the body politic. But I can see no new evolution of Christian life that is of a nature to grapple with this gigantic evil of the age; it must run its course, and is destined to be the occasion of great intestine commotion and social disturbance.

Manners and domestic morals will also probably decay. Our stage shows that our tendencies in dramatic representation are toward the wildest license of the Parisian capital. The looseness of the marriage relation, evidenced by legislative enactments making divorce laws more lax every year, and the astounding number of divorces, point to a state of society, with regard to the relation of the sexes, which is not pleasant to contemplate. Many of these evils will correct themselves. The substitution of individual for corporate management will do something toward restoring purity to commercial transactions. The proper solution of the railway difficulty will rid us of the control which these corporations now have over government. The railroads must be owned by the State, and the cars run by individuals or companies. That is to say, the canal system of the State of New York must be the model for the future railway system of the whole country, instead of the few very rich men practically owning all the railways of the country, as is rapidly becoming the case. A cry will go up from all quarters to take away from these men the monopoly they will hold of the roads given by the people, not for their benefit alone, but for the good of the whole community.

I am in hopes also that, contemporaneously with the inevitable growth of an enormously wealthy class, will arise a public opinion which may correct many of the evils incident to the accumulation of property in few hands, and thus a conception of property, not as an individual right, but as a sacred public trust, may become general. To secure great wealth, it is indispensable that the community should work with and for the capitalist. By his own labor, no man can earn more than a fair living, with perhaps a little to spare. To obtain legal possession of vast properties requires the coöperation of thousands and tens of thousands of persons. When the rich realize this (and they never will do so until public opinion instructs them), and see that they hold their property only in trust, that they are simply administrators of the wealth of the community, they will then, but not until then, realize their great social obligations.

The present conception of property is a totally different affair, and the way in which people regard it almost justifies Prudhomme's famous

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apothegm, that "property is robbery." It is a purely selfish, egotistic, and unsocial conception. "All this is mine," says the rich man, "to do with, just as I please;" but society will, by-and-by, say, "No, sir; it was by our help, it was by the coöperation of hundreds and thousands that you secured this wealth; we demand that you use it, not for your own benefit alone, but for the good of the community who gave it you, or who created those conditions by which you could secure these vast accumulations."

In a partial degree, some of our rich men have realized this great social duty; hence our Peabodys, Lawrences, Coopers, and Sheffields. What is now exceptional must, if society is to be saved in this country, be true of the entire wealthy class. It will probably be a very long time before this conception becomes general, but, if it does not, the future is full of trouble for us and for our children.

The invention of labor-saving machines in agricultural pursuits is driving the laborer and peasant into the towns and villages; and the extension of the manufacturing and other industries—all help to swell the population of our cities. We shall have, on this continent, cities with a mightier populace than any of the great centres of population of ancient or modern times. If our present system of industry obtains until the end of the present century, until the public lands are all taken up, and the price of land rises very greatly, then shall we see a social war between the wage-receiving class and the capitalists, which will be full of appalling results. It is probable, more than probable, that what will take place in Europe in the next twenty-five years may teach us many and great lessons. The problem of modern industrial society, which in this country will probably be postponed to the close of the present century, will practically force a solution in Western Europe within the next ten or fifteen years. We shall have its lessons and experience to guide us, but, take it for all in all, this glance at the future of the nineteenth century is not entirely reassuring. We can very clearly see that the great extension of wealth, the spread of education, the filling up of our vacant territories, the enormous increase of population, and, as we hope, the growth of noble social feelings, may widen the conception of the duties between man and man, and may help to mitigate the excesses of the commercial and industrial forces now in operation.

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CLOTILDE.: A STORY OF A NORMAN FETE-DIEU. I.
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pg. 290

CLOTILDE.

A STORY OF A NORMAN FÊTE-DIEU.

I.

"A FINE old pile, sir!—pardon my intrusion. I see you are interested more than ordinary wayfarers in these Norman remains. Their study may carry you back to a remote period in your country's history."

These remarks were addressed to me as I was admiring a village-church, some twenty miles from Rouen, but in an unfrequented road, about the middle of June, 18—, by a gentleman, a little past middle age, who spoke with exceeding politeness, and an air betokening a willingness to afford me the advantage of an agreeable cicerone.

"I am obliged to you, sir, for your observation," I replied. "I was considering, indeed, where I had seen as fine a specimen of Norman architecture in England. I perceive you recognize my nation before I betray it by my accent."

"There is always something unmistakable in an Englishman, if I may say so without offence, and travel rarely removes it; but, having resided among your countrymen, I like them not the less on that account."

"I thank you for your unprejudiced opinion. I have not visited this part of France for many years; and, but for the black-and-white-painted wooden memorials of the departed in the burial-ground, yon wooden cross, and the dress of the peasantry, I should be reminded of an English landscape."

"A charming magnetism!"

"Charming, undoubtedly; but that is not the loadstone which has carried me out of the beaten track."

"I did not mean to insinuate a rudeness; but let us return to the study which I have interrupted. I can tell you where you may have seen a not unsimilar monument in your vast metropolis—on the banks of the Thames."

"You have the advantage of me, I confess. I am not a Londoner, and that may be some apology for my ignorance."

"Have you ever visited the Tower of London? There, in the White Tower, as it is called, you have what was formerly a chapel—St. John's Chapel. The resemblance, however, is more striking in the interior. Let us enter, and you will be better able to judge."

"The church is closed—is it not?—I shall have an opportunity of seeing the interior on Sunday."

"No; it is always open, except at night. There is a side-entrance. Ah, I remember! your churches, in the country especially, are closed, except on one day in the week. You pay both your army and your clergy better than we do, and exact less work. France could not afford to pay a man for doing a seventh part of his duty."

"I am glad to say we improve in the direction you point out. I will avail myself of your suggestion."

Saying this, I followed my guide, and we soon found ourselves inside the venerable edifice. I then saw how correct was the comparison which he had denoted. Some few persons were in the church, chiefly market-people who might have returned homeward, for it was about four o'clock in the afternoon, after having disposed of their produce in the neighboring villages. These persons were engaged in their own private devotions; but they used no prayer-book, and moved their lips as if the matter of their prayer was uttered with great rapidity, and this was more particularly noticeable in some who told their beads.

At one end was a priest in a surplice, apparently catechising some children of both sexes, divided from each other by a temporary barrier of chairs. The priest's voice was gentle but quick, and he spoke with an easy familiarity, though not with irreverence, as he elicited replies to questions which seemed not contained in any book, but so contrived as to lead to the assurance that his pupil had more than a merely verbal acquaintance with the subject in hand. Then he would give a little illustration of his meaning; and I half suspected him of telling an occasional anecdote, for now and again the young faces of the boys and girls brightened up with a smile. The sharp answers of the children, and the succession of fresh questions from the priest, imparted considerable animation to the part of the church in which this instruction was going on; but the adults took no notice, as if the noisy little urchins were no distraction to them.

Having completed our survey of the fine old church, we sauntered out into the open country, and my companion in a little time took his leave of me, but not before he had invited me to visit his pretty chateau, which he pointed out to me in the distance.

II.

The next day I met my friend, for the invitation he had given me made me regard him in that light, as I was rambling in the outskirts of the village. I had found his society so very agreeable, that we easily fell into conversation again. After an exchange of the usual salutations, we walked together for some distance, and then retraced our steps toward the village. I could not help perceiving that my companion, though quite as courteous as before, was ill at ease with himself. A melancholy had come over him, and he sighed frequently —I thought involuntarily. I was forced, at length, almost in spite of myself, to let him know that his depression of spirits had not passed unnoticed.

"You appear troubled in your mind?" I said, interrogatively.

"I ought not to inflict my unhappiness on you," he replied, with his accustomed politeness. "I will wish you adieu."

He would have left me; but I was unwilling to part with him without an effort to sympathize with him, and I said:

"I wish you would afford me an opportunity of attempting to alleviate your sorrows, if I can do so without officiousness or undue inquisitiveness."

"My malady is, I fear, incurable, and will baffle your utmost skill and kindness. I have no objection to state what it is, although I am usually very reserved on that point. I own, I am moved to this course by a singular circumstance, which, indeed, led me to accost you in the first instance: I have in my possession a portrait for which you might have sat ten years or more ago. It is pure coincidence, of course; but such is the case. Let us walk on to my house, and I shall have the pleasure of showing you the portrait, for I can unbosom myself more freely in my own home."

I could not decline my friend's proposal, and we made our way to his chateau. I learned, as we went along, that his name was Monsieur Duchesne.

Arrived at the chateau, I was presently introduced to a young and beautiful girl—his daughter Clotilde. The portrait was then handed to me. I might not have been a judge of my own likeness taken a dozen years back; but, to my amazement, it really was my portrait, and my surprise was at finding it in the possession of my host.

"It is marvellous enough," I said; "still it is an undoubted fact that your perception is quite correct. I certainly am the original of that portrait, as I will explain."

"Clotilde's papa, then!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Duchesne, with surprising readiness.

"Baugh, my child!" hastily rejoined M. Duchesne, but smiling good-humoredly. "Clotilde's papa, indeed! Your memory must be good. Let me see," he added, looking at his watch, "is it not your time to visit Monsieur le Curé? Come back to us as soon as you can, Clotilde, and do us the honors of the table."

Clotilde was probably in her fourteenth summer; yet she gracefully took her leave, without a murmur on her part, for it was obvious that her father desired her absence for a little while, and had had recourse to a *ruse* to carry out his object.

"M. Duchesne," I said, "I must congratulate you upon having a most charming daughter."

"And she is as good as she is lovely," he replied. "But as to this portrait?"

"I shall be obliged to give you a leaf out of my personal history to make good my claim to it. It is simply this: Fifteen years ago, I married a French lady, and your old church there was the church I was married in; but, until the other day, I have never entered it since, and the first time I was inside it was on my marriage-day, when I was too preoccupied with other matters to feel any interest in its style of architecture. Thus, as I told you, something besides the English character of your scenery brought me into these parts."

"Well, it is not every one who revisits with pleasure the theatre of such an important event. It increases my good opinion of you, and leads me to suppose that the result has been happy."

"Happy in one sense only. My wife, indeed, was the best of women, and to her I presented that portrait; but in less than three years I had the misfortune to lose her. Perhaps I ought to add that, in

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consequence of a difference of religion, we were also married in the presence of the English consul at Rouen. We loved each other, and were happy in each other; but I was compelled to keep my marriage a secret from my family, who would have disinherited me for marrying a foreigner and a Catholic."

"Such a course, no doubt, had its drawbacks?"

"It was attended with much inconvenience and unpleasantness. I was necessarily absent from my young wife for long intervals, in order to throw off suspicion; and she was debarred from that public acknowledgment to which she had a right. Yet no complaint ever passed her lips; and, I will answer for it, she never harbored one in her heart. Alas! she was taken from me only a little time before I should have had it in my power to give her the position she so well deserved."

"A cruel disappointment!"

"The bitterest affliction of my life! I will continue my narrative, before I take the liberty to inquire by what strange chance my portrait fell into your hands, and the more unreservedly because you may be able to afford me information or aid, and perhaps both."

"Most willingly, if I have the power."

"I have not yet told you my name—it is Edwin Vavasour, one of our oldest surnames; but that is nothing to the point. When my wife died, I was left with an only child, a girl, then little more than a year old. It had been arranged that any son with whom we might be blessed was to be brought up in the established religion of my country, and that our daughters were to follow the religion of their mother. This was deemed fair to both of us, and I respect the principle laid down at a period anterior to our union as much now as if my wife had lived to claim its fulfilment."

"I applaud your uprightness."

"I fear, however, that doubts have been entertained of my good faith by my wife's family; or, at all events, I have given them very great dissatisfaction by my clandestine marriage, and the subsequent non-recognition of my wife before the world. I was too glad to leave my child, who bore the same Christian name as your own daughter, in the charge of her maiden aunt, Mademoiselle Latour. I undertook to leave the whole responsibility of education in her hands, until my daughter reached her fourteenth year, at which time she was to come under my exclusive control. I did this in compliance with a last request, which, I have reason to believe, my wife was prompted to make. Mademoiselle Latour would not permit me to place any pecuniary resources at her command, although you may be sure that I was resolved that at a future day she should not be a loser from her own devotedness to her sister's child. With my sanction, Mademoiselle Latour removed the child from Rouen, where my wife died, to Paris. For two years from this time I received periodically news of the well-being of my infant daughter, and I frequently journeyed from England to France to visit my little treasure. But at last a time came when I received no more letters from my sister-in-law. I wrote most pressingly, and, obtaining no reply, hurried to Paris to learn the cause of the suspension of our correspondence. After all the inquiries I made in every likely quarter, I could learn no more than that Mademoiselle Latour had not been, for some time, in good health, and that she had gone to the south of France. I lost all trace of her and of my child! I have offered large rewards for any reliable intelligence concerning them. I appealed, of course, to all relatives known to me, every one of our acquaintance. To no purpose. From that time to this, no tidings of them have ever reached me. In my distraction I have visited all parts of France, with one sole object in view. At last I was forced to give up the pursuit, and I have almost abandoned hope of ever seeing my child again. I had nearly resolved never to cross over to your country again; but I am nevertheless here once more, rambling among old, familiar scenes. And now I have put myself so much in the foreground as to have lost sight of another object of my coming hither—namely, to listen to your sorrows rather than recite my own."

"I will first satisfy you on one point: to my astonishment, you have made good your claim to the portrait. Is it possible that it can lead to the restoration of your daughter?"

That was a question which my own heart was asking, and which I expected M. Duchesne to solve. What if he should choose to remain silent? Was there any motive he could have for concealment? I could not disguise from myself that such a motive might exist; and the strange question of Clotilde when I recognized the portrait, "Clotilde's papa, then?" disquieted my mind. Then M. Duchesne's sudden check and dismissal of his daughter were open to suspicion. Was Clotilde *his* daughter? Was she not mine? Agitated as I was by these perplexing reflections, I preserved an exterior calm. What proof could I adduce, even if my judgment were correct. Proof was out of my reach and in the hands of the man who had become an object of suspicion, and who had the power to thwart inquiry. I would be circumspect; I must hide my doubts, and glean from him what facts I could. It was impossible to reply without manifesting some anxiety, but I would master it to the best of my power.

"I own," I said, "that hopes once more revive within me, that one small discovery may lead to a greater; and, as I am indebted to you for the one, I cannot divest myself of an expectation that you may be the medium of the other." I looked him very earnestly in the face as I spoke, but he was unmoved.

"I may be doomed to disappoint you," he said, quietly, "but I promise to do all I can for you. I will tell you, however, in what way your portrait came into my possession, as that point must naturally awaken your curiosity. My wife was also of the family of Latour; we did not live happily together, and our disagreements increased whenever any of her own relatives came about her. Consequently I discouraged their intimacy with us as much as possible, and held myself aloof from them. Still, I remember—it would be about eight years ago—my wife had some female relative staying with her for some weeks, the greater part of which I spent in your country, for I had consented to the visit of our relative on account of my own intended absence. Whether that person was a sister or a cousin of my wife I do not recollect; but she had a young girl with her, whose name was, like my child's, Clotilde."

"My daughter!" I exclaimed, in breathless excitement.

"Stop," he pursued, "that could not be; she was with her mother. I shall be able to arrive at the name of that lady, for I have forgotten it, and perhaps obtain some other particulars concerning her; but time will be needed for that. I must refer to some letters and papers now in the hands of a friend of mine in Paris. It will take a week at least to go into these matters, and whether they will afford any clew to the subject of your inquiry, I am quite unable to say; but it seems to me clear that we have come upon another discovery—the portrait was left with my wife; and that is not all: we are certainly in some sense connected by family ties on the female side."

I was attempting to make a suitable reply, when it was prevented by the return of Mademoiselle Duchesne, who, running up to her father and kissing him, presented a little silken reticule, as she said:

"*Pour l'autel, mon père.*"

M. Duchesne dropped something into the reticule, and I offered to follow his example, as I had an indistinct idea of the purpose of the donation, but he resisted me.

"No, no," he said, "we must tax neither your charity nor your tolerance of opinion. To-morrow, Thursday, is the *Fête-Dieu*, and on Sunday we, in this part of France, commemorate the festival rather demonstratively by processions and the erection of temporary altars in the village, and, for this purpose, Clotilde lays our gardens and our purses under contribution."

"I am not the first English traveller who has been moved by your religious spectacles and the unaffected piety of those who take part in them."

"Monsieur le Curé regards them as more effective than his sermons," M. Duchesne replied. "He may be right. I am not a judge of his eloquence, but I am unaccountably saddened at the preparations for the approaching celebration."

"I thought they were calculated for a very different result," I said.

"Quite true," he answered; "but my case is exceptional. You shall hear.—Clotilde," he added, "the garden is at your disposal; gather what flowers you want for the church to-morrow, and leave a good supply for Sunday." And he again dismissed his daughter, as if he wished our conversation to be private.

What was I to think of such extraordinary behavior? M. Duchesne relapsed into his melancholy mood. Was I to be prevented from conversing with his daughter? Could I place reliance in the statement made to me? Or was it part of a fraud to keep my child from me? Were there two Clotildes, who were cousins? Was there only one, and that with no right but from courtesy to the name of Duchesne?

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M. Duchesne sat motionless as a statue; but his eyes had a wild, fierce gaze, which told of an inward conflict. Did I contribute to it? That could hardly be; for I called to mind that his despondency had overtaken him before I had seen his daughter or the portrait. Even if he had no daughter of his own, it was evident that he loved the child of his adoption, and I was powerless to dispossess him of her, whatever might be my natural right. He could feel no uneasiness on that point: he was completely master of the position. What, then, was the affliction which weighed him down? Should I again allude to it? He relieved the suspense I was in by saying:

"I promised to unburden my mind to you. I will keep my word; but, to enable you to enter into my feelings, I in my turn must give you a little of my personal history, though I will undertake to be brief."

I bowed, and assured him of my attention.

III.

"After the death of my wife, about five years back," M. Duchesne began, "I resolved to give up public life, and I left Paris to come down here to spend the remainder of my days in the peaceful pursuits of literary ease. I had lived as other men live, neither better nor worse. I have been of the world, worldly. I have been ambitious, and not scrupulous of pushing out of my path any one who stood between me and promotion. I have been a duellist, and have killed my challenger, though I might have goaded him into seeking revenge by an 'affair of honor.' Since I retired from the 'great world,' I have applied myself to study; I have diligently read the men of imperishable fame, the best authors of England and France. I have experienced high intellectual enjoyment while so profitably engaged; but when I pause, and turn my thoughts inward into myself, my heart aches, and I am no more happy than when in the full pursuit of the vanities of life. Many would envy my tranquil existence and my reasonable competency of fortune, shared as they are with a beautiful and accomplished daughter, in whom I have a fond father's pride; but they know not the dreary depth of that boiling abyss which has so smooth a surface. Do I find, then, human happiness unattainable, with all the means I have of its acquisition? Assuredly I do, whatever others may affirm. Why do I arrive at so painful a result? Because, since there is a world beyond this, things here are only in transition, and peace and rest in our present state are, to my mind, impossibilities."

"You take a strong view," I broke in, "but it is not without just grounds, in my opinion, if you do not push your argument too far. Contentment, perhaps, is a basis of happiness, for that was allowed in heathen times; but we have the consolations of a Dispensation which should promote content here, and lead to future and perfect bliss."

"You have come to the very kernel of the subject," he replied, and his eyes glared with something of an unearthly light, and his whole frame shook with half-subdued emotion. "Religion," he added, "is the key-stone of happiness for many, I sincerely hope, but not, alas! for me." He put his hands to his temples, as if in pain. "You have," he continued, "the clew to my desolation."

I was amazed at the expression of these sentiments, which seemed more particularly out of place in the mouth of a Frenchman. I had touched an unexpected cord in M. Duchesne's organization; I had disturbed the apparent harmony of his system, and I knew not how to restore it. I felt bound to make an effort, and took the liberty to ask:

"You speak of religion with evident respect; have you no faith, no hope?"

"I have an excess of faith," he said, "as I understand *it*; hope for myself, I have none!"

"I am no theologian," I replied, "but, in my judgment, your spirituality wants tone. You have, among your clergy, men of erudition and of unblemished lives; would it not be well to consult some one of them who might be a physician to your soul?"

"I have laid my mind bare," he said, "to our excellent *curé*, who is a scholar and a true pastor. It is all in vain. His arguments are, perhaps, unanswerable; what they fail in, is conviction. I can see no resurrection from the pollution of the world! It is terrible to think so, but I can no more resist this impression, which my intercouse with my fellows forces upon me, than open my eyes in the light and discern nothing. Die, then, in the innocence of infancy, or at a time when the soul is purest, before it is defiled by contact with the world. That may happen twice in a lifetime—then happiness, I believe in it, not otherwise."

"You would apply your observations to mankind in general," I said; "you limited them to your individual case at first."

"I might maintain," he answered, "their universality: it is enough for my present purpose to confine them to my Clotilde and me."

"Clotilde!" I exclaimed, in horror; "you would not overshadow a being so bright with your miserable despair?"

"I had gone too far; he turned on me almost savagely. I feared I was in the presence of a madman.

"Clotilde!" he cried. "Who would dare to say that I would injure her? But she must be free from the contaminating influences of society. *How*, I dread to think."

It was not possible for me to minister to a mind diseased, such as I felt M. Duchesne's to be; but that Clotilde should be involved in his mental ruin, appeared to me a tenfold calamity. Was she to be debarred from associates, and from all that makes life enjoyable, all those *agrémens* proper to her youth and station, to be sacrificed to the absurd caprices of a monomaniac? Such was the interpretation which I put upon M. Duchesne's last remark. Argument was out of the question on such brutal selfishness as he proclaimed himself, in my opinion, to be guilty of. To defend Clotilde would be to provoke a more obstinate and determined stretch of authority. In my perplexity, I remained silent. Presently, he recovered a little of his composure, and proceeded:

"I intended to acquaint you with my hidden sorrows. I have partly done so, but I have not told you how it is that they are aggravated at the present time. In a word, this *Fête-Dieu* is specially, and for the first time, odious to me. I may fail to make you understand how I am affected by it, for you are an alien in creed as well as country; but, loving Clotilde as I do, and feeling convinced that happiness and innocence are inseparable, whether for time or eternity, and that both are incompatible in human society as it now exists, I view an approaching crisis in her career with profound melancholy, lest that spotlessness, which is certain then to be hers, should in her maturer years be sullied by the inevitable and ineffaceable taint of worldly contact. The crisis I speak of, I can only describe in the sad, dying utterances of a man who was the incarnation of worldliness—and his remorseful words are ever ringing in my ear—*Clotilde 'va faire sa première communion .... et moi!'* I, too, share his remorse, but not less anguish do I feel for the more than probable future of Clotilde. Year after year, in opposition to the entreaties of Monsieur le Curé and herself, and long after the usual period among us, I have put off the event, for I wished her to to be old enough to comprehend its significance. The day must come at last. Clotilde could need but little instruction, but daily, for some few weeks past, has our good *curé* been preparing some of his younger flock, and Clotilde among them, to participate for the first time in the mysteries of the coming *Fête-Dieu*. I can scarcely expect you to have more than the faintest idea of my mental torture; but, believe me, my suffering is very real, and, as time advances, it becomes almost intolerable."

"Monsieur Duchesne," I said, "it is enough for us to judge ourselves. I think your opinions, in reference to yourself, erroneous and unwise; but surely it is illogical to apply them to any one else? I remember the remarkable observation attributed to M. Talleyrand, which seems to exercise such an unwholesome influence over your mind. It has been thought by some, who credit the anecdote, to have been but a scoff of the unbeliever."

"That is likely enough," he replied, "to be the impression of an Englishman who cannot realize to himself ideas foreign to his religious views and preconceptions! He cannot believe in others placing faith in what he deems, in his faulty philosophy, incredible. Nevertheless, I know as a fact, that not only did the observation fall from the lips of the man to whom it is ascribed, but that he gave every indication of perfect sincerity in its delivery and import." And M. Duchesne spoke in accents of bitterness, rather in the manner than in the words themselves, of the judgment said to be habitual to us on foreign nations.

I felt convinced how impossible it was to soften his strictures in which he was so positive, and, without acquiescing in them, I suffered them to pass. M. Duchesne appeared now to have afforded me all the insight he intended to give me as to the nature of his distress—for which my sympathy, I confess, was lessened on account of its irrational and incurable character. He appeared to master, for a time,

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the mental tortures, of which he was the prey, for his thoughts began once again to flow into a less turbid channel, and, on the return of Clotilde, I was made a partaker of his hospitalities. Conversation turned upon more agreeable topics, and, after a pleasanter termination to our prolonged interview than seemed at one time probable, I took my departure for the evening, M. Duchesne repeating his promises to prosecute inquiries on my account. Clotilde, whose beauty and exquisite grace had most powerfully interested me, exhibited no sign of any knowledge of the nature of these promises; and I left M. Duchesne's chateau with a mind bewildered with doubts, yet relieved by a glimmer of hope.

IV.

The next day was Thursday, and I had learned from M. Duchesne it was the *Fête-Dieu*. At an early hour I was abroad, and making my way in the unhurried manner of an idle man to the village-church. Perhaps some curiosity to behold the floral display to which Clotilde had been, no doubt, a bountiful contributor, actuated me to enter the sacred edifice. Early as it was, the old church was full of worshippers. The altars were most tastefully decorated with flowers of every hue; rose-leaves bestrewed the pavement in nave and aisles, and festoons of bouquets clung to windows and pillars, and hovered overhead in every direction. The odor of so many flowers was not too overpowering at this time of the morning, but a delightful fragrance was spread around. The service was the reverse of gorgeous; but it was solemn and almost silent. An elderly priest was at the principal altar, Monsieur le Curé, I presumed; and he was attended by only two boys, acolytes in surplices. The responses of the boys, rapidly but distinctly given, and the occasional ringing of a bell, were all that broke the impressive stillness, for no word of the *curé* was audible where I stood.

Presently a movement took place among the congregation, but there was little noise or disarrangement. Quietly, and in a most orderly manner, were marshalled numbers of the youth of both sexes, all most becomingly dressed and mostly in white, down the nave of the church. These were the children who were to make their first communion on that beautiful, bright June morning. Youth, health, and innocence were depicted on their countenances, and the sight of the white-robed gathering had a most pleasing effect. Conspicuous among them was Clotilde—Clotilde Duchesne; but I looked in vain for M. Duchesne himself among the adult members of that devout assembly. In his frame of mind, perhaps, his absence was desirable.

The two acolytes now advanced to the sanctuary-rails, and held up a white communion-cloth. At this signal the nearest juvenile communicants approached the rails, and, kneeling, took the white cloth into their hands.

The acolytes retired, and, placing themselves each at the side of the altar, recited a prayer. In another minute or two the priest took the communion-plate out of the tabernacle, repeated a short prayer with his face turned toward the people (the acolytes meanwhile tinkling a bell), and, descending the altar-steps, administered holy communion, according to the rite of his church, to such as had come forward to receive it. The ceremony was simple in the extreme, but calm and beautiful to behold; and, novel as was the spectacle to me, it was less its novelty than its quiet sublimity that affected me. I seemed to witness a rite old, yet, in conjunction with those troops of children, still new, and ever surrounded with majesty, the more august from its simplicity. The whole day after, my mind was far from sad, but it was reflective. It frequently reverted to the many bright and innocent faces I had seen that day; and then my thoughts ran upon the destiny of the many, when innocence should be exposed to the trials and temptations of life. My conference with M. Duchesne, on the previous day, had helped, no doubt, to induce these serious, though not to me painful cogitations.

I did not see either M. Duchesne or Clotilde on the two following days; but Sunday came, and the whole village turned out in holiday-attire. The majority of the villagers, and an unusual concourse of youngsters, male and female, wended their way to the church, which had become a temple of Flora in variety and tastefulness of flowery decoration. Temporary altars of boughs and flowers had been erected in different parts of the village; every one seemed to enter into the coming celebration of the festival with animation and cheerfulness, but with the utmost decorum and the absence of all hubbub and confusion. Every face was lighted up with a happy contentment. Joining the well-conducted crowd, I entered the church, in which were banners and images of more or less beauty of device and construction. A fine-toned organ and a tolerably efficient choir did their best to elevate and inspirit the popular devotion. The service was ornate, as contrasted with that of Thursday. The celebrant priest was assisted by two other priests, and the altar was surrounded by a multitude of white-robed youths. Clouds of incense ascended on high, and numerous candles burning in the subdued daylight symbolled the day of jubilee. A short sermon was delivered by a young ecclesiastic, who was earnest in manner, but homely in his language, as he gave an explanation of the institution of the *Fête-Dieu*. The discourse was given in the middle of the service, before the commencement of its most important part.

At length *la messe* concluded, and "Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem" was given out by the choir, and taken up by the whole congregation. The chant was plain, but vigorously sustained. Meanwhile those about to take part in the approaching ceremonial were soon marshalled in proper order, and the chief priest, holding the monstrance in his hands, under a rich canopy supported by attendants at each corner, prepared to take his place of honor in the procession. Slowly moved the long train carrying aloft the banners and images, from which streamed white ribbons held by a staff preceding and following the standard-bearers; and gradually the canopied priest passed down a defile between kneeling worshippers on either side, amid the swinging of censers and the sonorous chant of attendants with candles in their hands. Outside the church the procession had been joined by bands of music which, at convenient distances, enlivened the triumphal march.

Not the least attractive figure in that long line of processionists, bearing a banner of the Madonna, and surrounded by a group of young ladies crowned, like herself, with wreaths of white roses, and attired in snow-white garments, which did full credit to their *modistes*, was Clotilde Duchesne. With quiet dignity, and as if impressed with a sense of responsibility, which gave a devout expression to her exquisite features, she glided along, resembling a virgin queen among her virgin satellites.

In front of M. Duchesne's chateau, on a grassy slope, Clotilde had caused to be erected a floral altar. To this point, after passing through the principal street of the village, and stopping for benediction at some appointed places, the procession was now tending. I could see nothing of M. Duchesne; but the crowd now filled his garden, and arranged themselves round the altar, which was the centre of attraction. The aged *curé* advanced from his canopy on to the highest altar-step and enthroned the sacramental bread in a floral recess, raised high above the middle of the altar. Incense and song were the offering of the kneeling throng—the beautiful "Tantum ergo Sacramentum" resounded from all sides, and the *curé*, with the sacred monstrance in hand, was blessing the multitude bowed down in adoration, among whom my eyes were fixed on the figure of Clotilde, as she occupied with her companions a position immediately below the altar-steps, when, during a hushed moment of silence, the ear was startled by the report of a pistol, and Clotilde, relaxing the hold of her banner, fell lifeless on the ground. Terror instantly seized the whole assemblage, who sprang to their feet in the wildest confusion. M. le Curé put the consecrated elements under cover, and hastened to offer his services to the unhappy victim. Too late! the fatal ball had struck her to the heart, and death had been instantaneous. The women wailed and fled, the men madly rushed in every direction to discover the assassin, and, in a few seconds, M. Duchesne was captured in the act of pistolling himself. A cry of savage joy succeeded the cry of horror which the foul deed had provoked, and M. Duchesne, pale and haggard, but unflinching, was handed over to the authorities. The lifeless form of Clotilde was borne into the chateau, and the *curé*, finding he could be of no use just then to the murdered victim, exhorted as many as in the consternation would give ear to him, to accompany him back to the church to join in a "De profundis" for her departed soul.

M. Duchesne was tried at Rouen for the wilful murder of Clotilde. Filled with horror at the crime, and with a mind racked with a strong suspicion that it had deprived me of a daughter, I offered to give my testimony before the court. I was the principal witness examined, for no one had seen the pistol fired, and the strongest evidence which could be produced pointed to self-destruction, not to the murder of his daughter. My testimony supplied a motive for the act, resulting from aberration of intellect; and yet his calm, dignified demeanor seemed to belie his mental derangement. The evidence of M. le Curé,

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which might have corroborated mine, was not produced: M. Duchesne either did not desire it, or the *curé* might have thought that his knowledge came to him under the seal of secrecy, and could not be divulged even for the ends of justice. I stated to the court all that had passed between M. Duchesne and me. I hesitated whether I should avow my own suspicion that Clotilde was not his but my daughter, and that there was an additional motive for taking her life, in the apprehension that she might be taken from him and placed under the control of a parent holding a hostile creed. Then it occurred to me that, perhaps, the trial afforded me the best chance I should ever have of clearing up the mystery, and I boldly explained my doubts and my grounds for entertaining them. This roused the prisoner to a pitch of indignation, and he denounced my ingratitude in the most withering terms. An exciting scene took place in court. The matter of my suspicion was irrelevant, but it elicited proofs of its groundlessness. I felt I had wronged M. Duchesne, and I wished to make him sensible of my sorrow. He would not listen to me; and when the sensation, caused by my revelation, had abated, the judge summed up the case, and the jury acquitted M. Duchesne on the ground of monomania. M. Duchesne was then put under restraint for lunacy.

I was not allowed access to him, and I seemed now to have lost all chance of discovering my daughter, for it was evident that it would be impossible for me to prevail on M. Duchesne, even if I could approach him, to institute inquiries on my account. Six months after these events a friend of mine, resident in Rouen, who had been requested by me to watch any proceedings in that part of France at all likely to interest me, invited me to cross the Channel once more. M. Duchesne had recently died, for his health gave way under captivity, and he had left in the hands of his medical attendant, who was personally known to my friend, some letters and papers connected with the family of Latour. I lost no time in repairing to my friend's house at Rouen, and in a little while I discovered that my wife's sister had died a professed nun some two years before I had made the acquaintance of M. Duchesne. She had entered one of the strictest convents of her communion, and, previously to her taking the veil, she had placed my daughter Clotilde in a seminary in Dijon. She had provided funds for her education, and left a sum of money in the hands of trustees for her future maintenance.

I now sought an interview with the judge who had tried the unfortunate M. Duchesne. The judge received me with the utmost courtesy, and gave me every information as to the course I should pursue. Fortified with all the necessary certificates and such other proofs as my case demanded, I found no difficulty, thanks to French law, in recovering my long-lost daughter.

Mademoiselle Latour's motive for injustice to me, I can set down only to her bigotry. Clotilde, my daughter, although educated in a conventual seminary, has imbibed, I am rejoiced to say, none of the intolerance of her aunt; and, although at first it was not easy for her to regard me as her parent, she now rewards me with a loving obedience. She perfectly well remembers Madame Duchesne, who was indeed another of her aunts, and the placing of my portrait in her hands; and she has the tenderest recollection of her beautiful but ill-fated cousin.

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DON PEDRO'S STORY.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Dec 25, 1869; II, 39;
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DON PEDRO'S STORY.

IMAGINE to yourself a tall, spare, elderly man, with dark-gray hair, fiery black eyes, a large Roman nose, and a finely-cut but firm and expressive mouth, whose walk is slow, proud, and erect, and you will have the picture of Don Pedro de San Montanjo, a Spaniard, whose acquaintance I made, now long years ago, during a short sojourn at a German watering-place. A trifling incident that occurred one morning on one of the public promenades served to bring us together. From that moment we met frequently, and in the course of a few days we came to spend much of our time together. He was a man of high culture, had seen much of the world, and possessed in an eminent degree that dignified urbanity of manner so characteristic of his race.

One evening the dining-room of our hotel, which served also as a *café*, being so full as to render an interchange of confidence impracticable, Don Pedro said to me: "Señor, if you are not to appear under the window of some lady with your lute, and have no other engagement to prevent, I should be glad if you would join me over a bottle of genuine Ximenes in my apartments."

"I shall be most happy," I replied, "as I have no appointment to fulfil. I know no ladies here; besides, it is not the custom in Germany to play the lute in the street, or to communicate with one's mistress at the window. I will accompany you with pleasure."

"Remain here, then," said he, rising, "for a few moments, till I with Diego" (his servant) "make some little preparation, when I will send for you."

Now it occurred to me, for the first time, that I had never seen Don Pedro's apartments. We had always met in the public rooms of the hotel, where the guests were accustomed to assemble. A quarter of an hour had hardly elapsed, when Diego appeared with a silver candlestick, bowed respectfully, and begged me to follow. At the head of the first flight of stairs, Diego opened a door and motioned me to enter. I halted at the threshold surprised. The black coat my old friend usually wore had been changed for a velvet doublet trimmed with yellow silk, and a red mantillo that fell gracefuly over his shoulders. At his side he carried a sword with a golden hilt. He advanced ceremoniously to receive me, extending his withered hand from the ruffles that almost concealed it. "You are welcome, señor," said he. "Do not let the simplicity of my apartments surprise you; when we travel, you know, we cannot have every thing as comfortable as at home. My *salon* at Madrid presents a somewhat more inviting appearance, and my divans are of real Moorish workmanship. But be seated on this little thing called a sofa. The wines, at least, of our host are pure and good. Be seated, I pray you." With these words, he led me to a sofa, before which stood a table well supplied with wines and delicacies. Diego filled our glasses, brought cigars and a light, and retired. As I sat down and took a hasty survey of the room, I observed that the walls were naked, with the exception of a single portrait that hung directly opposite me. It represented a young lady in Spanish costume. A cheerful, blooming face, with clear, loving eyes, a finely-cut mouth, and a soft, round chin, stood out lifelike from the canvas. Luxuriant dark hair, and a little hat, ornamented with a white bushy feather, shaded her smooth brow. Her rich robe—which left her finely-moulded neck exposed—and her ornaments of massive gold, discovered alike the lady's refined taste and high social position.

I ventured a remark with regard to the extreme beauty of the portrait, and could not refrain from evincing a desire to know whom it represented.

"Ah!" said the old don, "thereto hangs a tale; it is a long story, and with it is interwoven the most important event of my life. I cannot tell you who the lady *is*, but I can tell you who she *was*, if you choose to listen. I shall, however, be compelled, at the same time, to tell you something of myself."

I assured him that that would only increase the interest.

"But," said he, "you do not drink. This is genuine Spanish wine, and you must drink of it, if you consent to accompany me to Valencia."

We drank of the inspiring Ximenes, lighted our cigars, and Don Pedro began:

"Señor, I was born in Granada. My father commanded a regiment, and he and my mother were connected with the oldest families of the kingdom. I received a liberal education, and was taught the accomplishments that adorn a nobleman. When I reached my twentieth year, possessing a strong and vigorous constitution, my father decided that I should enter the army. But being a stern man and a severe disciplinarian, and fearing that my mother's influence might induce him to spare me in the performance of my duties, he decided that I should enter another regiment. His choice fell on Pampeluna, where my uncle commanded. There I became a thorough soldier, and, in the following ten years, rose step by step to the rank of captain. When I was thirty, my uncle was ordered to Valencia, and, through his influence, I was, in a few months, enabled to follow him as his adjutant. On my arrival in Valencia, I found that great changes had taken place in my uncle's household. For some years before leaving Pampeluna, he had been a widower. In Valencia he had become acquainted with a rich widow, whom he had married a few weeks before my arrival. You can imagine my astonishment when he presented me to an elderly lady calling her his wife; my surprise, however, was more than equalled by my delight, when he presented me to a young girl, beautiful as the rising sun, and called her his daughter, my cousin.

"Until that day I had never loved, and for that reason my comrades often called me *Pedro la piedra;* but the stone melted like wax in the fire of Laura's bright eyes.

"You see her there, señor," he continued; "that portrait represents her divine features as nearly as it is possible for art to copy the wondrous works of Nature. It was thus she wore her hair, thus her little hat, with the waving plume, sat lightly on her brow! And when she opened her dark eyes, bordered with her thin, long lashes, it seemed as though some celestial being looked down smilingly upon you.

"My love, señor, brought me only pleasure; I could be with its object daily. Those barriers that in my native land usually separate lovers, for us did not exist. And when I looked into the future, how bright, how smiling was the prospect! My uncle loved me as a son, and, if I rightly interpreted his manner, he was not displeased in witnessing my growing attachment for his daughter. There were no objections to be feared on the part of my father, for Laura was of a noble house, and the wealth of her mother was well known. You can form some idea of the depth and sincerity of my attachment, when you reflect that I loved where there were no obstacles to overcome. As fire under a roof progresses slowly until it is arrested by a wall, when it bursts forth into a conflagration, so with love, when it meets with obstacles. Difficulties that seem insurmountable only increase its ardor; we are a prey to a flame that we imagine can only be extinguished in the arms of the loved one. We speak with the lady at the lattice, and send her tender epistles by her maid. By day and by night our imagination pictures a being endowed with every charm that adorns her sex, for until now we have only seen her cloaked and

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veiled. At length, either by stratagem or by force the difficulties are overcome. We fly to her side, lead her to the church, and—afterward look at the paragon more carefully.

"Like the beautiful meadow that covers a swampy moorland, and that breaks under your feet at every step, making openings for the mud that purls up from below, so here. Daily you discover in the lady some new caprice; daily the mantle that concealed her from your view is drawn aside, until at last you wish yourself once more at her lattice, singing a lover's lament for—the last time."

"I fear you are a little cynical, Don Pedro," said I; "what you say is sometimes true, no doubt, but is it so in the main? I think not, for then that divine spark which penetrates the innermost recesses of the heart, and joins two existences in one, would be a wicked delusion. I must believe in its heavenly origin."

"I understand what you would say," replied Don Pedro. "That supreme moment, when a second suffices to establish perfect sympathy between two souls, is divinely beautiful, but it is too often followed by bitter disappointment. Listen to me further. No barriers restrained, no obstacles animated me, and yet no cavalier in Spain loved more ardently than did I. It was now only in Laura's heart that any hinderance could arise, and—her glance had often confessed to me that it did not meet mine unwittingly. All of those little attentions by which, under such circumstances, we evince our attachment, seemed to afford her pleasure, and three months had scarcely elapsed when she allowed me to confess my love. Her parents had long been aware of my affection for their daughter, and my uncle informed me, when he gave me his approval, that, as a reward for my services, he had begged the ministry to advance me to the rank of major. On the receipt of my commission I was to acquaint my father of my love, and ask his consent to my marriage. I joyfully acceded. Ah, why did I? Should we not always think ourselves led by a demon, who lures us on with visions that, if followed, suddenly vanish?"

Don Pedro had become so much absorbed with his narrative that he had allowed his cigar to go out. He relighted it, drank another glass of Ximenes, and continued:

"Soon after my happiness seemed thus insured, I made the acquaintance of a captain in a Swiss regiment, to whom I became attached, and daily invited to our house. He was a handsome man, with clear, blue eyes, a fair skin, and florid cheeks. He would have appeared somewhat effeminate, perhaps, had he not already distinguished himself on the field by gallant deeds. This made him all the more dangerous among the softer sex. His appearance was so new with us, where the warm sun gives the skin a darker hue, and where blue eyes and light hair are seldom seen. And, when he spoke of the avalanche and eternal snow of his native land, he was listened to with eagerness, and many was the fair lady who essayed to melt the ice of his Northern heart with the fire of her Castilian eyes.

"One morning a friend, who knew of my love for Laura, came to me, and gave me to understand, by intimations and much circumlocution, that I had better be on my guard, and not wait for my major's commission, or, in the mean time, events might transpire that would be as disagreeable as they would be unexpected. I was astounded, questioned my friend further, and learned that Donna Laura was in the habit of meeting, at the house of an intimate acquaintance, a man, who came and went closely enveloped in his mantle. I thanked my friend, and he left me. My faith was unshaken, but the seeds of jealousy and distrust had been sown. I recalled Laura's manner toward me; it was unchanged. She was as kind and friendly as ever; she allowed me to kiss her hand, nor did she deny me her lips, but there she stopped. Now, for the first time, it occurred to me that she never responded to my caresses, never pressed my hand, or kissed me in return.

"Doubts tortured me. My friend came again, and, with more certain intelligence, fanned the fire already kindled. I determined to watch the steps of the lady more closely. We usually dined together, my uncle, my aunt, my beautiful cousin, and myself. On the evening of the day on which my friend warned me the second time, my aunt, on leaving the dinner-table, asked her daughter if she would not join her on the balcony.

"Laura replied that she had promised to spend the evening with her friend. I must have involuntarily looked at her sharply, for she dropped her eyes, and the blood mounted to her temples. An hour before nightfall, she went to keep her appointment. It was scarcely dark when I followed stealthily, in order to watch the house. Hardly arrived at my post, I saw a form, enveloped in a mantle, approach cautiously. My jealousy and rage knew no bounds. I stepped before the door of the house; the form advanced, and tried to crowd me gently aside, but I grasped it firmly, and cried: 'Señor, whoever you may be, I am willing to believe I have a cavalier before me; on your honor as one, I demand that you give me answer.'

"At the first sound of my voice, I saw him start. He was silent for a moment, and then asked calmly: 'The meaning of this?'

"'Swear to me, on the honor of a cavalier,' I continued, 'that it is not on Donna Laura de Tortosi's account you visit this house.'

"'Who dares thus to question me?' he cried, in a deep, feigned tone. In his accent I detected the foreigner; a fearful suspicion possessed me. 'Captain de San Montanjo,' I replied, and, tearing the mantle from his face, I beheld—my friend Tannensu, the Swiss captain!

"There he stood, like a criminal, unable to utter a word. I had drawn my sword, and, speechless with rage, motioned him to do likewise. 'I am unarmed,' he replied. I was tempted to run him through, but he stood so calm and motionless before me, that I could not do the deed. I retained sufficient composure to demand that he should meet me the following morning, before the nearest city gate, and give me satisfaction. He assented, and, as I still held the door guarded, departed.

"For two long hours I watched, until the chaise came for Laura, and I saw her enter it; then I followed slowly home. The mental torture I suffered prevented my sleeping. Soon after midnight I heard steps approaching my room; then came a gentle rap. I arose quickly, threw my mantle around me, and opened the door. There stood Laura's old waiting-woman. She handed me a letter, and quickly disappeared.

"Señor, may Heaven preserve you from ever receiving such a letter! She told me that she loved Tannensu long before I knew her; that, fearing her mother's anger, who had an aversion for all foreigners, she had kept her attachment secret, and that her mother's threats alone had induced her to receive my addresses. She took all the blame on herself, swearing solemnly that Tannensu had often insisted on confessing all to me, and had only been deterred by her prayers, and her fears for the consequences. She hinted at a horrid secret, that would endanger the honor of the family, if I did not assist her and the captain to make good their flight. She implored me to avoid the impending duel, for, said she, 'if he should fall, nothing would remain to me, his wife, but death.' Then followed a touching appeal to my magnanimity, and she closed by saying that she would forever respect, but could never love me.

"You will understand that such a letter would suffice to extinguish the most ardent love; it even lessened my anger and thirst for revenge. But my honor forbade my forgiving so deep a wrong; I, therefore, at the hour appointed, repaired to the place designated for our meeting. Tannensu evidently felt how deeply he had injured me. Although he was the more skilful swordsman, he remained on the defensive, and it is no fault of his that I ran my hand here, between the thumb and forefinger, against the point of his sword, causing a wound that rendered me incapable of resuming the combat. While my hand was being dressed, I gave him Laura's letter. He read it, and implored me to forgive him. I did it with a heavy heart.

"Here the story of my love ends, Señor, for, five days after the incidents I have just related, Donna Laura and the Swiss captain disappeared."

"And with your assistance?" I asked.

"I did what I could, and what I thought for the best. Of course, the grief of my aunt was very great, but it was better that she should never see her daughter again than that she should bring dishonor on our house."

"How noble! What this must have cost you!" I exclaimed.

"It was, indeed, a severe trial," replied Don Pedro, smiling bitterly. "At first I thought the wound would never heal, but time, time, my young friend, cures every heartache. Since then I have never seen her, never heard of her.

"After Brienne, the French journals made honorable mention of a General Tannensu, who greatly distinguished himself in that battle. Was it the same Tannensu? Does Laura still live? I am unable to answer."

Such was the story of Don Pedro de San Montanjo's love for his cousin, Donna Laura de Tortosi, as he told it me long years ago.

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FOR A DAY, OR FOREVER?
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FOR A DAY, OR FOREVER?

THE spirit of the present era differs in many things from the past, and in nothing perhaps more than in the degree of sacredness attached to marriage—that corner-stone which the Creator Himself laid as the foundation of social life. The whole record of history illustrates the wisdom of that law which made marriage a bond to be cancelled only by death. Our Saviour, indeed, admits of divorce; but only to be given by one party to the bond, when the other party has by his own act rendered it null and void. Such is not the theory, however, of our modern freethinkers. According to them, not the law of God, not even that lower spring of action—the good of the greater number—but individual will, is to govern our social relations. Especially, we fear, are such opinions gaining ground in our own land. Our very existence as a nation was the consequence of a recoil from the pressure of authority, a recoil which, reflecting men may well fear

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carried us too far into the opposite extreme of individual assertion. Independence is the goddess whom we adore, and before whose altars men and women, young and old, prostrate themselves. To her we have sacrificed the tender reverence which once beautified youth and brightened the shadowy path of age, and the humility which listened to the voice of God, and followed whither it led. We are told now that our best guide is the human reason. There was another nation which somewhat less than a century ago worshipped the Goddess of Reason, and we all know to what bourn she guided them. To them, marriage became a civil contract, to be dissolved at the will of the parties; let the following true story testify whether it is more with us:

In the pretty little village of L——, in one of our New-England States, resided two brothers of very different character. Mr. Charles Law was a man of studious habits and reserved manners. His natural temper may have been cheerful, but it could never have been gay. It became grave, if not sad, after the death of his wife. The infant daughter she left him in dying seemed for many years rather to perpetuate her memory than to console him for his loss. And yet the little Ellen was a lovely child, and her dancing step and merry laugh rarely failed to win a smile even from the gravest. They had early conquered every vestige of sternness in the good Mrs. Simmonds, a widowed cousin to whom Mr. Law had confided the management of his domestic affairs and the education of his daughter. So completely had this lady laid down the sceptre of authority that Ellen would have been in danger of being left wholly to her own guidance, had she not found a Mentor in a boy six years her senior.

Ellen was about eight years old when Mr. Seaforth became rector of the church which Mr. Law attended, and brought his family to reside in the parsonage, the little flowery court-yard of which adjoined Mr. Law's garden. Ellen was not a shy child; children who have been much petted seldom are shy. A few days after the new family had taken possession, she saw two little girls looking through an opening in the paling that divided their yard from the garden in which she stood. She at once approached them, and asked if they liked flowers — if they would have some roses — and, almost before they could answer, she was filling their hands with some of Mrs. Simmonds's choicest treasures. That lady was looking on from an open window, if the truth must be told, with a trembling heart, for she loved her flowers, and she knew that Ellen was more generous than just, more lavish in her gifts than respectful of the rights of others. Still, conscious that remonstrance would be useless, she kept silence till Ellen turned toward a moss-rose-tree which was the pride of her garden.

"Oh! not that—not that, Ellen. Take as many of the other flowers as you please, but pray leave that."

"But I want that—that is the prettiest."

"But Ellen—please Ellen—let me come and cut a rose for your little friends; you will ruin the tree if you break them off as you have done some of the others."

Ellen's hands were already on a branch, on which hung two or three lovely, half-open buds, as she looked with a saucy smile at the lady hurrying toward her, crying out, "Make haste, then, auntie, or it will be gone."

But before Mrs. Simmonds could reach her, a determined grasp was laid upon her little hand, and, looking up, Ellen met the bright eyes of a manly boy, who said in a quick, excited tone, "The lady said you must not pick them! Did you not hear her?"

"But I want them for the little girls, they said they loved flowers," she answered, a little sulkily, trying to free her hand as she spoke.

"The little girls are my sisters, and I have sent them into the house.—Excuse me, madam," he added, perceiving that Mrs. Simmonds now stood beside them, "I am afraid I trampled one of your flower-beds by jumping over the paling of your garden, but I saw there was no time to go around if I would save your roses."

He had removed his hand from Ellen's while he spoke, to take his cap from his head, and he now perceived that she was standing beside him with a heightened color and a decided pout, looking upon her little hand, from which a drop of blood was trickling slowly.

"Did the thorn hurt you?" he said gently, bending down and trying to take the little hand again in his; but she snatched it from him, and crying—

"It wasn't the thorn! I don't care for the thorn!" she pressed her head on Mrs. Simmonds's arm and burst into passionate sobs, in every one of which it was easy to detect the bitterness of a wounded spirit. Childish griefs may be short-lived, but they are sometimes very sharp. Ellen Law's life had in it hours of great sorrow, but probably it never brought to her a keener pang than that she endured when her best gifts, gifts by which she had hoped to win friends and playmates for her lonely childhood, were thrown back to her as valueless, and she herself was treated with what seemed to her haughty contempt. There had, no doubt, been a little of a boy's contemptuous disregard of girlish sentiment in Edward Seaforth's manifestations of feeling; but he was gentle though quick in temper, and too sympathetic not to feel the genuine sorrow in the child's cry. In an instant he had taken her in his arms, and, though she struggled violently for a while, she gradually yielded to his caresses and endearing words, and it was not long before she was led by him to his home, to carry one of Mrs. Simmonds's loveliest moss-roses to his mother, and to invite his sisters to come over and play with her.

From this day Edward Seaforth became Ellen's counsellor and guide, as well as the object on whom she expended all her girlish enthusiasm, while, even perhaps more than he was himself aware, by the unconscious flattery of the open-hearted child, he thought no one so pretty, so graceful, or so true-hearted as his little Nellie. So they grew up side by side, lovers ere they dreamed of love. Mr. Law's attention was first excited to the state of his daughter's affections by his brother, Mr. Benjamin Law, a shrewd merchant, whose one dominant passion was ambition—the ambition not of place or name, but of high social position, of a position from which he might look down on those who had been his equals or his superiors. For this he had toiled, for this he had rejoiced over every new accession of wealth. Wealth he had gained, wealth which he would once have deemed fabulous, yet his grand desire was still unattained. His wife shared his ambition, but could do little to gratify it, for she was neither young nor beautiful, nor did she possess that charm of manner which sometimes eclipses both youth and beauty. From their lonely though luxurious house they saw with covetous eyes the simple home of Mr. Charles Law, graced by a daughter whose attractions drew to it all that was desirable in the society of L——.

"If she were only brought out properly," they said to each other, and to her father, "she would make a great match."

"She will marry a good man, I hope," was the father's response.

"She will marry Edward Seaforth if you do not take care to prevent it!" exclaimed Mr. Benjamin Law, with something of the tone and manner with which he might have announced his conviction that his niece would one day be hung. The blood rushed for an instant to Mr. Charles Law's pale face, then his eyes turned with more than usual tenderness in their expression to the garden walk where a moment before he had seen his daughter with Edward Seaforth beside her. They were still moving about among the flowers, and, chancing to look up, they caught his glance, to which Edward replied with a smiling bow, and Ellen with a kiss waved to him from her white fingers.

"You surely would not consent to that," said Mr. Benjamin Law, bending his keen, sharp eyes on his brother's placid face.

"Why should I object? I know not where I should find a better man, or one whose youth has given promise of a nobler manhood."

"Nonsense! You talk like a child, Charles; Ellen is beautiful, and if she were only taken to New York, and properly introduced into society there, she might marry so as to secure a social position of which we should all be proud. I have no child, Charles, and I have always felt as if Ellen were mine as well as yours. If you will only say the word, I will take a house in New York for this winter, and be at all the expense of her outfit. What do you say to it?"

Mr. Charles Law stretched out a thin, white hand to his brother, as he replied: "Thank you, Ben, I see the world has not spoiled you—your heart is warm and kind as ever; but I cannot go with you to New York. I am fast going to a better home—then Ellen will be yours altogether. I know you will do all you can for her." He paused, and his brother pressed the hand he had continued to hold, saying:

"Cheer up, Charles, you will be better when this chill autumn is over, and if we must not go to the city for the winter, I will take you and Ellen to Saratoga in the summer, and you will see what a sensation she will make there. You will see her name in the newspapers yet, as the belle of the season."

Mr. Charles Law's face clouded as he said: "I hope not, I covet no such honors for my child; I would rather see her—" he paused abruptly, for Ellen entered, bringing with her into the darkened parlor, as it seemed to both brothers, the brightness of the sunlight and the beauty of the flowers through which she had been moving.

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"What have you done with Edward?" asked Mr. Law, as, having greeted her uncle warmly, Ellen seated herself at the foot of the couch on which he was reclining.

"He has gone home to take tea with his mother, but he will be here before bedtime for his game of backgammon with you, papa."

"Could not his mother take her tea without him?" asked Mr. Benjamin Law, with something in his tone that brought the hot color into Ellen's cheeks. She might have betrayed her irritation in words, but her father prevented this by answering quietly:

"Edward is going away very soon to the Far West, where he has been employed as engineer of a projected railway. His mother, of course, hates to part with him, and covets every hour of his society while he is here."

"He has been employed as engineer of a railway! Why, that's a great thing for such a young man. What railway is it?"

"I really do not know where it begins; but it is to be a branch of the great Pacific Railway, and I believe it is to have one terminus on Lake Superior."

"Ah! I know. Why, I have stock in that concern."

Ellen saw, when her uncle had left them, that her father was more than usually silent; and, thinking that he was weary, she brought the tea-table close to his couch, and hastened to give him the cup of tea, which always cheered him, but which, this evening, seemed to have lost its power, for all Ellen's little playful words and wiles won from him only a languid smile.

"Dear papa," she said, at last, "you look so tired—I will not let Edward come in to-night."

"I am not tired, darling," Mr. Law replied, as he drew her down and kissed her tenderly; "and I must see Edward. I think I shall send you to sit with Mrs. Seaforth while he is here, for I want to see him alone."

"Oh, papa! have you secrets from me?"

"Perhaps these are Edward's secrets," said Mr. Law, with a gayer smile.

"If they are," answered Ellen, saucily, "I shall soon hear them."

She did soon hear them; and, when she lay down to sleep that night, it was as Edward Seaforth's affianced wife. The wooing had been short.

"Ellen, I have loved you always—from the hour when you stood beside me, a tearful child, and let me see that the tears were not for the wounded hand, but for the heart bruised by having its generous gifts slighted, and its offered friendship rejected, I have loved you; but I would not have dared to seek you as my wife, had not your father encouraged me. Will you be as generous as he, Ellen? Will you be my own, Ellen—my wife?"

However the answer was given, it must have been satisfactory, for, after nearly an hour had passed, during which they paced the garden-walks under the starlit sky, exchanging those whispered words, more eloquent than any other form of speech, Edward Seaforth reëntered the room in which he had left Mr. Law, and, leading Ellen, blushing and agitated, to the couch on which he still reclined, said, "She is mine, sir. I must try to thank you by my life; I cannot by my words."

"You must thank God, my children," said Mr. Law, as he held out one hand to Edward, and, passing the other arm around Ellen, drew her down beside him, and laid his hand gently on her head, while she hid her face against his shoulder. "Do not forget that God was the author of marriage. Our human laws make it a life-bond; but to me it seems to have been intended as a union which not even death shall wholly dissolve, but which shall exist in a modified form in that world where I hope soon to meet—" His voice fell, and he paused a moment, as if to gather breath, then resumed, "my wife—your mother, Ellen."

Such was the betrothal of Ellen Law and Edward Seaforth. Mr. Benjamin Law heard it with a smile which his sensitive brother felt was not one of satisfaction. "I presume," he said, "Mr. Seaforth will not delay his Western journey for his marriage?"

"There will be no delaying on Edward's part."

Mr. Benjamin Law was determined there should not be; and that day's mail from L—— to New York carried a letter from him to some of the directors of the projected railway, the result of which was a polite request from these gentlemen to Mr. Seaforth to begin his operations as soon as possible.

"I never shrank from a duty before," said Edward Seaforth, as he communicated this to Ellen; "but it is hard to part with my Nellie—doubly hard now, when I fear—" He stopped abruptly; then, as abruptly, drawing her closer to him, whispered, "Darling, do you know what I fear?"

"My father—but oh, Ned, I cannot part from him and from you too; it is too much!" And Ellen, clasping her hands on his shoulder, rested her head on them, and wept with all the abandonment of childhood; for, in many respects, she was, indeed, still a child. Edward Seaforth could only soothe her by caresses; his voice was too unsteady for speech. A feeble call from the inner room startled them.

"Let me go to your father, Nellie; it will grieve him to see your red eyes, and I must tell him of my going. Compose yourself, darling, for his sake as well as for mine, and come to us as soon as you can."

Mr. Law heard what Edward Seaforth had to say in a silence which remained unbroken for some minutes after he had ceased to speak.

"And when do you go?" he asked, at length.

"This is Friday—I have some business to attend to for my mother, which will require a day or two—I think I cannot get off before Tuesday afternoon."

"And it may be months before you can return again, and in a few weeks my poor child may be left fatherless."

"I hope not, sir—I hope not," Edward Seaforth ejaculated. But Mr. Law scarcely seemed to hear him; he resumed:

"My brother will be kind to her; but—" He paused again, then, laying his hand on Edward, said, earnestly, "My son, you love Ellen?"

"As truly, sir, as you loved her mother."

"I believe it. Then I do you no wrong in asking that you will give her a claim to your name and your protection before you leave her. You are going on Tuesday afternoon—why not be married on Tuesday morning, quietly, here by my bedside, with only your mother and sisters, and my brother and his wife, for witnesses? I shall die happier, Ned, for knowing that she is yours—that no will of man can separate you. You are willing to give me this pleasure, my son?"

"More than willing, dear sir—dear father," said Ned, with a husky voice, pressing his lips on the hand Mr. Law still rested upon his arm; "it will fulfil my dearest wish, if Ellen will consent."

"She will, dear child; she never denied me any thing in her life. Call her to me; I am impatient to have it arranged."

Ellen came, heard her father's wish, and, with pale face and quivering lips, restraining with difficulty the tears which she dared not shed, declared herself ready to do as he desired. It was not till months after that she remembered she had been asked, and Edward that she had consented, for her father's sake.

It was not within the walls of a cathedral, along whose "fretted vault" rolled the solemn tones of the organ, while costly trains of silk and velvet swept its long-drawn aisles, that Ellen Law and Edward Seaforth took the vows that bound them to each other "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death should them part." Yet the scene, if it had less that impressed the senses, could boast an adjunct far more powerful to touch the heart, and to purify and deepen its emotions, than any we have named. They stood consciously in a presence before whose awful majesty the crowned king must bow. None could doubt who looked on Mr. Charles Law that the shadow of Death was already hovering over him. It was with this conviction that Edward Seaforth, in bidding adieu to his two hours' wife, exacted a promise from her that she would telegraph to him if at any time she felt the need of his presence. "Remember," he said, "that my first duty in life is now to you."

"And must you leave me, Edward—leave me with this great terror? I can never need you more than now."

This was spoken with sobs that half stifled speech. Edward pressed her with almost convulsive energy to his heart, and pressed his lips again and again to her bowed head, as he said, "My darling, I have tried to free myself from this engagement, but they would not let me off, declaring that, to find another engineer and instruct him in regard to their plans, would cause a delay ruinous to their expectations, as others would, in that case, be in the field before them. Even then I would have made another effort, at least to postpone my going; but your father would not consent—he thinks it would be wrong, and says I must not make you, Heaven's best gift to me, an excuse for neglect of duty."

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And so they parted—he, for the work which wrinkles the brow and tasks the physical energies—she, for the struggle which presses the life-blood from the heart—he, for action—she, to sit still and suffer—whose was the harder part?

The cloud settled swiftly down on Mr. Law, and, long ere the roses of his garden were again in bloom, he was lying beneath the churchyard-mould. He had passed peacefully away, seeming to feel, after Ellen's marriage, that his earthly work was done. At the time of his death, Ellen begged her uncle to send a telegram to her husband, urging him to come to her, "if only for a day," she said; "I cannot live without seeing him." Mr. Benjamin Law would have reasoned on the impossibility of her husband's leaving his work; but, to all he said, she only answered: "I must see him—I must see him, or I shall die."

"Young people do not die so easily as they think," said Mr. Benjamin Law to himself, as he penned the telegram: "My brother is gone; Ellen, well; think you had better not come on; may bring her to you soon."

"Have you sent my telegram?" asked Ellen, when she saw him next.

"I telegraphed immediately on leaving you," was the reply, received by her without a suspicion of its containing any thing equivocal.

"When do you think it will reach Edward?"

"He ought to have it now."

"Do you not think he will send me a telegram before he sets out?"

"Oh yes! if he comes."

"Oh, I know he will come."

And so she waited and watched for the telegram; and, when that day and another passed without bringing it, she said: "A train must have been just leaving D——, and he would not wait to telegraph. How soon can he be here?"

"In three days," was the answer; and so she waited and watched again. Three days—four days passed—and then she said: "He must have been absent, and did not get the telegram."

The next day brought her a letter. Her pale face grew paler as she recognized the writing, for it told her that he was not coming. The contents did not seem to make her more cheerful. And yet, of what could she complain? She asked herself the question more than once, and could find no answer. Tender pity breathed in every word; but, was it not a little strange, she asked herself, that he seemed never to have thought of coming to her, or, if that were impossible, of sending for her—"surely, I am to be with him now," she thought, while a faint color rose to her white cheek. In the mean time her uncle, who had devoted himself to her with the tenderest assiduity, and had induced her to remove to his house, leaving Mrs. Simmonds in the old home, was full of admiration of Edward's prudence. "He had never done him justice," he said; "he did not know another young man who would have shown such wisdom, such self-command." Poor Ellen! she could not speak the feelings which such remarks awakened; no—not even to Edward himself—least of all, perhaps, to him could she say that she began to fear she was an unloved wife, and to wish that her father had not urged Edward, as she feared he had done, to an immediate marriage. It could scarcely be that these thoughts should not cast their shadow on her communications to her husband, for she was a simple girl, and knew not how to feign; and Edward Seaforth too soon began to fear, in his turn, that his young wife's heart had never been his. "She would have done any thing to please her father *then*," he said.

It must not be supposed that he had willingly remained absent from Ellen, even though the telegraphic dispatch, sent by Mr. Benjamin Law, had been so far changed, before it reached him, as to read "thinks" for think," making it appear to be Ellen's desire that he should not come to her. This doubtless arrested his first impulse to set out for L—— without a moment's delay; but, though he could not flatter himself that she felt his presence necessary to her well-being, he was none the less determined to go to her as soon as he could do so without sacrificing the interests of the company in whose employment he was engaged. Again and again this determination was defeated. At one time, when he was on the point of starting, a letter from the company suggested some immediate operations, which could not be trusted to a deputy; at another he was met, on his way to the cars, by one of the superintendents he had appointed, who expressed strong fears of a "strike" among the men. In writing to Ellen, after this second disappointment, he said: "It is almost as if an invisible hand was keeping us asunder." Her letter, in reply, was so coldly ceremonious; she spoke of her uncle's kindness, his sympathy with her grief, so warmly, and so earnestly begged that her husband would give himself no trouble on her account, that Edward could stand it no longer.

"There is something at work which I do not see," he said; "can it be her uncle? I thought at one time he did not like me; I will go at once, if I lose my place: what is it worth to me without my Nellie?"

He threw some clothes into portmanteau, sent a telegram to Ellen —"I shall be in L—— on Thursday next; meet me at my father's," and started. The journey was one of three days and nights. He arrived at L—— at noon of Thursday, and hurried to his home. Eagerly he looked to the door, the windows, as he approached the well-remembered house. The three months that had passed since he left L——, vanished from his memory; she was again the bride of an hour, clinging to him with bashful love; his heart beat fast, and his quickened steps soon bore him to the door. He rang the bell once, twice. The servant came with tardy steps; she was a stranger, and did not understand his agitated questions. Hastily pushing her aside, he entered the study where his father sat, busy on his next Sunday's sermon.

"Why, Ned, you here?" was the surprised salûtation he received.

"Father, where is Ellen?"

"Ellen! Why, my dear boy, we hoped she had gone to you. Have you not heard from her?"

"Heard from her!" he repeated. "Father, I cannot understand; what does it all mean?" and he sank into a chair, with an air of such hopeless dejection and bewilderment that the good Dr. Seaforth was startled out of his accustomed calmness, and came to him, exclaiming: "Do not be alarmed, Ned; it is only some mistake that will be easily rectified, I hope. All I know is that, not having seen Ellen, or heard from her for two days, your mother went yesterday to Mr. Law's, and learned from Mrs. Law that Ellen had set out on a journey with her uncle, Monday evening. They would not tell her where they were going, but she felt no uneasiness, as they seemed in excellent spirits, especially Ellen, who left a message for us that she had not time to see us, but would write to us soon."

Edward heard without any lightening of the cloud that hung over him. He rose suddenly, saying, "I must see Mrs. Law."

"But your mother, Ned?"

He was already at the door. "I will be back directly, but I must see to the bottom of this; till I have done that, I can think of nothing else." The words were flung back to his father, as it were, while he hastened across the piazza, and down the steps.

He saw Mrs. Law, questioned and cross-questioned, but could elicit nothing more, except that she believed there was something said about a telegram.

"Could Ellen be fleeing from him?" he asked himself, and grew half-frantic at the suggestion. He would follow her, but whither? Perhaps he could learn something of her at the railroad depot—there was but one in the little town.

Thither he hastened. The ticket-office was open; a train of cars was to leave in ten minutes.

Mr. Law was well known in L——, and the depot-master, after a little hesitation, remembered that he had sold him two tickets on Monday—he believed for this very train—yes; he was sure it was for this train—to Albany.

"Give me a ticket!" and, snatching it with frantic eagerness, Edward Seaforth sprang into the cars, just as they moved from the depot. Mr. Law would hardly have found his admiration excited at this moment by the young husband's singular calmness of mind.

Travelling by railway, in pursuit of those who have started three days before you, is not calculated to quiet the emotions or keep the brain clear, especially if the chase has been preceded by three days and nights of travel and excitement. At Albany, the confusion already existing in his mind was "worse confounded" by contradictory reports, till he was thrown back upon a chance-word dropped by the conductor of the train from L——, that Mr. Law had spoken of going West—he believed to Illinois. This was a gleam of light, and with new hope he sped back to D——, sending back a few pencilled lines to his mother to relieve her anxiety, promising to write her more at large from D——, whither he also forwarded a telegram for Ellen. With

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yet greater agitation, but less assurance than he had experienced at L——, he approached the house in which he hoped to find his wife. Even the dull eyes of his landlady discovered the change that had passed over him, and she exclaimed, as he entered, "Why, Mr. Seaforth! What *is* the matter with you?"

He did not even hear the question, but asked, nervously, "Is any one waiting for me?"

"No, sir. I don't think they looked for you so soon."

"Are there no letters for me?"

"Oh, yes, sir; here's two. That must be for you, I s'pose."

She pointed to a telegram. Without looking at the address, he tore it open. It was his telegram to Ellen, "Wait for me." He dropped it, and, sinking into a chair, quite forgetful of the landlady's presence, turned to his letter. It was from Mr. Law, and enclosed a second sheet in an envelope. The letter was not long, a few seconds sufficed to read and reread it. It contained the following lines:

"Edward Seaforth—*Sir:* My niece having withdrawn from L——, to avoid the meeting which she could not have denied you on your late visit to that place, you will, I think, be prepared to learn that she desires nothing so much as a severance of those ties by which her father, in the weakness of mind caused by long illness, so rashly bound you both. Fortunately, your immediate departure, and the seclusion in which she has lived, has prevented the marriage from being widely known, and yet, more fortunately, you are residing in a State where divorces are easily obtained without publicity. Ellen asks, as a last favor, that you will not attempt to communicate with her directly on this subject, and that you will guard her name, as far as possible, from exposure to scandal. Enclosed is a power of attorney, signed by her, which you can fill up with the name of any lawyer you think proper to employ. As the divorce is sought solely on the ground that the marriage was contracted while she was a minor, under undue influence, I presume there will be no opposition offered. Ellen's signature has been witnessed by Mrs. Simmonds, but, lest you should still have any doubt, I have appended to it my attestation of its genuineness taken by a notary. I think you will agree with me, that the sooner this disagreeable business is concluded, the better for all. I shall take Ellen to Europe immediately after we are notified of her freedom, and, before you meet again, every thing that could make a meeting disagreeable to either will, I hope, be forgotten. Yours, respectfully,

"B. Law."

We have said that this was read and reread in a few seconds. This rereading was indeed necessary to convince Edward Seaforth that his eyes had not played him false. When convinced of this, he turned to the enclosure. He did not read the paper—he knew its contents—but he examined every turn of Ellen's signature, of Mrs. Simmonds's; he read carefully Mr. Law's attestation, and, muttering "I do not think he would lay himself open to a charge of perjury," stuffed the papers into his pocket, and, never hearing his landlady's remonstrances, proceeded at once to the office of a well-known lawyer of D——. His business there was soon arranged. There would be no difficulty, the lawyer declared. The lady's petition would be presented by a legal friend, whom he would instruct; he would assure the court that his client, Mr. Seaforth, would make no objection, and it would, of course, be granted, and "the bill of costs—"

"Will be sent to me, of course," interrupted Edward Seaforth.

"Very well, just as you please; it will not be much. To untie the marriage-knot is fortunately about the easiest thing we are called upon to do."

Edward Seaforth scarcely heard him. Quite another voice was ringing in his ears, uttering quite other words: "A union which not even Death shall dissolve." For an instant, the past rushed back upon him, and his broad chest heaved with a great sob; but he mastered the agony, rose, and walked stumblingly toward the door.

"Stop, sir; here is your hat."

He went out, and, walking on like a man in a dream, found his way, he could scarcely have told how, to his lonely room, always dull enough, and which had now lost even the light of hope.

He was summoned to tea by his landlady, but, making no answer to the summons, was supposed to be sleeping off his fatigue, and was left undisturbed.

The next morning, his landlady grew anxious, and, entering his room, found him in a raging fever, muttering wild, delirious fancies, or making confused, half-intelligible replies to her questions.

A physician was called in, who declared the case an alarming one—brain-fever. "Mr. Seaforth's friends," he said, "should be instantly written for." Through an inquisitive clerk at the village post-office, it was discovered that Mr. Seaforth corresponded most frequently with a Dr. Seaforth and a Mrs. Edward Seaforth, both living, as it appeared, at L——, in Connecticut. "Better not write to the lady. She may be one of the hysterical sort, and only complicate matters by getting ill herself."

So the physician wrote to Dr. Seaforth, and, within a week, Edward's father and mother were beside him.

They found him still fevered and delirious, and, when he woke into consciousness, the strong man had become as the little child. All that had immediately preceded his illness seemed blotted from his memory. A call from his son's lawyer had made Dr. Seaforth aware of the proceedings commenced for the obtaining his divorce from Ellen. He asked to see the papers, and the lawyer showed him not only the power of attorney and the petition presented, but the letter of Mr. Law to Edward Seaforth, which had been dropped in his office. Under the circumstances, he did not hesitate to read it. Never was man so amazed. Ellen wish to be divorced from her husband! Ellen, the simple-hearted child, who had wept so often and so passionately for his continued absence!

The more he thought, the more unaccountable it seemed. He called his wife, whose quicker perceptions had often guided him aright. She read the legal documents without apparently the least understanding of their contents, at least so her husband thought from her silence, though he might have read some meaning in her compressed lip and the color that rose slowly to her pale cheek.

"Nothing else?" she asked, when she gave them back.

"Yes, this," and he handed her Mr. Law's letter.

She read it rapidly. "The wily serpent!" she exclaimed, in a tone that expressed as much of scorn as those few words could bear.

"Do you call Ellen—our frank-hearted Ellen—by such a name?" asked her husband.

"Ellen! No; the poor, simple child; she has had nothing to do with this. I doubt if she knows any thing about it. Her uncle is the serpent, or rather the fox. He thinks he has stopped every avenue by which his double-dealing—his windings and turnings—may be detected; and those poor young fools—" Suddenly, her humor changed. She covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud: "My boy—my noble boy—so true himself—how could he suspect others? And he lies there, slain by that bad man as much as if he had driven steel through his heart."

"But, my dear wife, let us hope still; our boy may recover," said the good doctor.

"Yes, he will recover," she said, rising, and speaking with cheerful confidence. "God forgive me for my faithlessness! This illness has been a blessed providence to unmask secret villany, and restore two trusting hearts to each other."

And in this persuasion she rested, and so successful was she in impressing it on others, that even the legal gentlemen judged it wise to stay proceedings till they could obtain further instructions from the principals, while Dr. Seaforth determined to leave her with Edward, and returned to L——, that he might communicate her husband's condition to Ellen, and, if her heart was indeed, as they hoped, true to him, might bring her back with him to D——.

He was spared this journey, however; for, within a few hours of the time appointed for his setting out, Ellen arrived, accompanied by good Mrs. Simmonds.

To account for this, we must take the reader back to L——. Mr. Law had kept his niece away from home, under various pretexts, as long as he could, though never so far away but that they could receive their letters within a few hours of their delivery in L——. This had been done to satisfy Ellen, she having declared that the journey, professedly undertaken for her health, would do her more harm than good if she could not receive her letters regularly. She had written to Edward, informing him of her absence and its cause, but, of course, her letter was not sent by Mr. Law. Very reluctantly did her uncle consent to return with her to L—— about a week after Dr. and Mrs. Seaforth had been summoned to their son. He had hoped to keep Ellen away till the decree of divorce had been obtained, when he believed that wounded pride would bar all intercourse with the family of her husband, and so his own agency in procuring it would remain unknown to her. But Ellen, submissive as she was in general, sometimes grew restive, and asserted her own will, and her will was then

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decidedly to go home; for she was sure there must be letters from Edward awaiting her there. When disappointed in this expectation, she broke down completely, declared herself ill, and kept her room. This exactly suited Mr. Law, and he immediately gave orders to Mrs. Law, and through her to the servants, that no one should be admitted to her room. Accordingly, when the sisters of Edward Seaforth called, they were met by Mrs. Law, who condoled with them on the intelligence they brought of their brother's illness, but declared that she dared not admit them to Ellen, who was herself too ill to bear any agitation. They went, but scarcely had Mrs. Law time to congratulate herself on their departure, when Mrs. Simmonds appeared, and she was not so easily got rid of. Quiet as she ordinarily was, there was, when occasion demanded it, an air of resolution about Mrs. Simmonds which made even Mr. Law doubt the practicability of changing her purpose, when she said, after hearing all that could be told of the importance of keeping Mrs. Seaforth tranquil, "Now I will go to Ellen."

"I beg, I entreat of you, Mrs. Simmonds, if you must see her, at least to be careful not to speak of her husband's illness, or of his foolish rushing here the other day, and rushing away again. Pray promise me this."

"Excuse me, Mr. Law; I cannot promise till I have seen Ellen. I know not what it would be right to tell, and what to withhold."

Mr. Law could scarcely restrain the outward expression of his rage, but he endeavored to speak with calmness, as he said: "I will let my niece know you are here."

"That is hardly necessary," Mrs. Simmonds answered, passing him on the stairs with a face as a summer's sea, and closing the door of Ellen's room upon him.

Mr. Law's was not an enviable state of mind as he waited and listened. He had not to wait long.

Ellen's bell rang violently—then her door was opened, and her voice was heard calling to her maid, "Marie, Marie—quick—get me a carriage!"

Mr. Law ran up-stairs. Mrs. Simmonds was on her knees, packing Ellen's trunk. Ellen was tying on her bonnet, with trembling fingers.

"What are you going to do, Ellen, my child? This excitement will kill you."

"Not so surely as the belief that my husband had forgotten me was doing. Oh, uncle, did you think you could separate those whom God had joined together? I am going to my husband, if, indeed, I have a husband—if he is gone, O God! how shall I forgive you?"

Mr. Law saw at that moment how little he had known the heart of his niece when he had supposed he could transfer her, like some beautiful ornament, to his home.

Ellen was several days in D—— before the physicians considered it safe that Edward should see her, though she had often, in that time, been permitted to look upon his sleeping face. Before they met, all had been explained to him, and their meeting was with a fulness of delight that left them, for some time, but little power of speech. At last, Ellen exclaimed: "O Edward, did you think any human power could sever the bond of a true marriage like ours? No, no, my husband; I am your true wife, and that means that I am yours always; your cross or your crown, as you will."

How he answered her, we will leave the reader to imagine.

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GIULIA GRISI.
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GIULIA GRISI.

TO almost every musical amateur of the present generation the name of Giulia Grisi stands as the highest type of the lyric actress. In the leading operas of the day, excepting those by Gounod, her voice has been heard, while her genius has stamped with peculiar individuality the creations of Donizetti, Bellini, and Meyerbeer. All these masters of musical art had preceded her to the tomb; and now the voice of the "singing-woman" who gave vitality to their inspirations is mute forever.

There is a conflict of opinion as to the date of Grisi's birth, some of her numerous biographers stating it to be July 2, 1812, and others putting it four years later—in 1816. But, in either case, her public career extends far back enough to connect her with Pasta and Grassini, and even Mara, who for long years have only been traditional names in the history of art. It is unnecessary here to give a detailed account of her life, and we would now only hurriedly glance at her earlier triumphs, reserving more space for her American career.

Her aunt was Grassini, who was in 1804 the reigning singer in Paris, and was appointed by Napoleon directress of the Paris Opera. Talma said of this great artiste that he had never seen an actress endowed with a physiognomy so expressive, or with features so mobile. The Grecian outline of her profile, her beautiful forehead, rich black hair and eyebrows, superb dark eyes, and magnificent figure, all aided to form "that astonishing *ensemble* of perfections which Nature had collected in her, as if to renew all her gifts in one person." She died in 1850, at the advanced age of eighty-five years.

The fame of Grassini was naturally enough the peculiar pride of the family to which she and Grisi belonged; and Giuditta Grisi, an elder sister of Giulia, emulated her by going on the stage in her eighteenth year, and in time becoming a noted singer at Milan, Parma, Florence, Genoa, Venice, and Paris. Giulia was a delicate child, and was never intended for the stage; but, with scarcely any musical instruction, she was accustomed to imitate her sister, and her talent became so marked that in her fourteenth year she was placed in the Conservatory of her native town of Milan. Here, and at Bologna, she studied under the best masters of her day; and at the latter place, when in her seventeenth year, she made her first appearance on the stage in the minor part of *Emma*, in Rossini's "Zelmira." Her success was so great that a Florentine impressario offered her an engagement for six years, at an absurdly low rate, and in her inexperience, not knowing her real value, she signed the contract. In 1829, she sang in "Il Barbiere;" and in the same year a now forgotten composer, named Milototti, wrote for her an equally forgotten opera called "La Sposa di Provincia."

Bellini was then a young composer beginning to attract attention. He had just written, for her sister Giuditta, his opera, "I Montecchi ed i Capuletti," a work based on Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," and, though but little known here, very popular in Italy. In this the two sisters appeared at Venice. Giulia also sang in Vaccai's "Romeo e Giuletta," and was considered a perfect realization of *Juliet*. She next sang at Bologna and Pisa, in Pacini's "Vestale," and in the "Semiramide," "Otello," and "Tancredi," of Rossini. For her *début* at Milan, "Il Corsare," an opera by Pacini, on the subject of Byron's "Corsair," was selected. Here she made the friendship of Pasta, who predicted her future fame, and declared that she would be in time the recognized successor of herself and Grassini.

In 1831, at Milan, there was an event of more than usual significance in the operatic world. Two rival companies were playing in the city, and, there being a demand for novelty, Bellini with difficulty managed to get his opera of "Norma" put on the stage. Amateurs here who are familiar with this superb work, who have heard it with La Grange, Cortesi, Medori, Gazzaniga, Zucchi, Briol, and the numberless other lyric artistes who have essayed the leading part, will scarcely understand how such a work could have been accepted only with reluctance, how the earlier acts could be received in dead silence, or how the *Casta Diva*, though sung by Pasta, could elicit no applause. Yet so it was; and only the duets for the two sopranos, Pasta and Grisi (the latter taking the part of *Andalgisa*), saved the opera from failure.

Grisi soon after this felt an ambition to play *Norma* herself, and confided her aspirations to Bellini, who put her off coldly, by telling her to "wait twenty years." Long before that time, however, she had assumed the part so peculiarly associated with her name.

In 1832 Grisi broke her Italian engagement, and ran away to Paris, crossing the Alps in the uncomfortable diligences of the day. Here she joined her aunt Grassini, and appeared before a Parisian audience in "Semiramide," at once winning general regard. In "Don Giovanni" at this period she used to take the part of *Zerlina*. In 1833 she undertook "*Anna Bolena*," and *Ninetta* in the "Gazza Ladra;" and later in the same year she sang *Donna Anna* in "Don Giovanni," and became fairly recognized as a great prima donna.

Bellini wrote his last opera, "Puritani," in 1834, for Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, and its success was immediate; but, on its production a few months later by the same singers in London, the work was denounced as weak and ineffective, though Grisi's great abilities were at once acknowledged.

For the next twenty years Grisi alternated between London and Paris, with occasional visits to St Petersburg. Her fame constantly increased, but *Norma* was ever her favorite part, and her exquisite singing of the "Casta Diva" won for her the title of "La Diva" (literally "The Goddess"), which has since been often applied to prominent prima donnas, and which is to-day given by the foreign critics to Adelina Patti. During this long period of ascendency at the leading capitals of the world, Grisi sang in all the prominent operas of the time. In 1839 "Lucrezia Borgia" was produced, and in this rich and sensuous lyric drama she made a success only equalled by her "Norma," or her "Semiramide." Many operas were written for her, and all classes of characters, from the tragic to the comic she essayed, never knowing what it was to fail. In the latter line, her *Norina*, *Susannah*, and *Rosina*, were her leading successes; and in tragic opera, besides the parts mentioned, may be noted *Alice* in "Robert le Diable," *Leonora* in "La Favorita," and, above all, *Valentina* in the "Huguenots." Of course, this list includes but a tithe of the parts which she assumed, for to give them all would be to give a list of all the most admired operas of Bellini, Donizetti, Pacini, Mozart, Verdi, and Mercadante.

In 1854, Mr. Hackett, the well-known *Falstaff* of the American stage, engaged Grisi and Mario—who had for years been associated with her—for a season in this country; and these two magnificent artistes appeared on the evening of the 18th of August, at Castle Garden, in "Lucrezia Borgia." They were here the excitement of the day. The prices of admission to the so-called opera-house were largely increased, but the place was crowded; and, on that memorable evening, the two world-renowned singers fully justified all their reputation. Grisi was at this time in the full ripeness of her powers, and had arrived at that point when an operatic artiste, feeling that she has passed the zenith, is impelled to greater efforts than ever before. Flippant critics have said that Grisi came to America only after she had ceased to attract in Europe; but this is not so. Her foot was just beginning

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to tread the down-hill road, but the summit was not yet out of sight.

After her engagement at Castle Garden, Grisi took a brief recess; and, on the evening of October 2, 1854, the Academy of Music, on Irving Place, was first opened to the public with "Norma." It will be an interesting tradition in the history of this establishment that it was inaugurated by an artist whose reputation is historical in the annals of music. On this occasion Mario was the *Pollio*, Susini the *Oroveso*, and a young Irish girl named O'Donovan—Italianized into Donovani—took the part of *Adalgisa*. Grisi next appeared in "Puritani," supported by Mario, Susini, and Badiali—a magnificent cast, which has never since been equalled. In "Lucrezia Borgia" she was aided by Mario as *Gennaro*, Susini as *Alfonso*, and Vietti Vertiprach as *Orsini;* in "Favorita" by Mario as *Fernando*, Badiali as the *King*, and Susini as *Baltasar*; in "Semiramide" by Mario as *Idreno* (a trifling part for so renowned a singer), Vietti as *Arsaces*, Badiali as *Assur*, and Susini as *Oroe;* in "Don Pasquale" by Mario as *Ernesto*, Badiali as *Malatesta*, and Rocco as *Pasquale*. One solitary performance of "La Sonnambula" was given—Grisi, though a mature woman, personating with exquisite grace the village maiden *Amina*, and appearing almost as young as a girl of seventeen. This was altogether one of the most remarkable operatic seasons ever known in America, and in completeness of detail has never been since surpassed.

Grisi and Mario sang in this country some seventy nights, and their salaries amounted to £17,000, Mr. Hackett clearing a profit on his contract of some sixty thousand dollars. Returning to Europe, Grisi again sang in the leading capitals; but her star had culminated. After a quarter of a century of uninterrupted triumph, she began to experience the inevitable results of years. Still in the prime of life and vigor, and intellectually better calculated than ever to win the applauses of admiring crowds, the singer found her voice failing her. She was reluctant herself to appreciate the fact, and, after experiencing the neglect or cold patronage of the younger critics, and the fresh generation of opera-goers in London, she went to Paris, where her dramatic energy was better appreciated; and, to a great degree, supplied the place of other lost and fading charms. In 1859, she went to Madrid, where, in "Norma," this transcendant artiste was hissed off the stage. The affair led to the suspension of the opera season, then under the management of Mario. She subsequently made efforts to secure other engagements, and was partially successful, up to as late as 1865, when the defects in her voice were so obvious that she was obliged to withdraw. It was saddening and humiliating to see this great singer, once sought after and *fêted* by the capitals and courts of Europe, persisting in submitting to inevitable comparisons with younger and fresher favorites. But Grisi was miserable off the stage. Unlike Pasta and others of her predecessors, she could not reconcile herself to leaving to others the operatic field she had so long and successfully gleaned. Pasta, in the quiet retreat of her villa on Lake Como, where she solaced her old age by feeding chickens, and receiving the visits of those who knew of her only as a traditionary vocalist, often advised Grisi to retire ere she did; but the *Norma*, the *Lucrezia*, the *Valentine*, of former years, could not forsake her chosen pursuits till almost driven from the stage.

We remember having heard her in 1864 during one of her last engagements in London, and after she had taken a "farewell" of the stage. The opera was Verdi's "Trovatore," and the cast was worthy of one of the most celebrated opera-houses of Europe. Grisi, on appearing on the scene, was received with a few rounds of applause far different from those she had evoked in earlier and brighter years. The opening recitative was phrased in the artistic style which Grisi ever possessed, and the rich and original melody *Tacea la notte* was sung with exquisite finish and taste, though lacking in vocal power. In the succeeding *allegro* movement, the deficiencies of the once great prima donna were specially noticeable, and the rapid *staccato* passages produced the painful effect of being far beyond the capabilities of the singer. In the trio, which closes the act, the same lack of power was manifest. In the second act *Leonora* only sings in the concerted pieces, and Grisi's performance here was satisfactory, but not at all surprising when compared with that of later prima donnas, and notably with La Grange, who made out of the phrase *Sei tu dal cielo disceso* more than any other representative of the part. In the last act, however, Grisi suddenly shone out with resplendent beauty. It seemed as if all her old vigor and grandeur had returned, and she was again La Diva who, for season after season, entranced and excited the most exacting audiences in the world. In the wild heart-breaking pleadings of *Leonora* in the *Miserere* scene, there was a depth of pathos which was indescribable, and produced a marked effect on the audience; but her chiefest triumph was reserved for the duet with *di Luna*, where *Leonora* pleads for the life of her lover. In the phrase *di acerbe lagrime* there was a despairing frenzy in her very voice and in the subsequent ejaculations with which she receives the count's assurances of his implacable hatred for *Manrico*, there was a dignity of tragic grandeur, which must have surpassed even the intentions of the composer. Grisi's performance at this point was a flash of genius worthy of her best days, and raised to a memorable event in the recollections of the hearers a representation which was in other points painfully open to criticism.

This was one of the last public appearances of the great prima donna. Shortly after this, she went to Florence, where she—or rather her husband, Mario—owned a charming villa on the heights of Fiesolé. Here she has, of late, spent a great part of her time, though still retaining her affection for the north of Europe. Her recent death occurred during a visit to Berlin.

The private life of Grisi does not accord with the received views of American society. She was married, at an early age, to a French gentleman named De Meley, but, for many years back, has been the wife of the tenor Mario. She leaves several children, and a reputation as an artiste which will long live in operatic annals. Her voice, in its best days, was noted for an exquisite purity and evenness of tone, extending two octaves from C to upper C, without break or change of register. At first she only aspired to be a contralto, but her upper notes quickly increased in strength and quality, and enabled her to sing, without transposition, all the music of the modern range of tragic opera. Her vocal culture was ample for all the requirements of Rossini's florid arias, but her greatest strength lay in her ability to express the music of passion. The anger of *Norma*, the maternal intensity of the guilty *Lucrezia*, the yearning affection of *Leonora*, and the indignant ire of *Donna Anna*, were specially in her vein; yet, with all these, she retained a charming grace and delicacy in lighter parts. When nearly half a century had passed over her head, she could warble out the delicious polacca *Son vergin vezzosa* with the freshness of a girl, accompanying her rendering of the song by the most graceful and appropriate action. Certainly, in versatility and generally-acknowledged superiority in *all* branches of lyric opera, Grisi's place is filled by none of the numerous accomplished prima donnas now delighting the European capitals. She takes rank, henceforth, in musical history, with such artistes as Mara, Grassini, Pasta, Sontag, and Malibran, and, perhaps, was the noblest of them all.

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HUNGARIAN REVENGE.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Dec 11, 1869; II, 37;
American Periodicals
pg. 531

HUNGARIAN REVENGE.

IN the chronicles of the Kings of Hungary occurs an account of a personal conflict between King Karl Robert, called the Magnificent, and one of his knights, which resulted in one of the most terrible instances of revenge on record. This knight was named Felician Zach, and after the death of Matthias Csak he had sworn fealty to Karl, becoming one of the most confidential of his friends and advisers. His daughter, the beautiful Clara, dwelt, as was the wont of the daughters of many of the nobility, at the court of the magnificent king, and it happened that the brother of the queen, Duke Casimir of Poland, while on a visit at Vissegrad, fell desperately in love with her. Deceiving her by a mock-marriage, which he persuaded her it was necessary should be clandestine, he only revealed her true position when on the point of deserting her to return to his own court, and Clara, overwhelmed with the disgrace of her position, complained bitterly to her father of the duke's treachery. Felician was furious at the insult offered to his house; and, finding that the violator of his daughter's honor had escaped him, he determined to revenge himself on the queen his sister, who, it appeared, had aided and abetted in the crime. He repaired to the palace, and, rushing frantically with his drawn sword into the room where the royal family were seated at dinner, he made straight for the queen. The king had risen, thinking his trusty friend had been seized with sudden madness, and, as he stood between Felician and his intended victim, he received a slight wound in the arm. The queen, anxious for the safety of her children, threw herself in front of them, and received a blow which cut off the four fingers of her right hand, on which Felician was seized, and literally cut to pieces by the servants.

The revenge that followed this outrage was fearful: no extenuation was allowed on account of the circumstances that had provoked it, and the whole family of Felician Zach was doomed to destruction. The fair Clara, the involuntary cause of the calamities that fell on her house, had reason to rue the "fatal gift of beauty" which had been bestowed upon her. She was seized by the emissaries of the king; her hands, ears, and nose, were cut off, and thus mutilated she was dragged, a public spectacle, through the town. Her sister perished by the hand of the hangman; her young brother was tied to the tail of a horse, which was then turned into the forest; her brother-in-law was starved to death in a dungeon, and the family property was confiscated, their descendants being excluded from holding any possessions for three generations. All this happened about the year 1330.

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MARCUS AND HILDEGARDE.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Sep 18, 1869; II, 25;
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MARCUS AND HILDEGARDE.

I HAVE before my mind's eye a picture of two young persons, who, as far as outward appearance might rule, would be perfectly justified in falling in love with each other at first sight.

The one is a muscular, agile, soldierly-looking youth of twenty-five, with an oval visage, aquiline nose, dark-hazel eyes, an olive skin, curling black hair, and a singularly virile, courageous expression.

The other is a girl of eighteen, with the fairest of complexions, with the bluest heavens of eyes, her hair a dishevelled mass of flaxen ripples, her form as shapely as mere human form may be, her step as light and free as Diana's.

It would not be easy to find in the world two other creatures who would seem to be better suited by nature to the gentle task of fascinating and winning one another.

But, instead of exchanging glances of admiration, instead of feeling an impulse to join hands for a journey through life, these two meet with a stare of horrified surprise, which almost instantly turns to a glare of hate. In the next instant, the girl is in wild flight, and the youth, with dagger drawn, in furious pursuit.

The fugitive had hardly overpassed thirty yards of ground, when her foot caught in a crawling vine, and, falling forward with great force, she lay senseless. The pursuer grasped her with violence; he turned her upon her back, so as to expose her white throat; he raised his dagger to strike. But, on seeing that exquisite face, he hesitated; his hand remained suspended in air, and then dropped slowly by his side; he drew back and gazed at her, partly admiring and partly pondering.

His next movement was to cut a length of the vine which had overthrown his captive, and bind therewith her wrists and ankles. There was little mercy in the manner of the deed; he drew the withe so tightly, as to deeply indent the tender flesh; he was bent, at all cost, upon securing her. The fastenings being sufficiently wound and interlaced, he lifted the girl in his arms with an ease which showed that he was accustomed to bearing heavy weights; and, moving at a pace resembling the military double-quick, pushed through the thin skirting of forest in which the chase had occurred, and halted at the base of a gigantic oak, in one side of which gaped a mouldering hollow. Entering, he laid down his burden, gave it one hasty glance, reappeared on the outside, and began to scan the landscape. It was a keen, anxious, yet unblenching stare; it was like the *reconnaissance* of a practised soldier. It recognized the presence of mortal peril, and it coolly sought the means of overcoming it.

Now, what was the cause of this scene of violence? This youth and maiden were not personal enemies, and they had never seen each other until this morning. The trouble between them was, that the name of the one was Marcus, and the name of the other Hildegarde; in other words, that the one was a legionary of the army of Julius Cæsar in Gaul, and the other a daughter of a German warrior. That spirit of *race*, that instinctive dislike of men of one blood for men of another, that immemorial, mysterious, and mighty power for good and evil which has wrought so great a part in human history, which has founded empires, given birth to patriotism, fired courage, worked innumerable slaughters and all manner of oppression, this spirit had grasped these two creatures in the midst of their years of love, and had made them enemies at first sight.

Look again at the girl; you can see from her attire that she is a "barbarian;" it is only a scanty robe, made of the skins of wild beasts; it leaves her arms bare, and descends scarcely lower than her knees. And yet, in that pallid, insensible face, there is a womanly languor and longing which demand pity. There is a something which seems to say, "Help me to fulfil my destiny; I was born, not to be hated, but to be loved; above all, I was born to love!"

It is this look, even more than her beauty, which withholds Marcus from using his dagger, to assure himself against her outcries on recovering her senses. A Roman, a despiser and hater of barbarians, a legionary of seven years' standing, a practised destroyer of life, he is still not quite inhuman. He remembers his sister, Marcia; he remembers the Faustina, to whom he was once betrothed, and he shrinks from killing. And yet he is in great danger; he knows that this German girl cannot have come over the Rhine alone; he believes that a shriek from her might bring upon him a swarm of Sicambrian warriors.

The only immediate result of these reflections was, that he examined his armor to see if it were in order for battle. His compact helmet, an iron cap with only a low crest, and destitute of plume, a helmet meant for service and not for show, was fastened under his chin by a broad band of iron scales, which partially protected his cheeks and jaws. His cuirass was of leather, pliable in general to the movements of his body, but strengthened across each shoulder by five bands of iron. His short tunic, of blue woollen, descended scarcely more than half-way down his thighs. His legs were protected by closely-fitted leathern gaiters, or stockings, and his feet by heavy hob-nailed sandals, so solidly laced on as to be nearly equivalent to shoes. On his left shoulder hung his shield, an oblong rectangle of four feet in length by two and a half in breadth, made of two thin boards firmly glued together, with the grain of the one crossing that of the other, the face covered with coarse canvas and then with rawhide, the upper and lower edges bound with bronze, and the whole plate curved, so as to partially encircle the body. On his right hip swung a short, strong dagger, and on his left a straight, heavy, two-edged sword. Nothing was lacking to his armament but the *pilum*, that terrible javelin, six feet and nine inches long, with a handle three inches thick, which formed the distinguishing weapon of the Roman legionary.

The physical development of the youth was remarkable. The habit of carrying great burdens of armor, encamping-tools, and provisions, on long marches, had made his legs like those of a Hercules. His arms, the one exercised in flinging the heavy pilum, the other in upholding his monstrous shield, were equally muscular. Even in those days, it would not have been easy to find another human body of the same size, containing so much muscular force, and so much power of enduring fatigue, hardship, and blows. Such was a Roman soldier of the time; such was Marcus Voconius, of the Tenth Legion.

But, why was he alone? The explanation is, that he had been fortunate, and that he was now suffering for it. During his last campaign, Mars and Mercury had been gracious to him, strengthening him to slay a German chieftain and strip him of a gold collar, giving him the wisdom to plunder a captive German woman of a quantity of amber, and throwing into his hands three healthy German youngsters. To obtain a chance to sell his valuables in the nearest Roman colony, he had bid high for a leave of absence. A month's pay, not less than one hundred and twenty *oboli* (two dollars and forty cents), had passed from the purse of Marcus into the purse of Cassius Calvus, his scarred old centurion. This selling of leaves of absence, by-the-way, was one of a centurion's perquisites; and, as the price of the favor was not fixed by law, he was apt to be extortionate. Indeed, the privilege engendered so many abuses, the soldiers plundering to fee their officers, and one-quarter of them being often absent from their eagles, that at last the Emperor Otho suppressed it altogether, and granted the centurions, in lieu of it, a commutation in money.

When Marcus quitted his legion, it was encamped on the very hill where he now stood. Why had it departed, and whither had it gone? Remembering that the oak had been used by the military tribunes as a watch-tower, he decided to ascend it and survey the country. He entered the hollow and looked upward; there still were the crossbars which had been set in the funnel to serve as a ladder; there, thirty feet above him, was the opening through which he could take his observations. He had laid down his shield, and was about to mount, when his captive gave signs of returning consciousness. He stopped to mutter a Latin curse, to look at her helpless throat, and to handle his dagger.

In the next instant, Bacchus suggested to him an expedient of mercy. Unslinging a flask of wine, which he had brought thus far from the colony, and with which he had hoped to celebrate his safe return to camp, he applied the bell-like mouth of it to the girl's lips. In the thirst of youth, and in her half-unconsciousness, she drank deeply, although it was probably her first taste of so fiery a liquor. Presently she opened her eyes, started at the sight of Marcus, struggled a moment with her bonds, and then lay quiet in despair. The youth tried to reassure her; he smoothed her hair, and patted her cheek; at last, he bent his head and kissed her lips. She still seemed greatly terrified, but she continued to lie tranquil, and she made no outcry.

In gazing at her beauty, Marcus had half-forgotten his danger. He so far loosened her ligatures, as that they would confine her wrists and ankles without stopping the circulation of the blood. This done, remembering that concealment was essential to his safety, he sprang

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out of the tree, hewed down a number of bushes, and planted them before the opening until he had hidden it from exterior observation by what seemed a natural thicket. When he returned into the hollow, dragging with him some large pieces of bark, wherewith to further conceal the opening, his captive was asleep, overcome by the stupefying effects of the wine, and perhaps by the fatigue of long marches.

Marcus now ascended the ladder; the rough and irregularly-placed rungs rasped the skin of his bare knees, but he was accustomed not to mind little obstacles and sufferings; he climbed resolutely and rapidly. At the height of twenty feet the hollow entered a huge limb, and penetrated through that two fathoms farther, until it ended in a jagged aperture where the branch had broken off, in consequence of its weight and rottenness. At this point, lying at full length in the wooden flue, he was out of sight of the girl below, and could survey the country for miles around.

The prospect which met his eye was, at once magnificent and alarming. It must be understood that the hill on which the oak towered sloped rapidly toward the east, and commanded on that side a glimpse of the Rhine, three or four leagues distant; while on the west, it descended by a long and gentle declivity to a narrow plain, green with grass, and gay with flowers, which closed three miles away in a solemn and seemingly interminable forest. A military road, which the legion had constructed two months before, ran from the forest across the level, passed the northern point of the hill, skirted its eastern base for a couple of furlongs, and then pushed straight toward the Rhine. On the north of the road, pressing it close against the slope, extended a vast and impassable morass.

But what rendered the scenery terrible was, that it was not a solitude. To the east of the hill, between Marcus and all the Roman forces in Gaul, stretching from north to south across the road, lay an array which he knew from its straggling ranks and irregular equipments to be an army of barbarians. On the right and left were swarms of wild cavalry, large and half-naked men with flowing hair and slender spears, who careered restlessly about on little ponies. The centre was composed of two long lines of spearmen, grouped in small masses of various magnitudes, ready to fall into their phalanxes. In front, were scattered hundreds of videttes or skirmishers, the greater part javelin-men, but a few slingers and archers.

Now Marcus understood why his comrades had departed, and whither they had gone. The Germans had passed the Rhine; the legion, warned of their approach, had retreated; it had undoubtedly crossed the plain, and was now beyond the forest. It was clear to his mind, moreover, that he would have fallen into the hands of the barbarians, had he not lost his way during the previous night, and arrived at the encamping-ground by a circuitous route. On the other hand, had he not forsaken the military road the day before, under the notion that a Gaulish path across the forest was shorter, he would have met the legion on its retreat, and been this moment under the protection of the eagle. At all events, he was thankful for the general order of Cæsar, which had directed that all men on leave of absence should go armed, the army not being strong enough to protect them in their wanderings.

Other reflections worried the lonely soldier. What a shame that the military tribunes had abandoned this strong position—a position which could only be attacked from the east by a single face—a position where the great Julius would have defied all Germany! Would the legion receive reënforcements, return, beat the barbarians, and relieve him before he starved to death, or was discovered and massacred? Finally, this was the last day of his leave of absence, and he had not yet rejoined his eagle, and, in spite of his good intentions and desperate efforts, he might be charged with desertion. In short, Marcus, brave as he was, and accustomed to mortal peril, felt that his situation was a horrible one, and prayed heartily to the immortal gods for deliverance.

At one time he thought of descending and cutting the throat of the girl before she should awaken, and call around him a phalanx of Suevi or Sicambrians. Then a twinge of conscience or superstition checked him; he seemed to hear a voice declare, "If you spare not, neither shall you be spared;" he remembered, in a confused way, that the oak was a sacred tree in Gaul; he shrank from the idea of desecrating it with blood. In those days men did not necessarily disbelieve and despise religions in which they had not been educated. There was a charity of credence in heathenism, because it did not claim to be catholic, and did not hold that there could be only one true faith.

Remaining quietly in his lookout, Marcus bent his limited but energetic spirit to studying his situation with the eye of a soldier. There was promise in the attitude of the Germans; they were evidently prepared, not for march, but for battle; the circumstance hinted the proximity of an enemy. He observed also that they had shown bad generalship in selecting their positions, inasmuch as the whole of their right wing lay with its back to the morass, while in the rear of their left wing there was no body of reserve. Now upon the solidity of this left wing depended the safety of their whole army. If a charging column should break that, seize the hill behind it, and so command the road which skirted the rear of the hill, the barbarians would lose their only line of retreat, and run the risk of a complete massacre. Yes, it was a good plan of attack; but where was the charging column?

Of a sudden, Marcus came near shouting with joy. A dust appeared in the edge of the forest; growing denser and denser, it emerged upon the plain; underneath it appeared a line of advancing cavalry.

"Gaulish horse!" muttered Marcus. "The legion has been reënforced, and is returning. There will be a battle, and I am saved!"

For an hour, which seemed to Marcus like a day, he gazed on the slow and orderly approach of his comrades. The cavalry, not more than a thousand strong, filed off to right and left on clearing the wood, deployed into loose lines like skirmishers, and advanced to check the cavalry of the Germans. Then came infantry; first a few hundred light troops, whom he knew to be Cretan archers and Numidian darters; after them legionaries, marching by the flank six deep, their heavy pikes sloped over their right shoulders. Presently the morning sun rose over the hill, and sent its rays to brighten the crests of the helmets, the bosses of the shields, and the points of the weapons. At last the column ended: only one legion, but that the Tenth: only one legion, but victory certain!

Marcus now attempted to estimate the number of the Germans. It was a difficult matter, for they were gathered in clumps of different sizes, according to the strength of the cantons which furnished them, and moreover the lines were fluctuating, the files of various depths, and the stragglers numerous. He guessed, however, that they amounted to some twenty thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry. The relative proportion of the two armies was thus three to one; but the smaller number had discipline, experienced officers, superior armament, and long habit of victory. Marcus wished nothing better for himself than that he were at his customary post in the first rank of the second cohort.

As the Romans approached, there was a tumultuous movement among the barbarians, a running to the phalanxes of stragglers, wild caperings, savage shoutings, and a brandishing of weapons, all followed by a certain settling into position, a straightening of the lines, and a closing up of the files. These dense masses of tall and heavy-limbed men were formidable to the eye, but Marcus knew by experience, as well as by present observation, that their soldierly front covered a mass which had many causes of weakness. He was aware that only their chiefs had metal breastplates, that only the foremost ranks were provided with leathern or linen corselets, and that the men in the rear were half-naked savages, with no better arms than axes, clubs, and long poles, whose points had been hardened in the fire. Courage, strength, and impetuosity, the Germans had, but no well-furnished and well-guided powers of resistance. If their first onset was checked, if their leading files were broken through, their defeat was certain. Still that first onset was terrific, and his Roman heart throbbed anxiously.

Meantime the cavalry had opened the struggle. On either flank there were partial and brief charges, attended with a vast deal of caracoling and shouting. He could see the combatants rising in their saddles to fling their darts or thrust with their lances; and here and there he could distinguish single combats or engagements of prancing groups. On the whole, this combat was equal in fortune, neither party gaining ground for more than a few minutes at a time. The Gauls, although inferior in numbers, held their own by dint of superior order and management; for they had acquired a certain amount of discipline and skill from their Roman commanders.

Under cover of the swooping and careering cavalry, the legion came on with beautiful steadiness, keeping its line of march by the

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flank until it was within half a mile of the German infantry. Then, in machine-like order, cohort after cohort deployed, taking ground to right and left of the road, preserving their intervals with mathematical exactness, and never ceasing to advance, even during their evolutions. To Marcus it was a godlike spectacle to behold these veterans—unsurpassed in drill, in steadiness, and in military intelligence—file into position under guidance of the flags of the centuries, and sweep forward in a line which showed no irregularities and no fluctuations.

The order of battle was presently established: four cohorts opposite the swamp, and six opposite the hill; five cohorts in the first line, and five in the second. To obtain a correct idea of the scene, it must be understood that the constitution and formation of the legion had been vastly changed since the days of that bold innovator and great military genius, Caius Marius. It was no longer the complicated body which had fought Pyrrhus, the Samnites, and Hannibal; it no longer knew the distinctions of *hastati*, *principes*, *triarii*, *rorarii*, and *accensi*, there were now no corps of light-armed, of pikemen, and of javelin-men, as separate arms; the lines of battle were no longer five or six in number; the maniple had ceased to be a unit of formation. In the days of Cæsar, the plan of a legion drawn up for battle was not unlike that of a modern brigade. The unit of formation was a regiment of five companies and about five hundred men, known as the cohort. The lines of battle were sometimes no more than two, and scarcely ever more than three, in number. The ancient variety of weapons had given way to a convenient uniformity of armament, every legionary carrying the long rectangular shield, the heavy double-edged sword, the solid dagger, and two ponderous javelins. The files, indeed, were six deep; but the men were separated by intervals of three feet, so that the front of a cohort nearly equalled that of a modern regiment of the same strength. Between the cohorts, moreover, were open spaces, too narrow for the safe entrance of a hostile force, but broad enough to facilitate changes of direction, and to allow of the introduction of re-enforcements.

Marcus was delighted with the disposition of the legion. He saw that its weightiest wing would be devoted to taking the hill, and he knew that, if this were done, the barbarians would be exterminated. He could hardly restrain himself from waving his hand in encouragement, and crying out, " Live the Tribune Canutius!"

Then he grated his strong teeth to think that he should be obliged to lie here like a fox in a hole, while his comrades fought for his amusement like gladiators, or, rather, for his safety, like the immortal gods. The temptation to descend, and endeavor to creep around the left wing of the Germans, beset him again and again, only to be driven from his head by a glance at the wide-spreading charges and caracolings of the barbarian cavalry. Patience! He must wait for his freedom; he must crouch for his life.

On came the cohorts; it would have been a beautiful sight for a soldier of any age. Every legionary followed his file-leader with a precision like that of instinct; from right to left the ranks seemed as straight as if ruled by a line. Long and severe practice—the drilling of ten, fifteen, and twenty years—had brought these men to such an accuracy of movement, that, separated as they were by intervals of a yard, they kept the direction as well as our modern soldiers keep it by the touch of elbows.* No orders were heard; no bravado of shoutings rose from the regular array; the rapidity of the advance was directed by the pace of the colors; the martial machine came onward with a terrible precision, and in menacing silence.

Marcus found that he could not keep in view the whole panorama of battle. He singled out his own cohort; it was the second, and was on the extreme right of the front line; consequently, it was nearly opposite him, so that he could watch its every movement. It was now preparing for the charge; with one motion the spare *pilum* was transferred to the left hand; with a second motion the other *pilum* was restored to the right shoulder. Marcus could see the military tribune who commanded the cohort rise in his saddle, as he gave the orders which directed these preliminaries; and he almost thought that he could distinguish his voice penetrating through the medley of German outcries, and the clash of the German spears on their wicker shields; for by this time the phalanxes of pikemen were thundering forth a *pæon*, or battle-hymn, and beating time to it with their weapons.

Meanwhile, the Cretan archers and Numidian darters had slowly driven back the less-skilful light-armed troops who opposed them; and presently the gray-feathered arrows, and then the slender, bright-pointed javelins, began to patter on the armor, or hiss through the limbs of the barbaric pikemen. Accepting the storm as a defiance to close battle, the chiefs uplifted their swords as a signal to advance. The trembling forests of spears declined slowly and irregularly forward; the war-hymn rapidly swelled to a terrific scream; the compact phalanxes set forward. With a swift rush, the archers and darters swept back through the intervals between the cohorts, leaving an open space for the shock of the heavy-armed, and spreading themselves over the field to gather up their discharged missiles.

Marcus now sent a rapid glance along the two lines of battle. He was pleased to see that the Romans, although less than one-third the number of the enemy, were nowhere in danger of being outflanked; their open order, and the moderate depth of their files, gave them this advantage over the dense and clumsy masses of the Germans, and, as for solidity, they had that in their discipline, their long experience, and their habit of victory.

Now came a deep, stern roar; it was the charging-shout of the legionaries; it was like the voice of a thousand lions. The pace quickens; the lines are not thirty feet apart; up go the javelins with a single movement; with another movement they are hurled at the enemy. The effect, even from the distance at which Marcus watched for it, was obviously prodigious. The *pilum*—over two feet of steel, and four feet and a half of solid wood, as thick as a strong man's wrist, forming altogether a weapon of several pounds' weight—launched by muscular and skilful arms, crashed through the wicker shields of the Germans, through the corselets of linen or leather, and deep into the bodies within. The whole front rank of the barbarians seemed to go down at once. The irregular and confused phalanxes halted and reeled, as if stricken by some opposing machine of enormous power. Another movement; another flight of ponderous javelins; another sweep of the scythe of death.

There was no order in the German battle as the legionaries flung themselves into it, covered by their long shields, and thrusting with their heavy-pointed swords. A wild contest, indeed, ensued; but it was the struggle of dismayed men who sought safety against men who were eager to kill; it was an encounter of clumsy sabres with weapons which pushed straight at the heart; it was a fight only for a minute, and then it was a massacre. Backward rolled the Germans, all formation and confidence gone, a confused mass of flight, the first line overbearing the second, the legionary sword following close, and drinking its fill of blood. Such was the battle of the second cohort, and of the two others which were immediately in line with it.

Now came a movement which showed the direction of an able officer, who meant to offer no gap for the entrance of disaster, while at the same time he pushed victory to the uttermost. As soon as the immediate success of the charge was established, and while the leading files of the Romans were still mingled with the flying barbarians, the extreme right cohort of the second line wheeled to the right, and faced the German cavalry on that side, thus cutting it off from coming to the support of its broken infantry, as well as from assaulting the flanks of the five cohorts which were hastening up the slope of the hill. The consequence was, that the horse of the German left wing did nothing during the rest of the action but skirmish aimlessly and ineffectively with their Gaulish antagonists, finally disappearing, one by one, either as killed or as stragglers.

Perfectly comprehending the object of this movement, Marcus turned a satisfied eye to the other end of the line of battle, and perceived that the four cohorts there stationed had not charged at all, but were quietly facing the enemy at a considerable distance. He was more than a soldier, this Marcus Voconius; he had in him something of the prompt intelligence which goes to the making of a general. He nodded his curly head with satisfaction, as he noted this disposition. It was evident to him that the Roman commander meant to amuse the right wing of the barbarians, and keep it in position until his own right wing should gain command of the road in rear of the hill, and so render the victory one of extermination.

"By Jupiter!" muttered Marcus, in his soldierly joy, "I believe that Caius Julius himself is here."

But it was high time that he should be stirring, if he did not want his comrades to find him in his ignominious retreat, and make his subsequent life a burden to him with their rough raillery. The broken left wing of the Germans was streaming by him in breathless

* It remains to be seen whether the repeating-rifle will not drive us to give up the elbow-to-elbow formation, and drill our men to move in the open order of the Romans.

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squads, and the pursuing cohorts, their ranks already reëstablished, were steadily advancing up the slope. Hastily descending his concealed ladder, he gained the base of the hollow just as the captive girl awoke from her slumber. She was listening to the voices of the fugitives, and it was evident that she recognized the speech of her countrymen; for, as he reached her side, she gave utterance to a cry for deliverance. He raised his drawn sword over her head, and she became silent. Then, seizing his shield and pushing aside one of the broad strips of bark, which closed the entrance of the hollow, he glided out, replaced the bark with one hand, and gazed about him.

Close behind the tree the Germans, under the direction of their tall chiefs, were striving to re-form their line of battle, too busy to notice his appearance. Between him and the brow of the declivity were a few score of archers and darters, scattered loosely after the fashion of skirmishers, who were endeavoring to check the advancing cohorts. Marcus sprang forward; he must cut his way through this line; he must fight for life, and that promptly. One haggard barbarian, without armor, and clothed in a short robe of skins, he struck down with a blow across the nape of the neck. Then two others saw him; with a yell of surprise they rushed at him, flinging their darts; but his solid and well-handled shield stopped the missiles. He dashed at them with his bloody sword uplifted, and they made away at a speed which he could not rival. His retreat being thus open, he slung his shield over his shoulders and rushed down the slope to meet his comrades, flinging himself, with a shout of triumph, into his accustomed file of the second cohort.

His centurion, grim and scarred old Cassius Calvus, cheeks grimed with dust, and hands dabbled with blood, came up to him and laughed in his face. "You have just saved yourself, youngster," hoarsely growled the veteran. "Another day, and your leave would have been out."

"The barbarians are rallying on the hill, centurion," replied Marcus, with a military salute. "Let us be ready for them."

Then, remembering the long pikes which he would shortly have to encounter, he looked about him for a pilum. But all these weapons had been discharged during the first struggle, and the advance of the line had been too rapid to allow the soldiers to recover them.

"Sword in hand!" was the growl of Cassius Calvus, in response to his glance of inquiry. "There is no time to spare for hunting after javelins."

The words were true; the Germans were doing their best to rally and hold the hill; they had already established a respectable battle-array. Probably the chiefs had at last perceived that the loss of the eminence would entail the loss of the road and the destruction of their whole army; and, incited by desperation, as well as by shame at their late defeat and by their native courage, they were exhorting their clumps of spearmen to a furious resistance. Slowly and wearily the two arrays approached each other; at last, when scarcely a hundred feet apart, the charge commenced. This time there was no pilum to hurl; the sword alone must match the long pike. Amid a tremendous shout, the screaming antagonists glaring into each other's faces, the lines struck together with a sharp crash of spear-heads plunging into the Roman shields.

Marcus was nearly thrown prostrate by the shock. Three pikes hit his buckler; one, indeed, was broken by the blow, and another slipped aside; but the third held fast and was pushed with great violence. The youth braced his right leg backward, and strove with all his immense strength not to be pushed out of his rank, perfectly conscious that the weapon was working its way through the wood and rasping his arm, but all the while watching his opponent and devising how to get within stabbing-range of him. The German was of unusual height, at least eight inches taller than Marcus, and strongly built, a chieftain, too, as was evident by his cuirass and ornaments, and, in short, the most formidable foe that our legionary had ever encountered.

Of a sudden Marcus stooped and raised his shield with both hands. The spear-head broke, and the long and clumsy shaft shot harmlessly over his head, its holder plunging forward with such violence, that he reeled against the Roman, seeking immediately, however, to clutch him in a close grapple. But the legionary was too quick; he turned the assailant with a whirl of his buckler; in the same instant he plunged his sword into his bare throat. This was but a part, was but the trivial commencement, of a struggle which spread all along the line, which involved thousands of muscular and desperate men, and which lasted for minutes. All the seasoned strength, all the trained dexterity and agility, all the experienced courage and patience of the Romans, were needed to merely hold their antagonists in check.

At times, here and there, along the commingling fronts, there were little lulls in the storm of death, during which the combatants seemed to shrink from each other, watching for safety rather than for a chance of attack. Then it was that the Roman discipline showed its power; then it was that the stern shout of the military tribune, sitting on his horse behind the press, drove the soldiers forward; then it was that the centurions, stimulated by the responsibilities of their rank, dashed on like forlorn hopes. It was in an effort to lead his tired men anew into the thick of the hostile phalanx, that Cassius Calvus met his heroic death. He leaped alone into an open space fronted by bristling pikes; he raised his shield, struck down four or five spear-heads at once, and plunged within their long reach; the next instant he was engaged in a violent bodily struggle with three Germans. Swords were too long; daggers were drawn on both sides; the Roman fell, but with him two barbarians.

Now it was that Marcus Voconius vindicated his claim to be the champion swordsman of the cohort. Springing over the body of Cassius, he transfixed shields and the hands that bore them; he clove the leathern helmet of a chief and laid open the skull within it; he made a wide opening in the dense array of pikes. But his nearest comrades were too busy in dragging away the body of their centurion to give him timely assistance. In a moment he was surrounded by tall, long-haired, blue-eyed warriors; his shield was stricken aside, and a German of unusual size grappled him around the shoulders. In this emergency Marcus showed what could be accomplished by muscles which had been seasoned by digging trenches, carrying a hundred pounds of equipments and provisions, and drilling with the double-weighted arms of exercise. Stooping down, he raised the savage in his grasp, plunged with him through the surging and yelling press, threw him down amid the first files of the cohort, and despatched him with his dagger, all this time not loosing his shield from his arm nor dropping his sword. A prodigious feat of strength, desperate courage, and good fortune (for he escaped without a wound), it was long remembered in the legion.

In our days, when protective armor is no longer worn, and when projectiles dissipate lines and columns at long ranges, such severe and prolonged hand-to-hand contests are unknown, and, without reflection, seem incredible. It must be remembered that the soldiers of classic days, covered by their helmets, cuirasses, and shields, and exposed at a distance only to arrows and fragile darts, could march clean up to their adversaries without receiving much harm, and even in close fight were not easily reached by weapons, at least so long as they faced the enemy. At the battle of Dyrrhachium, Cassius Scæva, one of Cæsar's centurions, received one hundred and twenty darts in his buckler, and escaped with only two wounds.

Still the contest continued; it had lasted minutes, and it was still as obstinate as ever; it seemed, at times, as if the Romans would be forced backward, broken and slaughtered. But help was at hand. A clear, military head had devised a final and decisive movement. Under the direction of a superior officer, who had closely followed the charge on horseback, a cohort of the second line filed at a double-quick to the right, fronted with a resounding shout, and charged with hurled javelins upon the left flank of the Germans. In another minute the battle on this wing was converted into a merciless slaughter, which rushed bleeding and screaming down the eastern slope of the hill, and soon choked up the road below with barbarian corpses.

This massacre, however, was accomplished by the two fresh cohorts and the auxiliary light troops. The three first cohorts, including the one to which Marcus was attached, were halted at the brow of the hill, re-formed, and marched back to the scene of their first struggle, where they were directed to rearm themselves with their javelins. A tremendous shout of "Hail, Cæsar, imperator!" greeted the officer who gave this order.

Marcus looked at him; it was indeed the great Julius. There was the tall and graceful form; there were the firm, marble-like, cleanly-shaven cheeks; there were the black eyes, full of noble thought and feeling; there was the resolute, meditative, cultured, patrician expression: there was the great author, orator, statesman, general; there was the foremost man of all this world. Marcus wanted to throw himself in the dust before him, wanted to worship him as a god, wanted to die for him. It seemed to him that, if he had a hundred lives, he would give them all for Cæsar.

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For an instant, the conqueror of Gaul smiled, and waved his hand in response to the shouting of the legionaries. Then he gave the signal to march; the tribune in command uttered the word, "Forward!" the flags of the cohorts inclined with a sharp motion to the front; the solid machine of veterans moved with one impulse; and so Marcus Vaconius strode proudly past Cæsar.

Arrived upon the western slope of the hill, he could see how the battle was passing on the left wing. All was well there, and had evidently been going well for some minutes; for the Gaulish cavalry had already driven the German horse into the morass; and the German infantry was recoiling before the opposing cohorts. He guessed what had happened and how; the barbarians, seeing the defeat of their left wing, had attempted to make good their retreat before it should be cut off; they had charged with no vigor, or perhaps had not charged at all, and the legionaries had easily overthrown them.

In ten minutes more the first three cohorts had refurnished themselves with javelins, and were advancing upon the disordered barbarians, who already crowded the road between the hill and the morass, vainly seeking to open for themselves a path back to the Rhine and their own country. From this time until the battle ended, Marcus was simply a murderer. All that he and his comrades had to do was to slaughter fugitives without way of escape, without organization, and often without arms, whose perplexity was such as nearly to disable them from resistance, and who in many cases offered their throats to their pursuers or attempted to take their own lives. The fields were dotted, and the military road was literally piled with the corpses of tall, long-haired, blonde-bearded men, their large limbs scantily covered with the hides of beasts, their sunburned skins turning to an ashy yellow. All over the plain fugitives were being speared by the Gaulish horse and the Numidian darters. The business-like coolness, dexterity, and rapidity, with which captors cut the throats of their prisoners, and the stolid or despairing calmness with which the latter submitted to the atrocity as to a right, produced spectacles which we could not parallel at this day amid any portion of the European race, nor higher in the scale of civilization than China or Japan. No quarter; scarcely any asking for quarter; mercy was never the order of the day in ancient battles; and the Romans necessarily had little pity for men who would have granted none. It was not until the victors were physically worn out with killing, that a miserable remnant of two thousand or so were encouraged to surrender, and were herded together under guards for the purpose of being sold as slaves, or recruited into Cæsar's German cavalry.

About noon, the day's tragedy being ended, the legion was ordered to collect on the hill, and reëstablish its encampment. During this brief march, Marcus was able to gather from his comrades what had happened during his absence. The Germans having passed the Rhine, the tribune in command had sent notice of the fact to Cæsar, and then, fearing lest he should be surrounded, and reduced by hunger, had decided to retreat, and, levelling the fortifications so that they might not furnish the barbarians with a stronghold, had set out in the night and accomplished a march of fifteen hours. Cæsar had met the legion, galloping to its aid with a guard of Roman knights, and followed at a distance by his Æduan cavalry. After giving the soldiers a few hours of repose, he had pushed them once more toward the enemy; and, immediately on seeing the field, he had devised his plan of battle and carried it into effect without a halt.

Scarcely was the tale finished, ere the great commander rode up to the flank of the cohort and halted it. Signalling to the legionaries to suppress their shouting, he demanded, "Where is the soldier who shouldered the Sicambrian chieftain, and saved the body of Cassius Calvus?"

Friendly hands touched Marcus on the shoulders. Trembling with excitement and expectation, he stepped to the front, saluted, and gave his name, "Marcus Voconius."

"Centurion of the fifth century of the tenth cohort!" said the ringing voice of Cæsar.

Marcus sprang forward, seized the edge of his commander's robe, and kissed it with devotion. Cæsar smiled, uttered a few words of praise and rode on to the next cohort, there to eulogize or reward the deserving.

Marcus was now free to leave the ranks. He remembered his girlish captive, and resolved to go in search of her. Shield on shoulder, and pilum in hand, he rapidly climbed the hill and reached the oak, to find his imitation thicket trampled down, the door of bark removed, and the hollow untenanted. He looked up; she was not on the ladder; he glanced about him and saw the vine with which he had bound her; it seemed clear that she had broken it and fled; he rushed out in search of her.

The natural supposition was, that she had directed her steps down the eastern slope of the hill, with the hope of reaching her own country. In that direction he ran, looking eagerly through the scattered trees which dotted the declivity, and forgetful for the moment of the tremendous fatigues of the day.

He was determined to have her? Why? A wife? No. No Roman married a barbarian. A slave? Yes. A beautiful slave. That was all. That must be all. A beautiful slave, to be kept for a while, and then to be sold. We can hardly wish him success in his chase.

Of a sudden, a furlong to the right of him, he discovered her, a prisoner again, firmly bound to a sapling, her flaxen head fallen on one shoulder, her attitude mere despair. Two half-naked and dark-skinned men, whom Marcus recognized as Numidian darters, stood near her, apparently in violent altercation. The newly-appointed centurion was still a dozen rods from them when they ceased their quarrel, and faced simultaneously toward the girl with darts raised in act to throw. It seemed as if, unable to decide which was the captor, they had compromised the dispute by agreeing to murder the captive.

Marcus called loudly; he ordered them in Latin and Gallic to begone; he raised his pilum and shook it threateningly. The savages stared at him, stared at each other, exchanged a few guttural words, then launched their missiles. In the next breath, turning their backs upon the legionary, they fled with a swiftness which rapidly distanced his pursuit, and disappeared among the scattered trees and thickets of the hill-side.

For hours Marcus had been slaughtering with delight; now for the first time his heart sickened at the sight of blood. Almost ready to weep with rage and grief, he came up to the girl, and gazed in her whitening face, beautiful still in the agonies of death, an exquisite statue of pain falling into unconsciousness. One dart had pierced her breast, and the other her throat; each had transfixed her and fastened itself firmly in the sapling; her drooping form was upheld by her bonds and by the weapons.

Promising himself that he would come back and bury her if his duties gave him time, he walked slowly away to find his cohort and take command of his century.

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OLIVE RAYMOND'S STORY.
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OLIVE RAYMOND'S STORY.

WHEN my sister Lily was between fifteen and sixteen, she grew pale and thin, and our father, whose pet and darling she had always been, insisted, in spite of Lily's alternate pouting and coaxing, on seeking medical advice for her. The advice proved not very disagreeable.

"There is nothing seriously amiss with your daughter, Mr. Raymond," said the kind physician to my anxious father; "she has outgrown her strength a *little*, and perhaps has been overtasked *a little* at school. Give her a holiday—here we are in the middle of February, the skies looking like December, and the streets all snow and ice—take her down to Georgia or Florida, where the birds and flowers are making it summer, whatever the calendar may say of the season. Let her run about all day in the open air, and you will bring her back in May, less of a lily, and more of a rose, than she is now."

This was said in Lily's presence, and the pleased look she gave my father would have determined him to accept the doctor's plan, even had it been very difficult to accomplish. Difficult it was not to him, for, though he had begun life as a poor blacksmith, he was now a rich iron-master, able to command both money and leisure. He had even won some political influence by inducing the men he employed to vote with him in closely-contested elections, where the votes of a hundred men did much toward determining the question. That he had achieved all this by his honest industry was a subject of legitimate pride to my father; but he had another source of pride, less understood by the world around him, and less compatible, seemingly, with his life's history, yet felt no less deeply, and influencing him no less powerfully. This was pride of blood. Often have I heard him say, "Men think much of blood in their horses and their cattle; it tells no less in man. I never forgot that, poor as my father was, he was an educated gentleman; and I often said to myself, when I was working for my daily bread, I am neither squire nor belted knight, as some of my forefathers were, but I will do my work with as brave a heart, and as trusty an arm, as the best of them could boast."

My mother had been a poor teacher of music. My father was already a thriving mechanic, with money in the bank, when she came as a boarder to the decent but cheap house which had been his home for two years. She was pretty, delicate, and overworked. He first pitied, and then loved her. She died young, leaving only Lily and myself of all her children. I was her first, Lily her last; the others died in infancy. I have little to say of myself, except that I was eight years older than Lily, and that, from the time of my mother's death, my father had taught me that she was my care, and I really think I lived more truly in Lily than in myself, and so I was as ready as my father to do what the doctor advised for her. Thus it happened that, when she was nearly sixteen, and I was twenty-four, we made that visit to the South of which I am about to tell you, and which you will find to have been the fruitful source of both joy and sorrow.

It was all joy in the beginning. Never did poet's dream present a lovelier landscape in fairy-land than we found awaiting us under those Southern skies. And yet there were no mountains and valleys diversifying the scene—no rapid, rushing cataracts, no tranquil lakes, sleeping in pictured beauty under the noon-day beam. What, then, was the charm, you may ask. It was the soft sky, the gentle breezes which just swayed the green woodland, and the flowers which sprang everywhere under our feet, and hung in clustered beauty from tree-top and spreading branch, till we seemed to walk under a canopy as well as over a carpet of flowers. Think of passing, in three or four days, from the snows of winter into verdure and flowers, and the songs of birds, and the soft, perfumed air of summer! What could the fairies do for you more than this?

Our destination had been Savannah; but a letter from one of my father's political friends had procured for us an urgent invitation to make a visit to a family residing in the country.

Our hospitable entertainer, Mr. Forrester, resided on a plantation which had belonged to his family for more than a hundred years, during which successive generations had added to the extent, convenience, and elegance of the home endeared by many tender and hallowed memories. It was a rambling mansion, that always suggested the idea of having grown up to the requirements of its owners, rather than having been built in accordance with the design of an architect. But I must not pause upon the outer aspect of this lovely and happy home. Lovely as this was, its chief charm was within—in the cultivation of mind, the grace of manner, and the warm, generous, loving hearts of its inhabitants. How many bright pictures memory recalls of those happy weeks—of rambles through the woods in search of some rare specimen of the Southern Flora for my herbarium; of boatings along the river-banks, when the sunlight flickered down on us through the dancing leaves of overarching limes and oaks, or when, dropping low in the west, it made the woods seem all on fire with its glow; or, best of all, of chill evenings spent in Mr. Forrester's library, when the blaze of the resinous pine-wood played over the well-filled book-shelves, or flashed on the faces of the portraits that hung above the mantel-shelf, startling the gazer with a momentary appearance of life and motion! There was a quietude, a seeming steadfastness, about this place and the life associated with it, which charmed me greatly, and which, perhaps, impressed me all the more from its contrast with the ceaseless activity and ever-changeful kaleidoscope of our New-York life.

My father lacked the stately ease of Mr. Forrester, and the cultivation which a life of leisure had enabled him to attain; but, possessing a shrewd, intelligent mind, he had gathered much of interesting incident and character from his stirring life, and so could contribute his quota to the entertainment of our little circle. Gentle, lovely Mrs. Forrester, whatever might be the subject of conversation, gave it new interest by her quick intelligence, her playful wit, and womanly grace; and "the boys," as she called them, though one was eighteen and the other twenty-three, threw somewhat of the hopeful brightness and fearless confidence of their own untried natures over the graver and more cautious conclusions of their elders. For me, I observed and enjoyed, sunning myself in this atmosphere of summer warmth and quiet. I forgot that from such an atmosphere the storms are born. And Lily—she seemed to drink in new and fuller and healthier life at every pore. Her slender form acquired more womanly proportion, a richer carmine glowed on her cheeks and lips, and in her brown eyes there lurked a tenderer shadow. The child's careless, confiding look was softened and beautified by maidenly consciousness.

We had originally intended returning home the last week in April; but, by some means, Mrs. Forrester had learned that the twenty-eighth of April would be Lily's birthday, and she urged us most affectionately to give them the pleasure of celebrating it with us. My father consented, in consequence, to stay till the first of May.

All who were within visiting distance of the Forresters—and that meant all within ten miles—were invited to the birthday *fête*. Our amusements were to be archery and croquet parties, which began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and, in the evening, a dance. A collation was provided, of which the guests were to be invited to partake as they arrived; and the whole was to conclude with a magnificent supper. There were many consultations on the twenty-seventh, and I was scarcely surprised when, entering the library in the evening, in search of Philip Forrester, who was to help me to fasten around the pictures some wreaths I had been making, I found his elder brother, Elliot, in close conversation with his father. There was something, however, in the looks of the younger man, as well as the sudden silence on my entrance, which made me step back quickly.

"Pray, come back, Miss Raymond," cried Mr. Forrester, adding, with a smiling glance at his son as I returned, "Here is Elliot sadly in want of a confidante for a love-tale."

I thought that Elliot Forrester looked flushed and nervous; but, bowing slightly to me, he said quickly, "I will not offer Miss Raymond an apology for leaving her with you;" then, pausing for a moment at the door—"Can you tell me where your father is, Miss Raymond?"

Before I could answer, Philip entered, hammer in hand. Elliot immediately disappeared, and Mr. Forrester began to speak of the wreaths I held, in a manner that prevented any recurrence to what had just passed. Yet I did not forget it, and I found myself glancing with curious interest at Elliot Forrester when we gathered around the tea-table. He caught the glance, and replied to it with a frank smile—frank, and yet with something in it that seemed to say, "I shall not tell you my secret yet." My father, too, seemed to be more than usually excited. Indeed, nobody appeared to me quite natural. I even fancied that Lily was a little more constrained, a little more shy, than usual. When we went to our rooms, she was silent and sleepy, and, when I awoke the next morning, she was gone. As she did not generally rise so early, or make her toilet so quickly, my vague feeling

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of something unusual being about to occur increased; and, stimulated by it, I, too, dressed rapidly, and descended to the lower story. All there was still and undisturbed, except by servants and dusters. To be rid of these, I wandered into the grounds. At first, my steps were aimless; but, after a while, I remembered a white rose-tree growing not far away, and, thinking how pretty its snowy buds would be among Lily's dark curls, I turned down the path that led to it. I had not gone far when I saw that others were before me—there stood Elliot Forrester, speaking earnestly; and, though his face was averted from me, I could read every fervid word he uttered in the agitated face of Lily. What a lovely picture she made, standing there among the roses! I drew near enough to see the quivering of the lashes that veiled eyes that I was sure were swimming in tears, and the smiles that trembled on her lips — smiles that might as well have been tears; then I turned, and went quietly and slowly back to the house and to my room, there to strive to familiarize myself with the thought that my Lily, my flower, my nursling, was to be mine no more, was to gladden another heart, and to make another home beautiful.

I should like to tell you how my Lily, the child-woman, the sixteen-years old maiden, met me next—of the consciousness that was half shame and half pride. But Coleridge has described it far better than I can:

"She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed into my face.

"'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart."

But I must hasten on, for my space is limited, and I have much yet to tell.

My father, in permitting Lily's engagement, had declared that nothing would make him consent to her marriage till after her eighteenth birthday. All the Forresters remonstrated against this, —all, except Elliot, who seemed afraid to trust himself to speak; so, at least, I interpreted the flush that rose to his brow, the compression of his lips, and the almost stern fixedness of the gaze he turned to my father, who met the mingled reproaches and entreaties of Mr. and Mrs. Forrester with a decision none the less firm because it was playfully expressed. During this little scene, Lily had stood near the table in the centre of the library, with downcast face, and fingers nervously engaged in picking the petals, one by one, from a lovely rose which she had snatched from a vase before her. Suddenly, Elliot placed himself beside her, and, taking her hand, said, "You hear, Lily, two years must pass before your father will give you into my keeping; but you are none the less mine—you have given yourself to me, and that with your father's consent. Is it not so, Mr. Raymond?"

"Just so, Lily is yours with her own consent and mine—but you must leave her to Olive and me for another two years."

"Yes, Mr. Raymond, leave her; but leave her as *my* treasure—my promised wife—nay, my *true* wife in the sight of Heaven; you consent to this, Lily? Speak, dear one, if you are mine, say it!"

He spoke passionately. Lily lifted her eyes till they looked into his, and speaking slowly, distinctly, and with an emphasis which seemed to put a heart-beat in every word, said, "Yours, Elliot, now and forever in spirit, and to be yours wholly, on the day my father has himself appointed—my eighteenth birthday."

What new power had dawned in the child! My father and I looked at each other with surprise—Mrs. Forrester smiled on Lily through gleaming tears—and the passionate flush faded from Elliot's brow as he looked into the calm eyes of his betrothed. He touched her forehead with his lips, gently, almost reverently, and led her to the carriage which was waiting for us.

"Remember, Elliot," said my father, as he shook young Forrester's hand at parting, "I forbid neither correspondence nor visits. I shall be glad to see you all."

"You shall see me in the fall, sir, if I live."

And so we parted. Again we were in New York, in its whirl of busy life. The past three or four months might have seemed a dream, but for the letters which made so large a part of our Lily's life, and for an [illegible] of dreamy happiness which sometimes stole over her as she sat with book or work lying neglected on her lap, where it had fallen from unconscious fingers, while her eyes looked straight before her, as if she saw there pictures of the future, lengthening out in blissful perspective.

Elliot Forrester paid his promised visit in the autumn. He and my father talked much of public affairs. They belonged to the same political party, and were both at that time much interested for the success of Breckinridge; yet, I fancied I could occasionally detect a tone in their conversation which, if prolonged, would have terminated in a discord. Ere another spring dawned, the discord had come indeed, affrighting with its jarring notes not a single family, but a nation. My humble efforts are confined, however, to depicting its effects on two hearts and lives. It has been said that the bitterest enmity is ever found between those separated by the narrowest lines. My father, who had been the readiest to concede all her demands to the South before the fall of Sumter, would not hear of compromise after that event.

"Do you think Elliot Forrester can be in the Southern army?" I asked one day, when weeks had passed without any intelligence of him reaching us.

"I cannot tell; but, if he is, I hope he will never again darken my threshold. Nothing shall tempt me to take a rebel by the hand. I am glad you are there to hear me, Lily."

Lily had entered while he was speaking, and stood still to listen. She turned very pale as he spoke to her, but I saw her look steadily on the sapphire with its sparkling diamond circlet which Elliot Forrester had placed on her finger, as she said softly, "I shall be sorry, father, to have you and Elliot at variance."

The words seemed so simple, so childlike, that my father smiled and walked away, thinking, doubtless, that there would be little difficulty in separating those united by no legal tie. I did not so read my Lily, and my heart sank with the apprehension of coming sorrow.

The weary weeks and months rolled on till a year had passed, and Lily's eighteenth birthday had arrived. My father had wished to celebrate it by a ball, but Lily had protested against this so urgently that it had been sullenly relinquished—I say sullenly—for my father was evidently beginning to feel that there was antagonism between Lily and him, and, having been disappointed in his proposed birthday *fête*, he seemed utterly to ignore the day, making no allusion to it even in his good-morning to Lily when it arrived. My heart was sore for her as I saw her linger beside him till tears rose to her eyes, and her lip quivered, then turn silently away. Remembering what that day was to have been to Lily, I felt a yearning tenderness to her that would not permit me to leave her. My father left us as usual after breakfast, and Lily and I were sitting together in our own little room, to which only a few intimate friends had the *entrée*, when the door was opened cautiously and a gentleman entered, who closed it carefully before he turned his face toward us. Even then, the bronzed face and heavy beard so disguised him, that until I heard his tenderly spoken "Lily," and saw my sister spring into his extended arms, I did not recognize Elliot Forrester. I must not linger on the scene that followed; I cannot spare time even for recounting the ingenious devices and hair-breadth escapes through which Elliot Forrester had made his way to New York under an assumed name. He had been compelled to make a long detour to the West, and had met with so many vexatious delays, that he was a week later in arriving than he had expected to be.

"But I am in time, my darling; this, you know, is our wedding-day—you have not forgotten it, Lily," he exclaimed, as he saw her look of surprise.

"Forgotten! no, indeed, Elliot; but why remember what cannot now be."

"And why not?"

"Because my father will never consent, Elliot, at least, never while this war continues."

"But he has consented, Lily, I have waited his own time—your eighteenth birthday is here—and, by his own words spoken in the presence of witnesses, you are mine."

Lily looked wistfully at me, as she said, "If only it could be."

"But how can it be?" I rather answered to the look than question.

"How?" exclaimed Elliot, impatiently. "Where is the difficulty? Do you think I have no friends in this city, do you think there are none here who see the justice of our cause, and believe in our success? One of these I saw last night. He has undertaken every thing, for he knows where to find the right magistrate and

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the right clergyman; I am expecting him every moment, to tell me that the license has been obtained, and the hour appointed. When all this is done, will *you* fail me, Lily? Shall I have risked life—"

"I will never fail you, Elliot. I am yours now and ever—"

"But, Lily," I began, "my father—"

"Olive, my father gave me to Elliot two years ago, and Elliot has done nothing to forfeit his confidence or my love."

"My darling! God helping me, you shall never repent this hour. And Olive will be our friend," he added, holding out his hand to me. "Only hear my plan," he continued, as he saw me about to speak. "I would not for more than my life expose our darling to one moment's peril. I have come only to fulfil the promise made two years ago—to make Lily my wife—and then to leave her in the safe shelter of her home—"

A cry from Lily interrupted him.

"To leave me, Elliot!" she exclaimed; "is not a wife's place at her husband's side?"

"Not when her presence would unnerve him, Lily, and make his duties harder."

"And would my presence do this for you, Elliot."

"It would, my own, while I am in the midst of all that makes war frightful; but soon peace will come—we ask only justice, and the people here are becoming more sober—justice will be done—we shall all be friends soon, and your father will not like me the less for having run some risk to secure my treasure."

"But in the mean time, you—Oh! Elliot! how can I live here and know that you—it is impossible—oh, take me with you!"

To do this was clearly impossible, and even our petted Lily must yield to the inevitable. All was arranged as Elliot Forrester desired. At one o'clock that 28th of April, Lily and I went to the house of the clergyman whose services had been engaged. There Elliot and his friend met us, and, before the clock struck two, all had been done that man could do to bind together two lives which only that morning I had feared were severed forever.

The next few hours seemed then, and have seemed ever since, like a dream. Elliot Forrester accompanied us home. He was to leave us at four o'clock, and, when the clock chimed the half-hour after three, I saw Lily turn pale, and look wistfully at her young husband, who rose and moved restlessly about the room. I felt my presence must be a restraint on their last words, and went into the adjoining room, through which Elliot must pass in leaving the house. I watched the slow-moving hands, determined to insist, if necessary, on his departure at four, anxious above all things that my father should not find him there. But, punctually as the little bell chimed four, the door opened, and Elliot Forrester and Lily entered. The arm he had thrown around her was necessary for her support, as was evident from her trembling, and from the ghastly whiteness of her face, yet she tried to smile as she met the eyes which seemed as if they could not turn away from her; but the smile was more painful than tears would have been, and something like a sob burst from him as he clasped her close and kissed her passionately once and again; then putting her into my arms, he said, hurriedly, "Take care of her, Olive; and God bless you." The next moment the street-door slammed behind him. He was gone.

Oh! the weary months that followed, and the weary questionings with myself which came to no conclusion. "Was I right? Was I wrong? How could I have resisted them? How could I have deceived my father? And what was I to do now?" Such was the round of thought, travelling in a circle, which wasted my life away. Had I alone been concerned, I should have fallen at my father's feet and confessed all, the first time he smiled on me. Sometimes I hoped that Lily would speak; but no thought of having done wrong seemed ever to enter her mind; she had only fulfilled a compact made with her father's sanction, and now she was obeying her husband, in keeping their marriage secret for a time. She had enough to suffer, poor child! without the pangs of conscience. One letter she received by a returned prisoner, to whom Elliot had shown kindness, informing her of his safe arrival within the Confederate lines, and then followed that dead silence in which Imagination is left undisturbed, to weave her own torturing visions. The slow days grew into weeks, and months, and years, and Lily watched and waited, but no tidings came. So wan and wistful grew her looks as time passed on, that my father, whom dissatisfaction with her refusal of several very eligible offers had rendered stern and hard, softened to her, and one evening, as he bade her good-night, he drew her to him and kissed her with all his old tenderness. Lily dropped her head on his shoulder and wept, overcome by the unexpected caress, then, looking up suddenly, she said in pleading tones, "Dear papa, your poor Lily is so weary of waiting—do find out for me where he is—only that," she continued, clinging to him as he would have moved impatiently away—"just to know where he is."

My father grew hard again; I saw it in the cold, steely glitter of his eye, before he spoke. When he did it was to say, "Be silent, girl! I will not hear you dishonor yourself by naming one who is a rebel to his country and a traitor to you. Why did he not claim you on your eighteenth birthday, if he cared for you? A true-hearted, honorable, brave man would have let nothing stand in his way; but he—"

I had seen Lily's cheek flushing and her eye brightening, nor was I surprised when, drawing herself up proudly, she said, "You are right, it was the act of a true-hearted, honorable, and brave man, and he did it. I am his wife; his, ever since my eighteenth birthday. If you do not believe me," she added, "ask Olive."

My father turned to me with a reproachful glance, which made me cover my face with my hands.

"Olive, is this true?" he asked, after a silence which was to me more terrible than words.

"Oh, papa! How could I help it?"

"Go!" he said, waving us from him as he spoke, and turning to ascend the stairs to his own room; "I have no children."

Lily stood still, she had not forgiven the insult to Elliot Forrester of my father's words—but I sprang after him, pleading for forgiveness. I clung to him, following him to his room, and, before we parted, he knew all, all my doubtings and questionings, as well as all my fault, and I wrung from him the cold "I forgive you, Olive;" but, when I would have pleaded for Lily, he silenced me with, "She is no daughter of mine—let her go to the rebel whom she calls husband."

Lily's room was within mine. I tried the door, but found it fastened within. I called, and was answered with "Good-night, Olive; I am sleepy."

Before I had left my room the next morning, her door opened, and Lily came out wearing her hat and cloak, and said hurriedly, as she passed through my room, "I shall not be back to breakfast, Olive;" then, as I would have detained her, "I cannot stop to talk, I am in haste."

My father did not ask for her, but ate his breakfast in almost unbroken silence, and hurried away. When Lily returned, it was still early. I was watching for her, and opened the door before she c[illegible] ring. "Come in, darling," I cried, "and get your breakfast, I have kept it hot for you."

I was so glad to do something for the poor child, who looked fevered and excited. She followed me without a word into the breakfast-room, and, when I had placed the breakfast before her, drank the cup of coffee; then she looked suddenly up, and said abruptly, "Olive, I am going."

"Going, Lily, where?"

"To Elliot—to my husband—it is no use to oppose me, Olive, I know all the difficulties; but I heard what my father said last night, and I know what Elliot would wish me to do."

"But, dear Lily, be reasonable; you do not even know where Elliot is."

"I will know soon, do not think I act without advice. Elliot left with me money for any emergency, and the names of friends here and elsewhere, who would take care of me and give me what help I needed."

"And where are you going first, Lily?"

"I would rather not tell you, Olive, it would make you unhappy to keep a secret from my father—I will never ask you to do it again—and, although he thought, last night, that I had better go to my rebel husband, he may change his mind."

"Oh! Lily, you will not leave me so! you cannot—think of it—shall I never hear from you again?—are we to be dead to each other?—will you kill me, Lily?"

I stood before her, and held her hands in a firm clasp, from which she strove in vain to free herself.

"Olive, I must go, do not try to keep me."

With a strong effort she broke away, and hastened to the door, but, looking back and seeing me standing with outstretched, en-

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treating arms, too faint to follow her, she sprang back, clasped me close, kissed me again and again, called me her "good Olive—her sister—her mother—the dearest thing on earth, except Elliot"—and promised to write me soon and often. In a half-hour from this time she was gone, taking with her only a small trunk of clothing. All my father's expensive presents of jewelry were left behind, but a little locket and a fine gold chain, which had been Christmas presents from me, were taken. I sent a note to my father as soon as Lily was gone, but he was absent from his place of business, and did not hear of her going till we met in the evening. He turned pale, and leaned on the table beside him, as if needing support, on first understanding that she was actually gone; but this was only for a moment. Voice and face were both firm, as he answered, "She has made her bed, and she must lie in it." From this time he asked no questions. Had he done so, there is little I could have told him of Lily. One letter, without post-mark or date, I received about a week after she left, telling me she was safe with friends, and in correspondence with her husband; that I must love her, and believe all was well with her till I heard again. Then weeks passed. Afraid of losing a letter from her, I encouraged my father's wish to remain in the city late that summer, and we were still there when news came of the battle of Gettysburg. The city was jubilant, and my heart was full, almost to bursting, with dread. Elliot Forrester, where was he? and where was she who lived now only for him? I questioned, but, alas! *no answer came.* But the darkness passed, and light dawned at last!

Peace was declared, and soon after I received a few lines from Lily, dated from a small town in Virginia. She told me little of herself, except that she had been ever since our separation with a lady, a relative of the Forresters, who lived near Baltimore, and that she had joined her husband at the place from which she wrote on the cessation of war. What was to be their next step seemed yet undecided. Mr. Forrester's place in Georgia had been on the line of Sherman's march, and, though the house had not been destroyed, it was in so dilapidated a condition that no one could live in it, except Philip Forrester and a few workmen, who were endeavoring to make it habitable for his father and mother. In this letter was enclosed one from Lily to my father. He did not show me its contents, but his mouth assumed a rigidity as he read it, from which I augured ill. A few days after, he handed me a check for five hundred dollars, saying, "You may enclose that to Elliot Forrester's wife, and say, at the same time, that, when she left my house, she ceased to have any claim on me, but that, as I would not have her mother's child starve, I will send her the same sum yearly. Her gentleman husband will have to sink his generosity and do the rest. Let him show his good blood now by working, rather than depend on another."

I declined conveying such a message, and my father wrote himself. A week after, he received the check, and with it, in Elliot Forrester's hand, these words: "Your daughter shall not starve while I live, and, while I live, my wife cannot receive alms even from her father. She asked for your affection, not for your money, which she requests me to say is valueless without love."

Enclosed in this was a short but loving note of farewell from Lily to me. My father tried to be scornful over this note from Elliot Forrester; but I saw that it touched him, and that, even while it made him angry, he was better pleased with it than he would have been with a more submissive communication. Still he thought and said: "He can talk bravely, let us see what he will do when he comes to act."

It was not easy for us to see, for a cloud, through which came neither sight nor sound, seemed from this time to envelop Elliot Forrester and his wife. I think my father saw at last how, with my Lily, my life had gone out. I went with him wherever he desired; to Saratoga or Newport in summer, to city gayeties in winter; but I knew, by the expression I sometimes caught in his eyes as they rested on me, that the sad heart looked out through the cheerful mask I tried to wear. He grew very gentle to me. One day, however, I made him angry, by refusing an offer of marriage from John Melville, an acquaintance of my girlhood, whom I had missed very much when he went to China about twelve years before. He had now returned a rich man, and told me that he had loved me always, and [illegible] hours of toil had been brightened by the hope that he might find me still Olive Raymond, and persuade me to become Olive Melville. He was a good man, and I had always liked him, as I told my father, but I could not wake my heart to a new life, or carry the saddened old one into a good man's home.

"I see I lost both my children when Lily deserted me," said my father, and from that time an impalpable something interposed itself between him and me, and our home grew yet colder and sadder.

It must not be thought that I had not made any effort to hear from Lily. I had written to Elliot Forrester's mother, and had received from her a kind letter assuring me that Lily was well and happy, but that she was not with her. She added that both Elliot and Lily were averse to any communication of their present home and circumstances even to me. "When they become such," she wrote, "that Mr. Raymond cannot suspect them of desiring to excite his pity through your agency, they will write. Till they do so, it would be better for Lily, I think, that you should not know her address. Your writing to her would only awaken a contest between her duty to her husband and her tenderness to you." After that I was of course silent; and then my health gave way—not that I was ill, but I grew feebler, and, if possible, stiller. I think John Melville, who had continued to visit me, as a friend, he said, first called my father's attention to this. When once it had been so called, no one could be more anxious, more attentive than my father was. He brought our good old doctor to see me, who recommended change in my case as he had done in *Lily's.*

"Where would you like best to go?" he asked me.

My cheeks burned with the consciousness of a little want of candor as I said, "To the Virginia Springs; I am so weary of Saratoga and Newport."

I do not know why I thought of Lily as in Virginia, except that her last letter had been sent from that State. My father, if he suspected my motive, did not betray his suspicion. "That will suit me well," he said, "I should like to look at some of the iron-mills in Western Virginia. I will leave you at the Springs, and take a light wagon across the country."

"Do not leave me; it is not the Springs I want, but travel, change—let me go with you."

And so it was arranged. We set off the last week in May. I shall say nothing of our journey; but only ask the reader to come with me on a June evening, when the western sun was reddening the forest, as in a light Rockaway, driven by a black boy whom my father had hired in Baltimore, because of his professed knowledge of the country, we were proceeding toward the village of K——, in West Virginia. We had occasionally caught glimpses of a column of black smoke rising above the wood at some point where it appeared less dense, and, just as a great bell clanged out from its iron throat a call to the hands to rest from their labors, we came in sight of one of those iron-mills which the neighborhood of coal-mines makes so frequent in this region of country.

Forth came the hands, looking, with their begrimed faces, like so many of Pluto's dusky ministers. My father had hoped to arrive in time to see the mill in operation this evening.

"The agent must be here, I suppose, and I can see him," he said, speaking more to himself than to me. "Drive slowly, boy."

It was well this order had been given, for at that moment our attention was attracted to a beautiful boy of about three years old, who, with shouts of pretended fear, but real delight, was running hither and thither, chased by one of the hands who was threatening to make an iron-worker of him, by rubbing his sooty hands over the pretty white kilt and jacket in which he was dressed. Intent only on escaping from this Cyclops, the boy, the moment after we saw him, ran directly under our horses' heads. In an instant, my father had pulled the horses back with irresistible force, and, with scarcely a breathing-interval of time, had sprung from the carriage, and raised the child in his arms, unhurt, though a little frightened, as we saw by the trembling lip and the little sob which the manly boy would not suffer to become a cry.

"What is your name, my little man?" asked my father, while I was brushing the dust from the white dress and golden curls.

"'Amon' Fo'ester," was the answer, in a sweet, childish treble. My heart swelled, and with an irresistible impulse I caught the boy in my arms, and kissed him again and again.

"What does he say?" asked my father of the man who had been chasing him, and who had run up as my father raised him from the ground, but had not offered to touch him.

"Raymond Forrester, sir; he is the son of our manager."

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"Papa, mamma!" shouted the boy, leaping from my arms at the risk of another fall, as a lady and gentleman emerged from the agent's office. The lady was dressed in a pretty light calico, fitting neatly to a tall, well-moulded form, whose graceful, easy movements gave her an air of refinement which jewels and brocade cannot always confer. The gentleman was habited with equal simplicity in light summer clothing, which contrasted strangely with his black curling beard and darkly-bronzed face. But for the child's revelation, we might for a moment have doubted who he was, so had the youthful proportions of Elliot Forrester expanded in this tall, broad-chested, powerful-looking man.

The reader will suppose, perhaps, that I rushed into Lily's arms; but not so—my whole being was absorbed in watching my father and Elliot Forrester, for I well knew that on their meeting now depended the future for us all. I saw Elliot Forrester's face flush, as he recognized us. Lily's eyes were on her child, and she never saw us till her father and her husband stood with clasped hands. Who moved first, none of us ever knew. It seemed simultaneously that the hands were outstretched, and that one exclaimed, "Let us forget all that is painful in the past," and the other, "Forgive me, Mr. Raymond; I have long felt that I wronged you in taking my promised wife from you by stealth. I should not have distrusted you; it was a cowardly act, I fear."

"And I was not generous, Elliot; but we will forgive each other. We have all been a little mad, perhaps; but we are sane now."

"And now," sobbed Lily, as she clasped one arm around my father's neck, and drew me close to her with the other, "there is peace at last; it was useless to talk of peace while there was war in so many hearts; but this is the true peace, and we will never, never, quarrel any more—will we, darling Olive?"

"Olive never quarrelled with anybody," said my father; "indeed, she made all who lived with her ashamed of quarrelling."

"Olive never did a wrong thing," exclaimed Lily, who, between laughing and crying, scarcely knew what she said.

"Oh, Lily, Lily, you forget that I, too, kept a secret from papa!"

"Which I made you do."

"I was the older, Lily, and should not have been led by you."

"Just as if you could help it—you were too good to say no to me."

"That was not goodness, Lily; it was weakness."

"I will not hear you abuse yourself. Elliot, take my side."

"I cannot, Lily," said Elliot, with a smile.

My father, who stood by, caressing his grandson, added, "Olive is right; we have all done wrong, and we will not stop to inquire who has done the most wrong, but forgive and forget, or remember the past only to make the future redeem it."

"Oh, if the whole country would do so!" cried Lily.

But the boy was growing impatient. "Are you my Aunt Olive?" he asked.

"Yes, darling."

"Then come and see my sister Olive; she's a beau'ful sister, with black curls, just like papa's. Come."

"Olive, you look pale; I am afraid the walk will be long for you—it is about a mile."

"Then you had better drive," said my father, "and take Lily and the boy with you. I will walk with you"—to Elliot Forrester.

And so we went to a lovely cottage among the hills, in whose furnishing the most simple materials were arranged into forms of elegance, more charming to the eye than would have been the most gorgeous display of wealth without taste. Chintz-covered furniture, muslin curtains, and fresh flowers, made every room beautiful.

"We have worked hard for it," said Lily, looking with pardonable pride around her. "Elliot made couches and divans and ottomans from old boxes, and cut barrels into lounging-chairs, and a few cushions, for which our poultry-yard supplied the feathers, and the pretty chintzes, have done the rest."

The pretty cottage of the agent has become the charming mansion of the owner of the mill. To all Elliot Forrester's remonstrances against this, my father answered, "All I have will be yours and Olive's when I die; let me have the pleasure of seeing you enjoy it while I live." To me, he added, "He has himself to thank for it; I would never have given a dollar to him, if he had not shown his good blood by his good work."

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to know that I now write my name "Olive Melville." Mr. Melville and I spend our winters in New York, with my father; but we have a summer home near Lily and Elliot, and, having no children of our own, we are permitted to have their little Olive often with us, though Lily says I am spoiling her, as I did her mother.

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" ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH."
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Aug 21, 1869; II, 21;
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pg. 22

"ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH."

THE follies of fashion seem to furnish the only theme suggestive of brilliant periods to the newspaper correspondents, who annually "write up" our places of summer-resort. Occasional descriptions of scenery, and a paragraph, now and then, about "Old Ocean," vary the monotony of sarcasm; but the pen invariably returns to the usual object of attack. The foibles of human nature offer a convenient target for the practice of commonplace wit. We are constantly reminded of Goldsmith's exquisite satire: by "human nature," said the Vicar of Wakefield's son, men invariably mean the dark side of human character. According to these annual midsummer authors, the only noticeable social features of a popular watering-place are fashion, display, gambling, flirtation, and intrigue This is not true. At Saratoga itself, the very name of which has become a synonyme for all that is objectionably "fast" in society, the majority of guests may be found, morning, noon, and night, enjoying themselves in a sensible way, keeping themselves cool, chatting with their friends, listening to music, strolling through the park, and making themselves as comfortable as possible. The races furnish merely an incidental fortnight of excitement. The ballroom dissipation is neither so general, nor so brilliantly wicked, as it is described. Even the leading gambling-house, instead of being the gorgeous palace we have read about in the papers, is unpretending, commonplace, and cheaply furnished. If one in fifty of the gentlemen who patronize the springs should also patronize this celebrated faro-bank, the little room in which it is located would be packed from floor to ceiling, and not a third of the excited old men and suicidal youths, so vividly portrayed, could gain an entrance. Long Branch has been as much the victim of journalistic scandal as Saratoga. A visitor, who has read about the Branch, is disappointed on his first arrival. He finds that people are actually enjoying themselves, untrammelled by fashion. He sees ladies in comfortable summer-robes at the dinner-table. He looks in vain for the lady with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on her person. The gentleman, who lost his entire fortune during the previous night, does not sit immediately at his elbow, as he expected he would; or, if he does, his appetite is unpardonably good, and his eyes are not hollow and sunken, as they should be, according to the orthodox standard. The disappointed visitor even sees whole families laughing and chatting about the tables, as if they were not in the vortex of fashionable vice. The little boys and girls may be sitting upon the brink of moral destruction, but the comfortable mammas evidently fail to realize their danger. The visitor strolls about the piazza or upon the bluff. Bright eyes, he may see, mischievous dimples, something of coquettish art, perhaps, but he feels a certain moral safety, which is entirely incompatible with his preconceived notions of the situation. Within two or three days he concludes that the "whirl of dissipation" is an entirely

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imaginative maelstrom, a convenient fiction, a popular fallacy, to lend an interest to letters which would otherwise be unendurably stupid. If the visitor spends a season at the Branch, he will remember certain balls and hops, certain fashionable concerts, and other semi-occasional incidents, which give the correspondents a groundwork for their fiction—he will acknowledge, perhaps, that their novels are "founded on fact." He may have entered the new gambling-house opposite the Stetson. He sees that it is only necessary to multiply its visitors by ten to make a spicy paragraph, and to astonish old ladies, who have sons just graduating from college. The common-sense visitor discovers, in short, that neither dissipation nor fashionable excess is thrust upon any one at Long Branch; that guests may live quietly, soberly, comfortably, if they like; that vice and folly are found there, as everywhere else, only by such as choose to seek them.

Mr. Winslow Homer, in the cartoon accompanying this number of the JOURNAL, gives us a picture of the ease and pleasurable *abandon* which accompany life at Long Branch. On the beach, more than anywhere else in the world, society throws aside its dignity. Men and women make children of themselves. Those in the water give themselves up to sport, frolicking with each other and with the waves, thoughtless of fashion and its formalities. Those who watch them from the bluff, or at its foot, join heartily in the spirit of the scene. Along the beach at Long Branch, however, extending, as it does, between the bluff and the ocean, more than two miles in length, there are always many who are neither bathing, nor watching the bathers. Young men and maidens find enough of interest to sit together under the shade of an umbrella by the hour, and hardly cast a glance at any thing before them. Here one sees a solitary figure, sitting on the sand, with a book; there a party of ladies and gentlemen, shooting at a mark; others chatting in groups; nurses with children, making sand-pies, or picking up shells; amateur naturalists, gathering sea-weeds. Convenient as the beach is to the hotels and cottages, it presents a peculiarly interesting and lively appearance along its whole length. Our artist suggests an old poetic thought in the letters drawn, by a young girl, in the sand. Something of tenderness, which she would hardly acknowledge, perhaps, has guided her hand; her friend may study her thoughts by the point of her umbrella; the next tide will efface the letters forever; let us hope that the artist means no reflection on the fidelity of the sex. The shallow film of water, which washes away so many letters in the sand, is a very suggestive symbol of coquetry. Many a name, however, has been written "on the beach at Long Branch," which has never been effaced—the beach has gladdened more hearts than it has saddened, despite its reputation—it has made more matches than it has broken.

Long Branch has little to boast of in its beach, so far as bathing is concerned. Considered by themselves, its waves are thoroughly enjoyable, and furnish enough excitement. But, compared with the majestic lines of breakers which roll in from the ocean at Newport or Cape May, the short, irregular, waves of the Branch are very undignified and very unsatisfactory. The beach descends too rapidly. At Newport the bather chooses his breaker according to the size preferred, and successive waves roll in with as much regularity as if acting under special instructions. The outer line overwhelms the strong man, towering and foaming as it breaks above his head. Nearer shore the miniature breaker is hardly strong enough to roll a baby in the sand. At Long Branch, however, there is but one line, and that a broken one. The bathers are tossed about hither and thither, and rolled heels over head, men, women, and children alike. This is exhilarating at first, but it becomes monotonous; one has no choice; he must simply be tumbled about for a few moments and out again. Experience proves that the beach is a safe one; but it is very far from being, what a *connoisseur* in beaches would call, a good one.

Saratoga is thoroughly cosmopolitan, by virtue of its popularity and fame among all the cities, and in every section of our country. Long Branch is also cosmopolitan; but only because it fairly represents the city of New York. It is merely a midsummer suburb of the metropolis. Like New York, it is an epitome of the entire country. Cape May belongs to Philadelphia, and is in no sense cosmopolitan. Newport is now a city of cottages, and is to be compared no longer with those summer resorts which are sought by the transient public. Nahant is the midsummer synonyme of Boston. Long Branch is the representative "sea-shore" of the nation.

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ON THE ORIGIN OF LIARS.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Oct 23, 1869; II, 30;
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pg. 311

ON THE ORIGIN OF LIARS.

A WRITER in the *Temple-Bar* magazine gives us a startling sensational discourse on "Lying as a Science." His stand-point is that of the old diabolism, which taught that the realm of Nature belongs to the prince of the powers of the air, who is also the father of lies. He consequently lays it down as an axiom, that "man is born a liar; the child must be taught to speak the truth."

Now, we think that, in making this statement, the writer is availing himself very freely of the birthright he claims, and which has not been much damaged by his teachers: his proposition is exactly the reverse of the truth. For man, as a falsifier, Nature is not responsible; he is not born a liar, but becomes so by education. Truth is natural to children; lying is an artificial acquisition. To say that children are natural and spontaneous liars, and truthful only as they are taught, is to libel the defenceless for the cowardly purpose of escaping the responsibility of their ethical miseducation.

How we are born, is undoubtedly a great and very important thing; and the congenital factor in our nature is a far more potential and determining element in our destiny than it has been generally regarded. But it is easily misinterpreted and turned to mischievous ends. We unquestionably inherit predispositions, but, unless the organism is warped far out of the normal lines into morbid extremes, it is amenable to educational control. It is common to say that men are born musicians, poets, or mathematicians—but this is loose language; they are only born with varying aptitudes in these directions. It is, after all, culture and not Nature that makes the musician, the poet, and the mathematician. So children are undoubtedly born with unequal moral capacities, but it is culture and not Nature that develops these capacities.

But it is not in this limited sense that the *Temple-Bar* writer is to be understood. He does not say that some men are born with a genius for lying, but that all men are born liars, or, in other words, that the reason why men lie is because Nature implanted the radical propensity to it in man's organic constitu-

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tion. Let us see if Nature cannot be vindicated from this aspersion, and if the responsibility does not rest elsewhere.

The child at birth is simply a little bundle of latent possibilities—physical, intellectual, and moral. While yet it can neither speak nor think, it certainly cannot lie. Thus far Nature is acquitted. There is simply no evidence that the facile and full-blown liar of manhood is the normal outcome of prenatal determination. The hypothesis is gratuitous; and what we have at last is simply the assertion that lying propensities are the first developments of childhood.

But we are not without a further and decisive clew to Nature's intention. Education is far from being entirely an affair of art. It so happens, and fortunately for the race, that Nature is our first teacher. Far from resigning her charge when she has ushered the little being into the world, she then commences to teach it, and carries the mental and moral development much farther than people generally imagine before art begins to interfere; and what is her policy? While at birth the power of thinking is at zero, because there is nothing to think about, the senses which furnish something to think about are complete and perfect for action from the first. The basis of mind is laid in the intercourse of the new-born infant with the world around it. Mental unfolding thus begins in experience, and an experience which deals solely with the truth of things. The senses give faithful representations of external objects; otherwise the universe would be a swindle, thought a cheat, and life a failure. The eye testifies to the truth of appearances, the ear to the truth of sounds, while touch, taste, and smell, give truthful reports of the objects to which they are related. Impressions are, no doubt, at first vague and indefinite, and, from their imperfection, are often erroneous. But the error is incidental to the scheme—its shadow, as one might say—and is infinitesimal in proportion to the truth, while the whole tendency of things is toward its constant correction. The child's mind, beginning with blank capacities, is thus slowly built up as an internal representation of outward things; the fundamental characteristic of that representation being faithfulness and reliability. The very essence and definition of truth is *fidelity of representation*, and this is the principle which is strictly and constantly conformed to in those early tuitions of experience which determine the first stages of mental growth.

But there is also, in these early experiences, a definite code of moral discipline, which has its roots equally in the truth of things. Long before the teacher comes on to the scene with his moral maxims, the child has taken elaborate and effective lessons in matters of right and wrong. It has learned to link conduct to its consequences, and to guide its actions accordingly. By its experimental dealings with surrounding objects, resulting in numerous falls, bumps, cuts, lacerations, burnings, and scaldings, it is taught to direct its movements so as to avoid the evil consequences. It finds pain annexed to certain actions, and that their commission entails inevitable punishment. There is no luring or lying here, no empty threats, no false promises. Nature not only inculcates a moral code, but reduces it to inexorable truth by enforcing a stern, moral discipline. And, because it is obviously truthful and honest, and based on the reality of things, it is accepted as reasonable and right. Even her scale of justice is recognized and admitted. There is a proportion, a confessed harmony, between offence and penalty; slight transgressions entail slight punishments, more serious improprieties provoke graver consequences. The whole policy is just, faithful, kind, and true. Indeed, if there is one term which, more fitly than any other, marks the policy of Nature in her contributions to human character, that term is *veracity*.

Let Nature, then, be exonerated from this infamous charge, as she has done her part faithfully and in the right direction; and, in relieving her of this imputation, we clear the way for fixing the responsibility where it justly belongs.

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PARISIAN STREET LIFE.: I.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Nov 6, 1869; II, 32;
American Periodicals
pg. 365

PARISIAN STREET LIFE.

I.

THERE is in Paris an upper and a nether world. Beneath the gay, flippant, superficial, yet enchanting life which the passing tourist sees, there lies an earnest, and a plodding, and a sombre existence. But the visitor and superficial sight-seer—the sojourner of a week—sees nothing of the last. To sound its mysteries, he must take up his abode in Paris; must wander often through obscure neighborhoods, must with a sympathetic eye study alike brighter and darker shades of character. Delving deeper than the gaslight splendors, and leaving the haunts of pleasant vice, and the temples of ancient art and modern, you may reach the class in whose bosom revolution was born; back into whose midst revolution, baffled, was driven; and with whom the revolutionary spirit, still surviving though patient, yet lingers, cherished, to burst forth possiby with all its ancient impetuous rudeness, on a day when it is least thought of. To discover this class, you must, as Wren in St. Paul's commands, "circumspice"—look around you. There it is, in the midst of the Paris streets. Quiet now, but discoverable. There is no place more interesting to the student of Nature as it is in man, than these Paris streets; they abound in hints and food for contemplation; they shed light on history. This study is full of incident and romance, excites to pity, and not seldom to admiration; it is tragic, with a due leaven of comedy. Wandering from one end of Paris to the other—guessing your way through dark, tortuous labyrinths of ominous St. Antoine and L'Université, with its but half-hidden democratic fires—wending the weary lengths of the narnow quarter Luxembourg—you will see little to revolt, much to pon-

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der over. *Paris compares favorably, in street sights, with London.* In the French capital you see little of the desperate beggary and presumptuous vice which greet you in Drury Lane and the slums of Westminster. Even mendicancy assumes a mild, almost a respectable form. The men and women soliciting alms are often clean; they ply their trade by no exhibition of sickening deformity, false or real; they follow one pertinaciously, plead vigorously—do not, however, cast after the non-giver a volley of oaths and blasphemies—are almost nonchalant in disappointment. The little *gamin*—homeless, parentless, ragged, dinnerless, yet bright-faced urchin, child of the streets, budding vagabond—runs along at your side, barefooted or wooden-shoed, bareheaded or ragged-capped, begging for just one "petit sou;" if you refuse, he goes tripping off, whistling or singing some rollicking *canaille* air, forgetful alike of his wants and your rebuff.

But it is not of this nethermost stratum of Parisian life that I propose to speak, so much as of the class just above it; that class—various, multitudinous, and most interesting to observe, which is neither mendicant nor wholly independent, which exists neither by alms nor by recognized commercial pursuits—the class between the beggar and the little shopkeeper. We hear wonderful stories in almost every country how the ragpickers, and bootblacks, and newsboys, now and then amass large fortunes; by steady perseverance, patience, and frugality, the humblest of trades may sometimes yield a large reward. These pettiest of all traders ply their vocation quietly and unobserved; time flies with them as it does over the famous oak of Carlyle's gorgeous description—which grew unseen a thousand years, and when *it fell*, first announced itself to the startled world. A bootblack, a ragpicker, is too insignificant a thing for the pursuer of grand tours to note; and little cares our Paris street liver whether you note him or not; give him a sou for polishing your boots, and he will cry quits with you with unimpeachable good-humor. By-and-by, when he has *grown over middle-aged*, and his hair is iron, rusty, and gray, and his back, by dint of the thirty years' wrenching of the blacking-brush, has grown round and rickety, he has, mayhap, hoarded enough to ride neck and neck with his quondam customer on the Champs Elysées, and to sit side by side with him at the Baden-Baden, and Schweitzer Hof *table-d'hôte*. Such things have been, and will be again; there are self-made men out of politics, and even out of our free and glorious United States.

But these trades of the Paris street—who can discover or count them? Live there twenty years, and each year many a new trade will come under your notice, making you laugh, and more—think; making you cry out "Admirable!" to your brother humanity, which can invent so many subtle arts by which to live! Mostly underneath, to be dug out, and looked at with wonder, as you would on digging up for the first time a Perigord truffle, or some hitherto unimagined jewel of an unguessed color.

No perseverance, no energy, no serious, downright hard work, no soberness in the French? Set him down, who tells you so, as the shallowest, most flippant of note-jotters. Don't be so stupid, I should tell him, as to go to Paris and seek to judge it out of your fifth-story window at the Grand Hotel. Betake yourself and luggage, in a cab which will cost a franc and a half, far out of sight or sound of the boulevards and the palaces, across the river, up certain narrow and gloomyish streets, in what is called the Latin quarter. Engage lodgings in a student's boarding-house, at thirty francs; breakfast in bed, dine over in the Palais Royal; sit by your window, and observe. If, when you wake up over in your new quarters, you do not think yourself bounded by lunatic asylums, your bump of imagination is like a flat marble. If, on the contrary, that bump be developed, you will be fairly appalled by the pandemonium of noises which greet your ears—noises that sound like shrieks, like yells, like demoniac laughter, like groans, like sobs, like stump oratory, like phials of wrath let loose, like cries for vengeance, like pleadings for pity, like wails of desperation—the insane, terrific gamut—will assail your ears. Asking yourself if Bedlam be let loose, you rush to your window and see—market-women—simply market-women—that's all. They are quiet-looking, even demure-looking; their brown faces are as smiling and placid as a May morning. The only thing about them at all exceptionable to the most epicurean of tourist minds is, the manner in which they announce their presence. And their cries are certainly awful. They are an "institution" without which student Paris would be to its inhabitants dreary enough. A student who had lived there several years, told me that he could not sleep in the morning without the old familiar cries. One morning he missed the certain peculiar cry of a woman who sold fruits; and who was wont to come around at six each day. He missed it, and after six he did not get a wink of sleep—not even his favorite morning "drowse;" and for weeks the absence of the familiar sound robbed him in the same way of his slumbers. These market-women—or, as the English would call them, costermongers—are, without exception, neatly dressed, with clean white *coifs* and aprons; they have cheerful, sunburnt, but somewhat sharp and shrewish features, which say, "Beat me down if you can!" Their cries are usually a sort of song, or musical bar; each has one peculiar to herself, and easily distinguishable from all the others; and each cries exactly the same song daily and all the year round. But drill yourself in French as long as you like, you never will attain to such proficiency as to comprehend these women's lingo. It is doubtful whether even native Parisians could translate it. The jargon is, doubtless, not intended to be understood, but to strike the ear oddly; their customers on the daily round recognize them, and that is the one thing needful; but to the stranger, so many shoutings in every key and discord, loud and faint, near and afar, is at first startling, and always quaint. As they tramp blithely along over the stony streets, wheeling their heavy wagons, shouting their jaw-breaking cries, stopping here and there to chat with a gossip or to higgle over their wares, they seem thoroughly French in their light-heartedness and irrepressible gayety; still, there is an undercurrent of a deeper and more sombre hue in their hard-working, drudging lives. The contents of their rude little hand-wagons sufficiently announce, not only their vocation, but whence they come. Fruit and vegetable sellers, they also aid in the raising these commodities, from the breaking of the soil and planting, to the gathering and packing of them. In a word, the larger number of these women are the wives and daughters of suburban farmers; while some are themselves little proprietors, and glory in holding their own with the agricultural lords of creation.

If you would learn any thing in the Old World, you must carry thither at least one Yankee quality—inquisitiveness. Ask questions everywhere—in the cathedrals, in the palaces, in the dance-halls, in the streets. People will stare at you—but generally they will answer you; and then you will be storing your head with odd scraps of knowledge well worth the hoarding. I was buying some of the most superb strawberries the sun ever ripened, in a little narrow Paris street, of a dapper little brown woman, with a long red handkerchief wrapped about her head; and made free use of my national prerogative. Here is her account of herself, and it is, she said, a sample of the life of her fellow-laborers. She helps her husband till the ground; plants and hoes and weeds it; tends the vegetables or fruit during growth; gathers them when ripe. All that, she remarks, is nothing; it is like a *fête* to her; mere play. Her real hard work begins with the ripening of her produce. She rises now somewhat before daylight; competition is sharp, and *femme* Blank from the next farm will, unless she is stirring early, get the start of her. She loads her cart, and starts out for the city; she must hurry every rod of it. Arrived, she commences her song, and trudges, hour after hour, shouting until she is hoarse, pushing until she is "ready to drop," calculating sous until her mind is as tired as her limbs. She has her regular route of streets, which extends from the Latin quarter to beyond the Arc de Triomphe, thence back again in a circle—some eight miles or more in all. Then, with her empty wagon and heavy pocket, back she trudges home again, to the little mud-plastered farmhouse in the fields, so far off that the lights of the giant blazing metropolis can be seen thence but faintly, glimmering against the sky. Poetry? That is the poetry of every-day life to the women costermongers of Paris! There are such workers—thousands and thousands of them—in gay, frivolous pleasure-worshipping France. If ever there is a hard day's work done in the world that woman does it. When you learn all this, you are apt to repent of the first morning you heard the shrill cries beneath your window, when you mentally consigned the utterers to regions very articulately specified in your wrath; you feel that it was a very serious hubbub, for dear life itself; and if you have an atom of kindliness in your nature, you will spend now and then a spare *sou* or so upon their wares, not being over particular about the change—and will not think a few kind words in addition wasted. To turn aside now and then, and help the weary plodders in this world, does one especial good, amid the dissolute glare and selfish indulgences of Paris; and that the objects which appeal to one's sympathy there are rare enough, it is needless to say.

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But the market-women have by no means an imperial patent of monopoly in strange street cries. There is a solemn and lugubrious sound which sometimes falls upon the ear, as if somebody were trying to imitate a funeral-toll, and, in default of a bell, had been employed to announce a death to all mankind. It is the professional cry of the old-clothes dealers. They are of both sexes, and walk with studied solemnity through the streets, with bundles of cast-off garments, as advertisements, swung across their shoulders. All of these have that peculiar physiognomy which announces their religion and their race: they are unquestionable Hebrews. They issue in the early morning from those crowded ancient streets which one has a glimpse of as he walks along the lower boulevards; vast emporiums of every variety of apparel, where Jewish families trade, eat, cook, and sleep on the same floor. Another variety of the Paris street criers is the "vitriers," or window-menders; a famous convenience, especially to the students, who, in their frequent orgies, break many a pane of glass, and must perforce repair the damage. The vitrier has a long frame fastened to his back by cords wound about his body; this frame contains pieces of window-glass of every shape and size; and the vitrier also carries at his girdle a bag containing the implements of his trade, so that he may set to work at once, and mend your window in a twinkling.

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PARISIAN STREET LIFE.: II.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Nov 13, 1869; II, 33;
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pg. 398

PARISIAN STREET LIFE.

II.

But, of all the inhabitants of the Paris streets, he who calls at once for your largest sympathy and your deepest curiosity is the *gamin* of historic and romantic fame. Victor Hugo has celebrated him in "Les Misérables," and henceforth he is a distinct figure in Paris life. The Paris gamin has not his match, perhaps, in all the world. The superficial observer perceives him to be but a little, ragged, graceless, merry urchin, up to all sorts of petty wickednesses, and astoundingly proficient in the street slang and vices of the great metropolis. But there are few to whom the gamin, in some respects, may not set an example worthy to be followed. Who are these thousands of ragged little boys, shoals and groups of whom you meet everywhere, and who especially congregate about the markets and railway stations? Whence do they come, these tiny men of the world? How do they exist—where do they live? The greater part of them are nameless and parentless; a malignant fate presided over their very birth. They are the offspring of that wide-spread, almost universal immorality which tempts one to compare Paris to Sodom and Gomorrah. Very few have been born in wedlock; they have been, poor things! for the most part, rejected and disowned by father and mother alike. Cast upon their own resources in their very infancy, the street is their home, their shelter, their workshop, their play-ground, their dining-room, and their dormitory. I have seen many a gamin so tiny that he could hardly walk, whose little limbs were yet weak and unsteady, already ripe in the world's ways, actually supporting himself, and as glib in the slang of the street as his bearded fellows. Nature has been forced, and, to the mind of a foreigner, some of these little bodies are almost monsters. Some of them are so bright and intelligent, answer you with such quaint humor, are so prompt in response and repartee, as quite to startle you.

I was sitting, one day, at a *café* on the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, when an unusually bright-faced gamin, whose eyes fairly glittered with life and fun, came up, doffed his ragged cap, and, with a polite obeisance worthy of Louis the Magnificent, petitioned for just one little *sou* to procure him some breakfast. Or, he said, if I had not a sou, he would willingly partake of the roll on which he perceived me to be breakfasting. The lad's face was so cheerful and vivacious, that he inspired my interest at once; and, Yankee-like, I fell to questioning him. I asked him where and how he usually got his breakfast, and how it was he had not had it that morning.

"Why, you see, monsieur," he replied, very coolly seating himself by my side, and glad to have a chance to talk, "I sleep, you understand, wherever I happen to be when I'm sleepy. The way I get my breakfast is this. I pick up, in the course of the day, perhaps two or three sous; sometimes by begging, sometimes by holding horses for messieurs in the quarter of the Champs Elysées, sometimes by running errands for the *épiciers*, sometimes by sweeping the pavements in front of the shops. These sous—if, parbleu! I do not spend 'em before—I lay up till next morning; and next morning, shortly after daylight, I take them to the Halles (the principal Paris markets). When I get there, I find the country people unloading their fruits and vegetables. Well, you see, I have managed already to scrape acquaintance with some of them, and I search out my acquaintances among them. Monsieur perhaps knows that, when the market-people unload their wagons, stray leaves of cabbages, and here and there a potato or turnip, fall under the wagons; and they are apt to pick out the half-rotten apples and grapes and vegetables, and throw 'em away. These stray cabbage-leaves and rejected fruits compose my breakfast. I pay a farmer two sous for the privilege of picking up a certain quantity of what falls on the ground in the unloading and of what he throws away. Other gamins do the same; and so we pick up our breakfasts out of the gutter, and go off—half a dozen of us together—under some archway, or in the porch of some empty house, and make the best feast we can; sometimes we have a jolly good breakfast in pear and grape time; at others, we make up in laughing and joking for the poorness of the meal. But, yesterday, I went on a regular *fête;* parbleu, monsieur, one must recreate at times! A lot of us walked out to St.-Cloud; we got some wine, and made merry in the park; and it got so late before we were done, that we stayed out under the trees all night. I've just got back, you see; I spent all my sous over yonder. I'm too late for the early market, and, if I wasn't, I don't believe that even my friend the *petite* Jeannetton, the farmer's daughter from Meudon, would trust me for my breakfast."

The narrative was worth paying for; so I gave my ragged entertainer a stout roll from my table, and, with the promise of a ten-centime piece, I succeeded in learning from him much more about his life. He did not know how old he was; had not the remotest idea who his parents were; had not the faintest recollection of having ever seen his mother; and remembered nothing beyond his street-life. The first thing he remembered about himself was, being beaten by a master chimney-sweep for falling out of a chimney which he had been ordered to sweep; and he gave a most dismal account of the smearing of soot which he got every morning at the hands of his master, and of his wearily following that cruel despot about the streets day after day, and screaming, at short intervals, "De haut en ba–as!" at the top of his lungs. Then he fell in with some "free" gamins, who persuaded him to run away from the chimney-sweeping ogre and live a rollicking life with them; which he did, and never regretted it.

"We are the jolliest and happiest *gens* in Paris," said he, his eyes twinkling.

The gamins sleep in every nook and corner you can imagine; in cellar-ways, on door-steps, under arches, in old wagons, in houses half-burned down, under statues, along the quays, in the sewers, on roofs, in parks and gardens. The keepers of the Tuileries garden are forced to search under every tree and shrub when the time of shutting the gates for the night comes, in order to clear out the multitude of bedless little gamins who seek there for a resting-place. But they are so early inured to these (to us) terrible trials, that they are quite content if they can find a place where they may sleep till daylight, without feeling the rude shoulder-shaking of the gendarmes.

Some, as has been hinted, become chimney-sweeps, and these seem to be the wildest and most roguish of all. Others apprentice themselves to old fruit-women to do their errands and tend their stands, for which service they receive the unsalable remains thereof for their breakfasts and dinners. When one sees these poor little fellows wandering about the streets, often, however, whistling and singing and laughing as they go—now petitioning for a "petit sou," and telling a long, mendacious story about their sick mothers and starving sisters, in the next moment playing and skipping about, and next munching something eatable which they have managed to pick up—now sitting on the curbstone of the pavement to recruit, or count their petty gains—now, in the twilight, having an eye out for some obscure place to sleep, where gendarmes will "cease from troubling" and their weary little bodies "will be at rest"—pity for their outcast, forlorn, dark condition, is somewhat tempered by the thought that even they—graceless little rascals!—are far happier than many thousands of their betters. The distinctive trait of the Paris gamin, in contrast with the similar class in other great cities, is, his utter want of worldly care and forethought. With him, in very truth, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" it never occurs to him that he is treading close on the heels of a to-morrow. If he begs and is refused, he skips off, merrily singing "Partant pour la Syrie," and in an instant has forgotten the repulse; if he steals and is caught by Monsieur the Gendarme, he submits to the inevitable with a *sang-froid* which the Greek philosopher would have envied, jokes with Monsieur the Gendarme, who, with a firm grasp on the little ragged shoulder, is hurrying him along, and serves out his prison-term as a matter of every-day routine, issuing from his confinement the same reckless, thoughtless, rollicking, boisterous urchin as before. He is fairly irrepressible, and even the gendarmes have learned to deal with him with a sort of rough, paternal tenderness and indulgence, which is amusing and not unpleasant to witness. The Paris gendarme is one of the least mild and least patient of mortals; from the gamin alone will he bear that exquisite "street-chaff," of which the gamin, of all the world, is the unique master. Sometimes the gamin becomes, very early in life, responsible for the support of another besides himself; he has, perhaps, a wee sister, who, with him, has been thrown on the not too gentle mercies of the street. It is laughable to see how proud he is of his charge, and pathetic to note how tenderly he treats her, how solicitous he is for her comfort, how anxiously he watches over her, how patiently he bears with her feebleness, how hard he tries to make her laugh and play with him. There is Nature's nobility stamped on his dirty, vagabond, roguish face, now. The most beautiful virtues—love, unselfishness, patience, the making another happy—shine in his bright eyes and beam in his every movement. One day, I was going

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along one of the side Paris streets. On a door-step, I saw a little gamin, who could scarcely have been more than eight years old, reclining, sound asleep, at high noon. A little girl of six—his sister, doubtless—sat beside him, equally wrapped in slumber, her little, dark head reclining on his shoulder. Both had violins, which they seemed to hold very closely and tenderly while they slept. They had, no doubt, been wandering about the city all the morning, playing on their fiddles, perhaps singing out of tune, until, wearied, they had cosily deposited themselves on the door-step where I saw them. Their ruddy, hardy, little faces wore no expression of care or pain; they seemed by no means starved; for about their mouths quiet and innocent smiles were playing, as if their dreams had wafted them far above the world of toil and trial to the restful abode of angels; their expression was as placid as if they had never known a poverty that pinched, or a cold that chilled. The boy's arm—a ragged, soiled, rough arm—was affectionately passed around the little girl's waist; how suggestive, how pretty a picture did that humble door enframe! People who were passing smiled, too, and did a kind thing—dropped now and then a penny into the girl's lap. One of the coppers hit her hand, and I observed that she started and frowned in her slumber, as if troubled by the intrusion of such dross upon her unworldly dreams. I thought that here was a "fraternity" worth more than all the vaporings about brotherhood which used to fill the desecrated Convent of the Jacobins near by.

The gamin sometimes grows up, pushes his way forward, and becomes a man of worth and reputation. More than one famous name in modern French history has been borne by men who have received a stern education in the grim school of the Paris street. Indeed, the illustrious Thiers, first of living French historians and orators, was but one degree higher than a gamin in his infancy at Marseilles. The effeminate sons of Parisian luxury, as might be expected, grow to nothing; and the number of the Parisian well-to-do who resist the temptations which enervate, is so small, that the vigorous life and energy of the capital must necessarily be recruited from below. Rude and fierce though the lowest Parisian class is, it is probably almost the only element of the metropolitan community which preserves it from the fate of the sensual cities of old. Were it not for these sons of the street who, out of sight, do all the work—who have been reared to know, by the tutelage of toil and want, how serious life really is, Paris would, perhaps, be the modern counterpart of imperial Rome in its sensual decline. "The sons of the street" (*les fils de la rue*), as the gamins and illegitimate poor children are sometimes called, are to be found in every trade—nay, in every profession. One of Napoleon's greatest marshals was a gamin grown up, and, carrying his gamin recklessness, courage, and irrepressible obstinacy of hope into the battle-field, was one of the most brilliant warriors who ever lived. Bernadotte, King of Sweden, was little better than a gamin in his youth. Some of the best inventors in the French department of the Grand Exposition were "sons of the street," and were, and had reason to be, proud of it. One of the ablest engineers in the French army boasts the same origin; while hundreds of the owners of the brilliant shops on the Rue de Rivoli and the boulevards, of the butchers and bakers and grocers and *patissiers* of the metropolis, can trace their lineage no higher than the curbstone. Of the thieves, too—to look on the darker side of gamin life—and the burglars and the sharpers, who entice strangers into black houses and rob and sometimes murder them—of all the various species of the "swell mob" and criminals, by far the larger number were taught their vices in the days of their "gaminship."

These youngest denizens of the Paris streets disposed of, let us take a glance at some of the mature and aged. The little stalls and stands, which are to be found at the corner of almost every street and in almost every quarter, are worth noting. As winter approaches, these stalls multiply tenfold, and are scattered along the streets, as well at their corners; for the winter trade is by far the briskest. In summer, these old women and old men who keep them are confined to fruits, nuts, and by no means tempting-looking cakes; and, in the sale of the two first commodities at least, they find it hard work to rival the perambulating country-women whom I have already described. But the advent of frost brings them their peculiar harvest. The chestnuts are now ripe, and the bright-red buckwheat has yielded its wealth to the great stores of the primitive French windmills. Now our old crone of the street-stall has her little cylindrical stove erected by her side, buys her stock of chestnuts, mixes her buckwheat-dough, and sets to work in thorough earnest. If, by any chance, you are stirring abroad on the cold, frosty morning, soon after daybreak, you will see these old men and women—bent over and wrinkled and white-headed with years—building their fires and getting their stalls to rights. The chestnuts, you will observe, are fully twice the size of ours—as large as our horse-chestnuts—and are, when raw, quite coarse and unpalatable. Roasted, however, they are delicious, and are a very favorite food with Parisians of the middle and lower classes in winter. They are most frequently eaten for breakfast, with butter, and, thus prepared, they have a flavor much like that of mealy sweet-potatoes. They grow in great abundance in the warm, southern provinces, and immense quantities are sent to Paris to supply the street trade, which is often a very profitable one. When I speak of the street traffic in buckwheat cakes, however, you must not understand them to be the buckwheat cakes with which we in America are familiar. There is no such thing in France as corn-meal; and the buckwheat cakes which are sold in the Paris streets are made with flour, water, and coarsely-ground buckwheat. They are very large, round, flat-looking cakes, and the Parisians eat them with *salt*. Buckwheat cakes are eminently a plebeian and street article of food. The restaurants never have them, and they never appear on a gentleman's breakfast-table; you would be heartily laughed at were you to call for them, and be met with cries of amazement and almost of horror were you mildly to suggest that you were wont to have them in America on every winter's morning. The customers of the old folks who make and sell them on the street-corners, therefore, are mostly confined to the lower classes—the little shopkeepers and the *ouvriers;* these are constantly crowding around the little stalls, partly to keep themselves warm by the little stoves, and partly to enjoy the cakes themselves. From daybreak till long after midnight, the fires and the roasting and the frying are kept up, the latest customers being those who have been to the theatre and who must have a little something warm before going to bed. When the keepers of the stands have finished their sales, they pack up their little stock, their stove and chair, and many of them creep off into some side-street or alley, and either sleep in the open air—poor old creatures!—or find a corner in some obscure café, where, for the privilege of sleeping with their arms on one of the tables, they pay one or two sous out of their day's earnings.

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PARISIAN STREET LIFE.: III.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Nov 20, 1869; II, 34;
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PARISIAN STREET LIFE.

III.

He who rises late in Paris misses many of its most curious sights. It is in the early morning that those who live by the street are astir and at their work. Neither is their sphere of work confined to the business and plebeian quarters of the town. If you chance to pass, from five to six, along the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, or any of those thoroughfares which, like it, run behind the aristocratic mansions of the Champs-Elysées quarter, you will see every now and then curious-looking, closed carts, with a sort of funnel in the top to admit air, drawn by scraggy-looking horses, and tended by meagre-looking men. These, you observe, are standing at the back gates of the palatial residences, the rears of which abut on the street. If you wait a moment, you will see the owners of the carts receiving from the servants of the house large baskets and boxes of provisions, which are heaped pell-mell into the carts with little regard to their ingredients. They are nothing more nor less than the remains from the aristocratic dinner-tables within. The choice dishes of the prince, or the ambassador, or the prima donna, or the high comedian of the Palais Royal, or Monsieur the Minister, who live side by side in this magnificent quarter, come to this end at last. After the guests have dined off them in the great *salle à manger*, they descend to the kitchens. Here the butlers and cooks, the footmen and errand-boys, make further inroads into them; and what is left the cook regards as his "perquisite," and sells the whole in a jumble to these fellows with the mysterious cart. The lobster *à la Mayonnaise*, which Monsieur the Count (the famous epicure) pronounced yesterday as faultless, is to-day remorselessly thrown in upon and hopelessly mixed up with the *dinde aux truffes* which made the eyes of the old Ambassadress of Squashenstein glisten with enthusiastic moisture; fruit and roast beef, pies and cucumbers, salmon and chicken fricassee, form one conglomerate mass, sold in a lump for a lump sum, and gradually fill up the cart with a savory but not to the delicate taste very palatable mess. Where does it all go to? In any country but France, you would say at once—to the pigs, the horses, the chickens, the dogs. But in Paris there are thousands who must live as best they can. You see, "beggars cannot be choosers;" and, if one has but a few sous in the world, he must not complain if his slice of roast beef has a suspicion of cucumber in its taste and be buttered at one end by raspberry-preserve interpolated by maccaroni. In short, there are certain markets in Paris, whereof the tradesmen are somewhat oddly called "arlequins"—though, wherein they resemble the famous harlequin of the stage, it is hard to guess; these "arlequins" cater exclusively for the lower, indigent classes. The men with the carts, whom we have seen at the back gates of the palaces, are their underlings, gathering their stock for the day. At first, one is at a loss to understand how the "arlequins" have managed to separate the mass, which was deposited in the carts, into that really neat and not untempting arrangement observable in their stalls. It would seem to be a hopeless task to sort and clean a cartful of every thing eatable into a well-ordered division of viands, such as we see in the market. This sorting is one of the—not lost, but little known—Parisian arts. There are odd characters attached to the "arlequins'" establishments; for how, with such a trade, could they be otherwise than odd, whose business it is to sort the contents of the carts, and who perform it with an amazing rapidity and skill? These personages first pick out the best morsels—the titbits and least demolished of the roasts and cutlets—pare and clean them, and so arrange them, on the huge platters of the "arlequins," as to afford to the uninitiated mind the pleasing delusion that they are the component parts of a recently-whole and just-cooked morsel. Of course, this work is not done where it is likely to be seen by a too curious and too easily-disgusted public; the mysterious operation is usually performed in the back-room of some old house in an obscure street, hired by the "arlequins" for this especial purpose. At ten or eleven o'clock—in good season to supply his worthy but somewhat shabby customers' breakfasts—the "arlequin" receives his renovated stock, and sells it with gratifying briskness; often, indeed, being oppressed by the crowd of greedy applicants for his cheap bounty. It is only the presentable fragments, and those which are capable of innocently deceiving, that he exposes for sale in his stalls. There is, the first sorting over, a great mass of conglomerated commodity left to be disposed of; and it is surprising, as well as amusing, to observe to how many uses the morning's cartload is put. Those morsels and pieces—the broken pies and lobsters and small messes—which are not salable to mortals, are now again neatly sorted, divided into various heaps, and put into neat-looking carts. These carts are trundled by boys into the same back-streets where the original mass was gathered, and their contents sold to the same households to be used as the daily food of the pet domestic animals. Thus the dog finally gets "the crumbs which fall from his master's table," but in a curiously-roundabout and novel manner; those same crumbs having been first sold by the master's cook as his "perquisite," and then bought back again by the same shrewd individual for at least triple the price first paid for them. But, in the second sorting, all the *bones* have been carefully separated from the rest; and these form a third source of profit to the "arlequins." The bones are sold, in the first instance, to the manufacturers of meat lozenges; these having finished their peculiar use for them, sell them again to the manufacturers of "animal black," used by the painters—and that, as far as we can discover, is at last the end of them. It is not surprising that many of the "arlequins" derive large profits from their trade, and retire in a few years with a comfortable income. Two of them—brothers—gave up their business several years since, built them two fine villas, side by side, at Neuilly, and you may see, from the car-windows, in what unostentatious luxury they now live. Report gives each of them a rental of three thousand dollars a year. There is another Paris art, somewhat akin to this of the "arlequins." It is that of the class called the "boulangers en vieux"—a fairly untranslatable but most expressive term. They are, in short, second-hand bakers. They employ a number of ragged fellows, to wander everywhere through the city, and, particularly about luncheon-time, in the neighborhood of boys' schools, and to gather every scrap, crust, and lump of bread they can find. It has more than once been a subject of complaint that these dirty *canaille* infest the schools, and, for a trifle, persuade the boys to sell their luncheons, or a part thereof, which their mammas have carefully prepared for them in the morning. With their day's gleanings—which is dirty and inky and mouldy enough—these emissaries return to their employers, receiving, in payment of their services, a sum proportioned to the amount of what they have collected, and their supper from the cart, themselves. The metamorphoses through which these crusts and scraps pass, before they reappear in the regions of barter and sale, are amazing. The choicest of them are separated from the rest, dried in ovens, rasped, and then sold for the making of a certain soup, a favorite with the lower classes, called the "*croûte au pot*." But these bits are also put to another use, the mention of which will hardly be agreeable to the whilom diner at Palais-Royal restaurants. They are cut up into tiny, triangular morsels, fried in butter over a hot fire, and sold to the restaurateurs, who serve them up in that green-pea soup for which there is so exhausting a demand! But it is in Paris, and verdant is the man who expects to be sure of the cleanliness or the honesty of all that he eats in that delectable capital! The *choicer* morsels thus disposed of, all the rest of the day's gleaning—once known as bread—is put into a large mortar and pulverized, and then sold—this, also, to the restaurants—becoming now the fashionable "chapelure blanche," which one thinks so delightful when sprinkled over his cutlets, giving them a rich and crisp taste, and being quite indispensable. The same "chapelure blanche" may be observed sprinkled on the hams, tongues, sausages, and so on, which you see in the windows of the little shops where articles of that kind are exclusively sold. But, after that part of the pulverized crusts which is fit for this purpose has been taken away, there yet remains in the mortar a powder too fine for "chapelure blanche." This is cooked in the oven until it is black, then mixed with the thick, yellow French honey, and, some essence being added, is sold as an unfailing remedy for toothache, more popular with the Parisian poor than the most elaborate professional prescriptions.

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An article on the street sights and street denizens of Paris would be, indeed, incomplete, were I to omit one of the most characteristic of all street professions—that of the boot-black. The French are particular to foppishness in their boots, and are therefore munificent patrons of those whose trade it is to give them a bright, particular shine. There is certainly nowhere a boot-black who can bear comparison with the Paris boot-black. He is, like all Parisians, a thorough and trained artist. To give just the right brilliancy, just the gracefullest reflected ray, to a boot, is the object of his study, the end of his ambition, the delight of his soul. Your Paris boot-black is no ragged urchin—no charity-school boy with a red patch on his arm. He is invariably a full-grown man—almost always a neatly-dressed, iron-gray-haired, even quiet and respectable looking person. If, when you find yourself on the quays bordering the Seine, you will look at either end of the beautiful bridges which connect newer Paris with the *Cité* and the Quartier de la Luxembourg, you will not fail to observe groups of these men busily employed in their trade. You can hardly fail to be struck by their neat, quiet, respectful air, the evident zest with which they work, and the well-to-do, self-satisfied expression of most of the faces. What vices or misfortunes have brought them to this humble strait, is a question which, on seeing them, at once arises in your mind, and which, perhaps, could you elicit answers, would only be satisfied by a series of melancholy, romantic, and startling tales of real life. I have heard of one whose only son and daughter were living in luxury at the West End, at the very moment he was picking up stray sous by kneeling and adorning the feet of every varlet who could and would command so slight a service. Son and daughter both married to money-bags, in order to "make their market," having exhausted the father's moderate fortune: he, penniless, now refused admittance to their urban palaces, wearing his life away, more miserable and to be pitied for his *thoughts* than for the humility of the petty profession by which he earned existence. It is useless to dwell on such sad tales; they are old—were old when Balzac reopened the hidden abominations of Paris society; yet are ever new, repeating themselves many times in each succeeding year. But, whether by vice or by misfortune—the treachery of friends, the vacillation of commerce, or the temptations of necessity—these boot-blacks have become what they are, certain it is that, in their present art, they are generally inimitable, and are withal above the average intelligence for their condition. Some of them are very talkative, and will rattle on as they polish, their tongues and their brushes running a doubtful race together. There was one cheerful, communicative old man, bent almost double, whose few straggling hairs were white as snow, and who, for all these reasons, had a very thriving custom. His stand was on the north corner of the Pont-Neuf—which, by-the-way, has been called the "New Bridge" these five hundred years or more —and there, for aught I know, he is stationed still. He told me that he had been a boot-black for more than forty years—had polished the boots of the gentry who gave allegiance to the Bourbon Charles X. His gains, he said, averaged six francs a day; sometimes (on *fête* days, for instance) they were fifteen; there had been memorable days when they had reached twenty. He had laid by quite enough to support him comfortably the rest of his days; but the *esprit de corps* was still rampant within him, and he and his profession had so grown together that he could not possibly live without it. How he had saved was clear when he told me how he and his comrades lived. Half a dozen of them lodged together in a single room in Faubourg St. Antoine—cost to each, a franc and a half a week—six cots in a row; they were never there, except to sleep, so it did not matter much. For his meals he resorted to one of those small working-men's *cafés* which are mostly situated in cellars, in by-streets; there he got for a few sous a breakfast of bread, sausage, and ordinary wine. Toward noon, he would leave his little box and brushes in the care of a *confrère*, descend to the lower terrace of the quay bordering directly on the river, and, composing himself in a corner, would lie down upon the bare, hot flagging, and have as comfortable a nap as if he were half smothered with feathers. Waking, he would repair to his dinner—consisting, perhaps, of boiled meat, cabbage, potatoes, bread, and the inevitable white *vin ordinaire*.

The "table-talker" of *Once a Week* not long ago gave his readers a very pleasant chat about those quaint characters, familiar to every one who has ever sojourned long in Paris, who sell various cakes and pastries in the streets, and who, by the oddity of their ways or the popularity of their wares, have become public personages, and, as the saying is, "institutions." The Place de la Concorde—that most magnificent of squares west of the Orient, grand in its adornments, most melancholy in its memories, for there Marie Antoinette, and Madame Roland, and great Danton, were beheaded by "Mère Guillotine"—the Place de la Concorde is the great gathering-place of these curious folk—mostly sharp-visaged, witch-like, bearded old women, with horrible, grinning faces, bright eyes, and rattling, witty tongues, pertinacious but cheerful, and, though uglier than the Egyptian profiles on the obelisk, hard to be resisted. The "table-talker" recalls one in particular, whose nickname and features are remembered by men not yet past their prime. A famous old woman was this "la belle Madeleine"—this "beautiful" Madeleine—with the most hideous phiz that mortal man ever shrunk from. She sold cakes called "gâteaux de Nanterre," especially esteemed by the mothers of infantile families, said infants being very fond of them. While belle Madeleine was there, she had a monopoly of the trade in this article, and used to hobble from one side of the Place to the other, shrieking, in a terrible voice, this strain:

"Achetez les gâteaux
A la belle Madeleine!
Achetez les gâteaux—
Ils sont beaux, ils sont chauds!"

When poor old Madeleine of the libellous epithet passed away, the "gâteaux de Nanterre" died with her; then came "les biscuits de Savoie," and "beignets de Lyon." The latter were sold principally by a jolly old fellow, who received the appellation of *Père Coupe Toujours*, and who announced himself by a pair of loud castanettes. Yet another famous street character, noted by the "table-talker," was *Papa la Pêche*, who was a sort of perpetual Santa Claus to the gamindom of Paris. He it was who bethought him of the brilliant idea of gingerbread-blocks, interspersed with great white-looking halves of nuts. *Papa la Pêche* is still at his trade, and the most popular man of the infantile lower ten-thousanddom in Paris. He, too, is a right jovial, kindly old fellow, with a good heart, as may be known by this account of him: "He assembles a concourse of that infantile rag-tag-and-bobtail, usually attracted by the gratuitous in any shape, arranges them in a double arch around him, and proceeds, with all the gravity and serenity of an archbishop, to whirl around their heads a long cord, to which is attached a monster bunch of gingerbread. The happy laughter, the baby cries, the innocent raillery, are something refreshing to hear." The well-known cake of the Gymnase is another very vendible article in the Paris streets; and the time has not long been passed when the students of the Quartier Luxembourg were wont to repair to a little bakery in the Rue Dauphine, where one Cretenne dispensed a delicious little butter-cake, unapproachable by any of his rivals. The butter-cakes are gone; but the students still flock to the little shop, toward eleven o'clock at night, for a glass of rich, creamy milk, and a hot roll. Among the most popular commodities of this sort, sold in the streets, are the "gâteaux Gorenflot," which, according to our genial "table-talker," had a distinguished origin. It was invented, he says, by a coterie of student epicures of the Collége Bourbon; and in the invention the son of Guizot the historian and statesman—now a professor in the Collége de France—and Taine, the philosophical historian, claim a share. A neighboring pastry-cook was furnished with a recipe; it proved a success, and the triumphant inventors, who had recently been held spell-bound by Dumas's just-published "La Dame de Monsoreau," christened the product "Gorenflot," in honor of their favorite character in that romance.

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PROFESSOR WITTEMBACH'S STORY; OR, THE MYSTERY OF LOKIS.: I.
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PROFESSOR WITTEMBACH'S STORY;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF LOKIS.

I.

"THEODORE," said Professor Wittembach, "give me that parchment-bound manuscript on the second shelf above the secretary, the small octavo. I have collected there the notes of my journal of 1866, those at least which refer to Count Szemioth."

The professor put on his spectacles, and, amid the deepest silence, read as follows:

"LOKIS,"

with this Lithuanian proverb for epigraph:

"Miszka su Lokiu *
Abu du tokiu."

When the first translation of the Holy Scriptures appeared in the Lithuanian tongue, I published an article in the *Literary and Scientific Gazette* of Königsberg, in which, while rendering full justice to the efforts of the learned interpreter, and to the pious intentions of the Bible Society, I thought proper to notice some little errors; and, moreover, I remarked that this version could only be useful to a part of the Lithuanian peoples, the dialect in which it is written being hardly intelligible to the inhabitants of the palatinate of Samogitia, who speak the Jomaïtic language, vulgarly called *Jmoude*, and which is still closer to the Sanscrit than the high Lithuanian is. This observation, notwithstanding the furious censures which it brought upon my head from a certain well-known professor of Dorpat University, enlightened the honorable members of the council of administration of the Bible Society, which did not hesitate to intrust me with directing the translation of the Gospel according to St. Matthew into Samogitian. I was then too much occupied with my studies on the trans-Uralian languages to undertake all the four Gospels; but, deferring my marriage with Miss Gertrude Weber, I repaired to Kowno, with the view of collecting all the linguistic monuments, printed or manuscript, in the Jmoude tongue, that could be procured, without neglecting its popular poems (*daïnos*) or legends (*pasakos*), which would furnish me documents for a Jomaïtic vocabulary, a work which must precede that of translation.

A letter had been given me for the young Count Michel Szemioth, whose father, as I was assured, had possessed the famous "Catechismus Samogiticus" of Father Lawicki, so rare that its very existence has been contested, especially by the Dorpat professor to whom I have alluded. I was referred to the Szemioth library for an old collection of daïnos, as well as poetry, in the ancient Prussian tongue. Having written to the count to set forth the aim of my visit, I received his invitation, in the most amiable terms, to come and spend, in his Castle of Medintiltas, all the time my researches might occupy. His letter ended with the assurance that he took a pride in speaking the Jmoude almost as well as his peasants, and should be happy to aid me in an enterprise which he qualified as *great* and interesting. Like some other of the richest proprietors of Lithuania, he professed the evangelical religion, of which I have the honor to be a minister. I had been forewarned that the count was not exempt from certain eccentricities of character, but was very hospitable, a friend of the sciences and of letters, and cordial toward those who cultivated them. I set out, then, for Medintiltas. At the castle-steps, I was received by the count's steward, who at once showed me to the apartment prepared for me. "The count," said he, "is suffering to-day with a headache, to which he is subject, and regrets not being able to meet you at dinner, sir. If the Herr Professor does not prefer to be served in his own room, he may dine with Dr. Froeber, the countess's physician. Dinner will be ready in an hour. Here is the bell, if the Herr Professor wants any thing." He withdrew, making me a low bow.

The apartment was large, well furnished, adorned with glasses and gilding. It looked out on a garden, or rather on the castle-park, on one side, and on the grand court-yard of state upon the other. While I was unpacking my little baggage to get out my black coat, the sound of carriage-wheels drew me to the window which overlooked the court. A handsome calash had just entered. It contained a lady in black, a gentleman, and a woman in the Lithuanian peasant-costume, but so large and strong-built that I was at first inclined to take her for a man in disguise. She got out first; two other women, no less robust apparently, were already on the steps. The gentleman leaned toward the lady in black, and, to my great surprise, unbuckled a broad leathern belt, which fixed her to her place in the calash. I remarked that this lady had long, white hair, quite disordered, and that her eyes, wide open, seemed inanimate. She reminded me, indeed, of a wax figure. Having unbound her, her companion addressed her with great respect apparently, but she seemed not to notice it in any way. Then he turned toward the servants, making a sign with his head, at which the three women seized the lady in black, and, in spite of her efforts to hold on to the calash, they carried her off like a feather, and came inside the castle. Several servants were looking on, and seemed to regard it all as a matter of course. He who had directed all, now drew his watch out, and asked if dinner was nearly ready. "In a quarter of an hour, doctor," they replied. I concluded that this was Dr. Froeber, and the lady in black the countess. From her age, I inferred that she was Count Szemioth's mother, and the precautions I had witnessed could only be explained by mental alienation.

A few moments afterward, the doctor himself entered my chamber. "As the count is unwell," said he to me, "I am obliged to introduce myself to you, professor. Doctor Froeber, at your service. I am delighted to make the acquaintance of a scholar whose merit is known to all who read the Königsberg *Literary and Scientific Gazette*. Would you like to have dinner served, sir?"

I responded to his politeness, and we presently entered the dining-room.

Here the head-servant presented to us, according to the Northern custom, a silver waiter, with liqueurs and slices of salt and spiced meats, prepared to excite the appetite.

"Permit me, professor," said the doctor, "to recommend you a glass of this *starka*, true cognac brandy, forty years in cask. It is the mother of liquors. Take a Drontheim anchovy, nothing is fitter to propitiate that noble organ the stomach. And now to table. Why should we not speak German? You are from Königsberg, I from Memel; but I studied at Jena. So we shall feel more free, and the servants, who only know Polish and Russian, will not understand us."

We ate at first in silence; then, after a glass of Madeira, I asked the doctor if the count was often troubled with the indisposition which to-day deprived us of his company.

"Yes and no," replied the doctor; "that depends on his excursions."

"How so?"

"When he takes the Rosienie road, for instance, he comes back with a headache and savage humor."

"I have been to Rosienie myself without such accidents."

"That depended, professor," he replied, laughing, "on your not being in love."

I sighed, in thinking of Miss Gertrude Weber. "It is, then, at Rosienie," said I, "that the count's betrothed lives?"

"Yes, in the neighborhood. Betrothed! About that I cannot speak. She is a reckless flirt, and will drive him as crazy as his mother is."

"Indeed! I have observed that there is something wrong with the countess."

"She is mad, my dear sir—mad, and I am most insane myself to have come here."

"Let us hope, rather, that your cares will restore her to health."

The doctor shook his head, while scrutinizing the color of a glass of Bordeaux which he held. "Such as you see me, professor, I was surgeon-major to the Kalouga Regiment. At Sevastopol, we were, from morning to evening, cutting off arms and legs; not to mention the bomb-shells that fell among us, like flies on a sore-backed horse; well, now, ill-lodged and ill-fed as I was then—I did not worry as I do here, where I eat and drink of the best, where I have a princely apartment, and am paid like a court-physician. But liberty, my dear sir! Consider that, with this she-devil, one has not a moment quite one's own!"

"Is it long since she was confided to your care?"

"Less than two years; but she has been insane at least twenty-seven years, since before the count's birth. They have not told you about it at Rosienie or at Kowno? Listen, then; it is a case on which I shall some day write an article for the *Medical Journal* of St. Petersburg. She lost her reason by a fright."

* Michel with Lokis, are of the same significance.

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"By fright! Is it possible?"

"By a fright that she had. She is of the Keystut family. Oh, in that house, there are no misalliances! We descend from Gedymin, we do. Then, professor, a short time after her wedding, which took place in this castle, where we are dining (to your health), the count, the father of this one, goes a-hunting. Our Lithuanian dames are Amazons, as you know. The countess also follows the chase. She was either in advance of the hunters or behind them, I know not which. Good; all of a sudden comes up, at full speed, the countess's little Cossack, a child twelve or fourteen years old. 'Master,' says he, 'a bear is carrying off mistress!' 'Whereabouts?' asked the count. 'This way,' said the little Cossack. All the hunters hasten to the place that he points out. No countess to be seen! Her horse strangled on one side of the road, her pelisse in shreds upon the other. They search, they beat the woods in every direction. At last, a hunter shouts, 'Bear!' Bruin was crossing a clearing in the forest, still dragging the countess, with intent, no doubt, to devour her at his ease in a thicket; for these animals, like the monks, regard dinner as a serious occupation, and don't like to be disturbed at meal-times. The count, only recently married, was quite chivalric, and would have thrown himself upon the bear, with his hunting-knife in hand; but, my dear sir, a bear of Lithuania does not allow himself to be dirked like a stag. Fortunately, the count's arquebuse-bearer, a chap fond of the bottle, and so drunk that he could not have distinguished a rabbit from a roebuck, fires from a hundred paces' distance, without caring whether the ball hits the beast or the lady."

"And he killed the bear?"

"Dead, sir. It takes a drunkard to make such shots. There are also predestinated balls, professor. We have sorcerers here who sell them at a fancy price. The countess was badly scratched, unconscious, of course, and with a broken leg. They carry her home; she revives, but her reason is gone. They take her to St. Petersburg. Great consultation, four doctors, bedizened with all the rosettes and orders of honor. They say that the countess is pregnant, and that her delivery may in due time bring about a favorable crisis. Let her breathe pure country air, drink whey, and take codeine. Each receives one hundred rubles. Several months afterward, the countess gives birth to a well-formed male child; but the favorable crisis? Ah, well, yes; paroxysms more violent than ever. The count shows her their babe. That never fails in its effect—in romances. 'Kill it, kill the beast!' she cries, and she had very nearly wrung its neck. Then alternations of stupidity with furious mania. Strong propensity to suicide. She has to be tied up when taken out to air. It takes three strong servants to hold her. And yet, professor, note this fact. When I am at the end of my Latin, without making her obey, I have still a means of controlling her. I threaten her with cutting off her hair. It was once very beautiful. Coquetry! That is the last human sentiment which remains. Is it not queer? If I could manage her in my own way, perhaps I might cure her."

"How would that be?"

"By thrashing her tremendously. I cured, in this way, twenty peasant-women in a village where that curious Russian mania of howling had broken out. One *klikoucha* * begins to howl, her neighbor or most intimate acquaintance is next seized, and, in three days, the whole village is howling. By thrashing them, I quieted it all. (Take a hazel-hen, they are tender.) The count has never been willing for me to try this method."

"What! Would you have *him* consent to your abominable treatment?"

"Oh, he has known his mother so little; and, then, it is for her good! But tell me, professor, would you have thought that fright could occasion the permanent loss of reason?"

"The situation of the countess was horrible! To find one's self in the claws of so fierce a beast!"

"Well, now, her son is not like her. Less than a year ago, he was exactly in the same fix, and, thanks to his coolness, he escaped perfectly."

"From the claws of a bear?"

"Of a she-bear, and the largest seen in a long time. The count would attack her with a spear. Bah! with a blow of her arm, she parries the thrust, she grabs the count, and throws him as easily as I could upset this bottle. He cunningly feigned death. The bear smelled of him; then, instead of tearing him, began to lick him. He had the firmness not to budge, and she passed on her way. It was early in the fall, and bears care not for flesh when they can find fruits and honey."

"The bear thought he was dead. In fact, I have heard that these animals would not eat a corpse."

"We must believe it, but abstain from personal experiments; but, on the score of fear, let me tell you what happened at Sevastopol. Five or six of us were round a jug of beer, just brought us behind the ambulance of the famous Bastion Number Five. The *vidette* cries, 'A shell!' We all hug Mother Earth, except one—never mind his name—a young officer, who remained standing, with his glass full, when the shell burst. It carried off the head of my poor comrade, André Speranski, a brave lad, and broke the jug—fortunately, it was almost empty. When we got up after the explosion, we saw, amid the smoke, our friend the officer, swallowing the last drops of his goblet, as if it were all a matter of course. We thought him a hero. Next day, I met Captain Guédéonof, coming out of the hospital, who said he should dine with us, and find champagne to celebrate his return. That evening, we were seated at table, and our beer-drinking hero was of the company. He was not expecting the champagne. A bottle is opened near him. Paf! The cork strikes him on the temple. He utters a cry, and faints. Believe that my hero was thoroughly frightened the first time, and that if he drank his beer, instead of dodging, it was because he had lost his senses, and only went through the motions unconsciously. In fact, professor, the human machine—"

"Doctor," said a servant, entering the room, "Idanova says that the countess won't eat."

"Deuce take it!" growled the doctor; "I am coming.—When I have made my she-devil eat, professor, we may, if you like, play a little game of *douratchki*."

I expressed my regrets at my ignorance of this pastime, and, while he visited his patient, I returned to my room, and wrote to Miss Gertrude.

II.

It was a warm night, and I had left my window open on the park. My letter written, and not being sleepy yet, I was studying the irregular Lithuanian verbs, and seeking in the Sanscrit mother-tongue the causes of their peculiarities. From this meditation I was distracted by the cracking of dead limbs in a tree near my window, and sounds as though some heavy animal were climbing it. With the doctor's bear-stories fresh in my mind, I rose, not altogether self-possessed, and, at a few feet only from my window, a human head appeared among the leaves, full in the light of my lamp. The singular glow of those eyes struck me more than I can express, and I started back; then, collecting myself, I ran to the window, and called out sharply to know what this intruder was after. He was descending rapidly, swung off upon a strong bough, let himself drop, and disappeared. I rang; a servant entered. I told him what had passed.

"The Herr Professor must be mistaken."

"I am sure of what I say," I replied. "I fear there is a robber in the park."

"Impossible, sir."

"Then it is some one of this household."

The servant opened his eyes wide, without answering. At last he asked me whether I had any orders to give. I told him to close the window, and I went to bed.

I slept well, without dreaming of bears or of robbers. Next morning, I had just dressed, when some one knocked at my door. I opened, and found myself in presence of a very tall and handsome young man, in a Bukharian dressing-gown, and holding a long Turkish pipe in his hand.

"I come to ask pardon, professor," he said, "for my poor welcome to such a guest as yourself. I am Count Szemioth."

I replied that I had to thank him, on the contrary, for his magnificent hospitality, and asked if his headache were quite gone.

"Very nearly—until the next attack," he added, with a saddened air. "Are you pretty comfortable here? Remember that you are among barbarians. We must not be difficult in Samogitia."

I assured him that all was perfect; but, while speaking, I could not help looking at him with a curiosity that I felt to be impertinent. There was something strange in his look, that recalled to me the eyes I had seen last night; but how absurd the supposition that Count Szemioth should be climbing trees at night, beside his own dwelling, and no fair lady in the case!

* From the radical *klik*, a clamor, howling.

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His forehead was high and well developed, although rather narrow. His features were very regular; only his eyes were set too close together, and it seemed to me that there was not the space of an eye between the two lachrymal glands, as the rule of Greek sculptors requires. His glance was thrilling. Our eyes met several times involuntarily, and there was some mutual embarrassment, when suddenly the count burst out laughing, and exclaimed:

"You have recognized me!"

"Recognized you?"

"Yes. You surprised me last evening, playing the schoolboy."

"Oh, count!"

"I had been suffering all day in my room. In the evening, feeling better, I was walking in the garden. I had seen a light in your room, and yielded to an impulse of curiosity. I would have named and presented myself; but the situation was so ridiculous. I was ashamed, and retreated. Pardon me for disturbing your labors."

This was all said in a tone intended to be playful; but he blushed, and was evidently ill at ease. I made as light of the matter as possible, to remove all unpleasant impressions from his mind, and, to cut this ticklish subject, asked if it were true that he possessed the Samogitian Catechism written by Father Lawicki.

"Perhaps so; but, to tell the truth, I am little acquainted with my father's library. He liked old books and rarities. I hardly ever read any but modern books. But we will search, professor. You want us, then, to read the Gospel in Jmoude?"

"Do you not think, count, that a translation of the Scriptures into this language is very desirable?"

"Assuredly. However, I may call your attention to the fact that, among those who speak no other language than the Jmoude, not one knows how to read."

"Perhaps so. But I ask your *siatelstvo** the permission to remark that the greatest difficulty in learning to read is the want of books. When the Samogitian peasants shall have a printed text, they will wish to read it, and they will learn to read. This has already been the case with many savages—not that I would apply such a term to the inhabitants of this country. Besides," I added, "is it not deplorable that a language should disappear without leaving a trace? These thirty years, now, the Prussian has been a dead language. The last person who spoke Cornic died the other day."

"Sad!" returned the count. "Alexander Humboldt told my father that he had known in America a parrot—the only creature living that spoke a few words of the language of a tribe now utterly destroyed by the small-pox.—Will you take tea here?"

While sipping our tea, we talked Jmoude. The count blamed—and justly—the German style of printing Lithuanian.

"Your alphabet," said he, "does not suit our tongue. You have neither our J, nor our L, nor our Y, nor our E. I have a collection of *daïnos*, published last year at St. Petersburg, and it tasks my ingenuity to guess out the words in their disfigured guise."

"Your siatelstvo doubtless refers to Lessner's daïnos?"

"Yes; the poetry is very flat—is it not?"

"He might perhaps have chosen better. Such as it is, this collection has no other than a purely philological interest. We may gather sweeter flowers among your popular poems."

"Alas! I doubt it, notwithstanding my patriotism."

"A few weeks ago, I found at Wilno a quite pretty historical ballad, in a true vein of poetry. May I read it to you?"

"Most willingly."

He leaned back in his arm-chair, after asking my permission to smoke.

"I can only understand poetry while I am smoking," he said.

"This is entitled, 'The Three Sons of Boudrys.'"

"'The Three Sons of Boudrys!'" exclaimed the count, with a gesture of surprise.

"Yes; Boudrys, as your siatelstvo knows better than I do, is an historical personage."

The count fixed on me his singular gaze—something indefinable, at once timid and ferocious, which impressed one unaccustomed to it rather painfully. I hastened to read, so as to evade it:

"'THE THREE SONS OF BOUDRYS.'

"In the court of his castle, old Boudrys called up his three sons—three true Lithuanians, like himself. He said to them: 'Children, feed your war-steeds, make ready your saddles, sharpen your sabres and javelins.

"'They say that at Wilno war is declared against the three corners of the world. Olgerd will march against the Russians; Skirghello, against our neighbors the Poles; Keystut will fall upon the Teutons.* You are young, strong, bold; go and combat; may the gods of Lithuania protect you! This year, I shall make no campaign; but I wish to give you my counsel. You are three—three roads open before you.

"'Let one of you accompany Olgerd into Russia, to the banks of Lake Ilmen, under the walls of Novgorod. Ermine-skins and figured stuffs are found there in plenty; among the merchants, rubles, like ice-blocks in the river.

"'Let the second follow Keystut in his raid. Let him cut to pieces the rascally cross-bearers. Amber, there, is the pebble of the sea-shore. Their cloths are unrivalled for lustre and colors. There are rubies in the garments of their priests.

"'Let the third pass the Niemen with Skirghello. On the other side he will find the vile instruments of husbandry. But he may choose good lances, strong bucklers, and he will bring me back a daughter.

"'The Polish maids, my children, are the fairest of our captives—playful as kittens, white as cream—under their black eyebrows, their eyes shine like two stars. When I was young, half a century ago, I brought back from Poland a beautiful captive, who was my wife. Long ago, she passed away; but I cannot look on this side of the hearth without thinking of her.'

"He gave his blessing to the young men, who already were armed, and in the saddle. They set forth. Autumn comes, then winter—they return not. Old Boudrys gives them up for dead.

"A snow-storm rages; a horseman approaches, covering with his black *bourka* † some precious burden.

"''Tis a sack,' says Boudrys. 'Is it full of rubles from Novgorod?'

"'No, father; I bring you a daughter from Poland.'

"Amid another storm, a horseman draws near, and his bourka is swollen out by some treasure.

"'What is that, child? Yellow amber of Germany?'

"'No, father; I bring you a bride from Poland.'

"The snow falls in drifts; a knight advances, hiding something precious under his bourka. But, before he has shown his treasure, Boudrys has invited his friends to a third wedding."

"Bravo, professor!" cried the count. "You pronounce Jmoude admirably; but who gave you that pretty daïna?"

"A young lady, to whom I had the honor of being introduced at Wilno by the Princess Katazyna Paç."

"And her name?"

"The *Panna* Iwinska."

"Miss Ioulka!" exclaimed the count. "The little madcap! I might have guessed it. My dear professor, you know Jmoude and all the learned tongues, you have read all the old books; but you have let yourself be mystified by a girl who has only read novels. She has translated for you into Jmoude, more or less correct, one of the pretty ballads of Mįckiewicz, which you have not read, because it is no older than I am. If you like, I will show it to you in Polish, or, if you prefer a good Russian translation, I will give you Puschkine."

I confess that I was silenced. How it would have rejoiced the Dorpat professor, had I published the daïna of the Sons of Boudrys as original!

Instead of amusing himself at my embarrassment, the count, with exquisite politeness, presented a new topic.

"And so," said he, "you know Miss Ioulka?"

"I have had the honor to be presented to her."

"And what do you think of her? Be frank."

"She is a very amiable young lady."

"You are pleased to say so."

"She is very pretty."

"How?"

"Why, has she not the finest eyes in the world?"

"Yes—"

"A skin of most extraordinary whiteness. I remember a Persian

* The title given to a count, meaning, your *luminous splendor*.

* Cavaliers of the Teutonic order. † Felt mantle.

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ghazel, in which a lover celebrates the fineness of his mistress's skin. 'When she drinks red wine,' says he, 'one sees it pass along her throat.' The panna Iwinska has brought to mind these Persian verses."

"Perhaps Miss Ioulka presents this phenomenon; but I know not whether she really has blood in her veins. She has no heart; she is white as the snow, and as cold."

He arose, and walked up and down the room without speaking, and, as it seemed to me, to hide his emotion; then, suddenly stopping—

"Excuse me," he said; "we were speaking, I believe, of popular poetry—"

"Yes, count."

"We must agree, after all, that she has very prettily translated Mickiewicz. 'Playful as a kitten—white as cream—her eyes shine like two stars.' This is her portrait—is it not so?"

"Completely, count."

"And, as to this practical joke—quite out of place, it is true—the poor child has so little chance of fun at her old aunt's—she leads the life of a nun."

"At Wilno she went into society. I saw her at a ball given by the officers of the regiment of—"

"Ah, yes! young officers—that is the society she likes. To laugh with one, talk scandal with another, and coquet with all.—Will you look at my father's library, professor?"

I followed him to a large gallery, where there were many books, well bound, but rarely opened, as we might judge by the dust upon their rows. My joy was great when one of the first volumes which I drew out proved to be the "Catechismus Samogiticus." A cry of pleasure escaped me. Mysterious attractions seem to influence us unconsciously. The count took this book, and, after negligently turning the leaves, wrote upon the cover: "*To Professor Wittembach, presented by Michel Szemioth.*" I could not express the transport of my gratitude, and mentally promised myself that, after my death, this precious book should adorn the library of the university where I had graduated.

"Be pleased to consider this library as your working-room," said the count to me. "You will never be disturbed here."

III.

After breakfast, next morning, the count proposed a ride to me. We were to visit a *kapas*, or Lithuanian *mound*—the Russian *kourgâne*, renowned as the trysting-place of poets and sorcerers, who are all one in the notion of these peasants.

"I have a gentle horse to offer you, professor; carriage-road there is none."

I would rather have stayed at home, taking notes in the library, but, unwilling to balk the fancy of my generous host, accepted his invitation. Our horses awaited us. At the foot of the steps, we found in the court a servant holding a dog in leash. The count paused a moment, and, turning toward me, said:

"Are you a judge of this article?"

"But little, your siatelstvo."

"The Staroste of Zorany, where I have an estate, sends me this spaniel, of which he writes wonders. Allow me to look at it."

He called the servant, who led the dog up. It was a very handsome creature. Already familiar with this man, the dog leaped gayly, and seemed full of spirit; but, when within a few paces of the count, it stuck its tail between its legs, drew back, and seemed stricken with sudden terror. The count caressed it, which made it howl lamentably. After looking at it some time with a knowing eye, he said, "I think it will answer; take care of it." Then he mounted his horse.

"Professor," he continued, as we rode along the avenue, "you have witnessed the fear of this dog. I wished you to see it yourself. . . . As a learned man, you ought to clear up mysteries. Why are animals afraid of me?"

"In truth, your siatelstvo does me too much honor in taking me for an Œdipus. I am but an humble professor of comparative philology."

"Observe," said he, "that I never beat either dogs or horses. I would be ashamed to strike a poor beast for making a mistake. And yet you can hardly conceive what an aversion dogs and horses show to me. I have to take twice the time and trouble that any one else needs in order to overcome their prejudices. I had quite a siege in breaking the horse that you are now riding. Now, he is as gentle as a lamb."

"I think, count, that animals are physiognomists, and that they discern at once whether a person whom they see for the first time has or has not a liking for them. I suspect that you prize animals only for the services they render you, while other persons have a natural partiality for certain beasts, which immediately perceive this. For my own part, I have always felt an instinctive predilection for cats. They very seldom run from me. And never has a cat scratched me."

"So it may be," said the count. "Indeed, I have not what may be called a fancy for animals. They are hardly any better than men. . . . I am leading you, professor, into a forest, where at this hour flourishes the empire of the beasts, the *matecznik*, the grand matrix, the great factory of beings. Yes, according to our national traditions, no one has sounded their depths, no one has been able to reach the centre of these woods and marshes, except, mark you, the poets and sorcerers, who penetrate everywhere. There the animals live in a republic, or under a constitutional monarchy, I cannot say which. The lions, the bears, the elks, the *joubrs*, as we call the urus, all live in good understanding with each other. The mammoth, which is preserved there, enjoys great consideration. He is, I believe, marshal of the diet. They have a very strict police, and when they find any beast vicious, they judge it and exile it. It is then obliged to adventure into the country of men. Few escape."

"A very curious legend," I exclaimed; "but, count, you speak of the urus, this noble beast which Cæsar has described in his 'Commentaries,' and which the Merovingian kings chased in the forest of Compeigne; does it really exist in Lithuania, as I have understood?"

"Assuredly. My father once killed a joubr himself, with permission of the government. You may have seen its head in the great hall. I have never seen one alive, and I believe that the joubrs are very scarce. On the other hand, we have wolves and bears in plenty. For the chance of our meeting with one of these gentry, I have brought along this instrument" (he showed a Circassian *tchekhole*, a gun-case, which he wore slung upon his back), "and my groom carries a double-barrelled carbine at his saddle-bow."

We began to penetrate the forest. Soon our narrow pathway disappeared. At every moment we had to turn enormous trees, the low branches of which barred our passage. Some of them dead and blown down, formed a rampart crowned by a line of *chevaux de frise*. Elsewhere, deep ponds were covered with water-lilies and lentils. Afar we saw clear spots of emerald green, a luxuriant but treacherous vegetation that usually hides gulfs of mud in which horse and rider would forever disappear. . . . These difficulties of the route had checked our conversation. I carefully followed the count's lead, and admired the imperturbable sagacity with which he guided his course without a compass, and always found the ideal direction of the *kapas*. He was evidently a hunter at home in these wild forests.

At last we perceived the kapas in the centre of a wide clearing. It was quite elevated and surrounded by a moat, the sides of which had caved in and grown up with rank weeds and brushwood. Apparently this kapas had been ferreted. At the summit were the remains of a stone building, and some of the stones were calcined.

Heaps of ashes, cinders, and fragments of rude pottery, attested the old custom of keeping up fires on the mound. The legend ran that human sacrifices were once celebrated on these kapas, but all extinct religions suffer the same abominable imputation, and I doubt whether this opinion can be justified by historical testimony with regard to the ancient Lithuanians.

The count and I were descending the mound in the direction where we had left our horses, when behold an old woman coming toward us, leaning on a staff and holding a basket in her hand. "My good lords," said she, "for the love of God give me something to buy a glass of brandy, to warm up my poor old body!"

The count threw her a piece of silver, and asked what she was doing in the woods, so far from any habitation. In answer, she showed us her basket full of mushrooms. Although my botanic lore is quite limited, it seemed to me that several of these mushrooms were of poisonous kinds. "Good woman," said I, "you do not expest, I hope, to eat those?"

"My good master," replied the old creature, with a ghastly smile, "poor folks eat all that the Lord gives them."

"You are unacquainted with our Lithuanian stomachs," added the

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count, "they are lined with tin. Our peasants eat all the mushrooms they find, and are so much the better for it."

"Prevent her at least from eating that *Agaricus necator*, which I see in her basket," I exclaimed, and my hand was stretched toward one of the most poisonous, but the old woman quickly withdrew the basket. "Take care," said she, "they are guarded.—*Pirkuns! Pirkuns!*"

Pirkuns is the Samogitian name of that divinity called by the Russians Péroune, and who is the *Jupiter Tonans* of the Slavic race. If I was surprised at hearing the old woman invoke a god of paganism, I was still more so to see the mushrooms stir as though they were about to boil up. Then the black head of a snake issued and rose a foot above the basket. I sprang backward, and the count spat over his shoulder in accordance with a superstitious habit of the Slaves, who imagine thus to avert sorceries, like the ancient Romans. The old woman set down the basket, crouched beside it, then, with her hand stretched toward the snake, muttered some unintelligible incantation; the serpent remained still for a moment, then coiling itself round her old skinny arm, disappeared in the sleeve of her sheepskin capote, which, with a worn-out chemise, seemed to compose the whole costume of this Lithuanian Circe. She looked up at us with a smirk of triumph, like a juggler who has compassed some difficult trick. In her countenance cunning was blended with stupidity, as I have often remarked among pretenders to sorcery, who are at once dupes and knaves.

"Here," said the count to me in German, "is a specimen of *local color*, a sorceress charming a serpent, at the foot of a kapas, in presence of a learned professor and of an ignorant Lithuanian gentleman. That would make a fine subject for a *tableau de genre* of your compatriot Knauss. . . . Would you like to have your fortune told. You have here an opportunity."

I answered that I should beware of encouraging such practices. "I would like better," I added, "to ask her if she knows any particulars of the curious tradition about this forest."

"Good woman, have you not heard mention of a place in these woods where the beasts live in society, beyond the power of men?"

The old woman nodded yes, and with her little half-silly, half-shrewd giggle, said: "I am come from there. The beasts have lost their king. *Noble*, the lion, is dead; the beasts are going to elect another king. Go there—you will be the king, perhaps."

"What are you saying there, mother?" cried the count, laughing heartily. "Do you know whom you are talking to? You don't know that this gentleman is (how the deuce do they call a professor in Jmoude?)—he is a great scholar, a wise man, a *waïdelote?*" *

The old woman looked at him attentively.

"I was wrong," she said; "it is you that ought to go yonder. You will be their king, not he; you are tall, you are strong, you have claws and teeth."

"What say you to these spicy epigrams that she lets fly at us?" asked the count.—"You know the way, good mother?" he asked her.

She pointed in a certain direction.

"Yes, indeed," said the count; "and the swamp, how do you get across that?—You must know, professor, that on the side she points to is an impassable morass, a lake of liquid mud covered over with grass and weeds. Last year, a stag, wounded by me, threw himself into this satanic pool. I saw him sinking, slowly, slowly. After a few minutes, I could see but his horns, presently all disappeared, and two of my dogs along with him."

"But I am not heavy," said the old woman, grinning.

"I believe that you could easily cross this swamp on a broomstick."

A lightning of anger flashed in her eyes.

"My good lord," she resumed, in the drawling nasal whine of beggars, "have you not a pipe of tobacco to give a poor woman? You would do better," she added, lowering her voice, "to seek the passage of the swamp, than to be going to Dowghielly."

"Dowghielly!" exclaimed the count, reddening. "What do you mean?"

I could not help remarking the singular effect which this word produced upon him. He was evidently embarrassed; he bent his head, and, to conceal his trouble, fumbled at his tobacco-pouch, hung upon the hilt of his hunting-knife.

* The *waïdelotes* were the bards of Lithuania.

"No, don't you go to Dowghielly," resumed the old woman. "The little white dove is not for you.—Is it, Pirkuns?" As she spoke, the snake lifted its head through the collar of the old cloak, and lengthened its neck toward the ear of its mistress. Trained, no doubt, to this trick, the reptile moved its jaws as if it were speaking. "It says that I am right," added the old woman.

The count gave her a handful of tobacco. "You know me?" he asked her.

"No, my good lord."

"I am the proprietor of Medintiltas. Come and see me one of these days. I will give you tobacco and brandy."

The old woman kissed his hand and strode away. We lost her out of sight in a moment. The count remained pensive, knotting and untying the strings of his pouch with the air of an absent-minded man.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

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THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Oct 16, 1869; II, 29;
American Periodicals
pg. 279

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

HAPPY industry and careless pleasure have ever been symbolized by the Bee and the Butterfly. This antithesis is as old as the history of man. Appropriate as are these incarnations of abstract qualities, equally appropriate is the parallel which our artist has drawn between these little beings and the representative women of the day, in the engraving which accompanies this number of the JOURNAL. His graphic pencil has given us, as "The Bee," the charming fairy of the home-circle, in her cosy little hive, busy and happy, seated at her work, in which she invokes the aid of man's best gift to woman. With nimble feet she turns the whirring wheel, which drives the swift, obedient needle; with careful hand she guides the fabric, which, with magic speed, is changed to neatly-fitting garments. Around her are the tokens of true domestic happiness—books, pictures, ornaments, and solid comforts. The very chair on which she sits is made for use and comfort, too. The fine, large window gives a view of lawn and grove and sky, while the huge easy-chair tells its own story of that complete repose, which, in the wooing twilight, summons sweet memories of the happy past, only to vanish as the soft patter of a darling's little feet recalls "mamma" from pleasing reverie to present happiness.

And then we have "The Butterfly," in striking contrast, gay, bright, sparkling, and thoughtless—no, not thoughtless. There is a world of thought in that arch glance, which speaks of conscious beauty and preordained social triumphs. Her carriage is the index of youth, grace, and spirit; her dress, like the plumage of her prototype, is the livery of happiness, and, from her jaunty little hat to her neat *chaussure*, is chosen to display her youthful charms and to attract the roving eyes of those admiring beings of her class who differ from her in sex alone. Her surroundings speak of luxury, of wealth, of all that is wanted for mere physical enjoyment. The prim, neat maid, the toilet-table, with its mysterious accessories, the heavy curtain falling in rich folds, and even the mirror, in which she views her own perfections, all proclaim the bed of roses over which her path through life has opened, but nothing appears to show that aught but pleasure fills her mind or guides her actions. She lives but for the fleeting present. And yet a trait of true, pure, unperverted taste remains. She holds in her dainty little hand a single rose, plucked in the perfection of its bloom, fragrant and lovely, the only trace of unartificial beauty in the picture; the type of what she might have been. This is the butterfly of our artist, beautiful, attractive, accomplished, petted, all but spoiled, living on admiration, gayety, flattery, and too-indulgent love, and yet possessing intellect, education, refinement, innate purity, noble thoughts, and the capacity for self-sacrifice, hidden, not crushed, by her mask of frivolity, her *abandon* to the present, her devotion to the inexorable demands of the social circle in which her lot is cast. She is just in the flush of young womanhood, just in the first hours of her emancipation from watchful teachers and from grim *duennas*, just in the first consciousness of the potency of her charms, just breathing in all its first freshness the incense to her young beauty, just taking her first plunge into the whirling, dashing stream of life. Soon these exciting scenes, which now engross her time, her thoughts, and, it may be, her dreams, will lose their novelty, and then her nobler, better nature will prevail, and as a fond wife, the light of a happy home, she may take her place as the "queen-bee" of a little group, who, in their turn, will glitter as "butterflies" before they take their proper place as "busy bees."

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THE "BOURGEOIS" OF PARIS.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Sep 18, 1869; II, 25;
American Periodicals
pg. 149

THE "BOURGEOIS"* OF PARIS.

AMONG my friends is a melancholy philosopher who sheds tears at every measure that has been adopted within the last ten years for the overturn of time-worn and decayed institutions. When he has an errand to go, he is very careful in choosing the darkest streets, where the pavement is continually damp; the good old man then thinks himself in "his own Paris." He clings tenaciously to the customs and practices of what is styled the "good old times." The very mention of the word "progress" gives him convulsions, seeing, as he does, in progress nothing more than pernicious changes, and he is an enemy of motion.

When I meet him in the street, he rushes toward me, presses my hands, and, embracing me, says, in a voice smothered by tears, "Every thing is passing away, my dear friend, oh, every thing!" This melancholy refrain has, among other faults, that of not being quite new.

"Yes," I reply, in a tone of indifference, "it is true; every thing is passing away, and so are we; all things are changing and renewing, yet I do not see why we should be inconsolable on that account."

The friend of whom I speak is a *bourgeois*, and, on understanding him, his lamentations will not be taken amiss. The genuine *bourgeois*, as known to those who lived from 1820 to 1840, was a unique being, suiting his name so well that it was a question whether he had been invented for it or the name for him, of which but very few specimens exist to-day.

The Parisian of the class referred to was a retail dealer in linen or laces, always wore the same coat (chestnut color, with yellow buttons), and carried a silver-headed cane, received from his uncle on the completion of his apprenticeship behind the counter. His spouse was a mighty woman; his servant-girl, Jeanette, had a mouth stretching from ear to ear when she laughed; his daughter was always christened Marie. He was a humble citizen, proud of being a Frenchman, and looking with contempt on every thing foreign. Sometimes he would enter the National Guard, which procured him great consideration in the district where he lived, and gave him an opportunity of having his portrait painted in his uniform, to hang up in the sitting-room. In matters of religion he was somewhat of a skeptic, being a believer in Voltaire and several other great men, and doffing his hat whenever their names were pronounced. He had his convictions and his prejudices, too, and it was impossible to turn him aside from an opinion. He read his paper carefully, from the heading to the editor's name on the last page, and did not doubt for a moment that every line contained therein was as true as the fact of the sun's rising in the east and setting in the west. His ambition was moderate; he dreamed of being independent at fifty, with an income of seven or eight thousand francs, and it made him shudder to think of the enormous risks incurred by those who were daily speculating at the Bourse. His amusements, too, were modest. A good breakfast on Sunday, in the company of his friends, was his delight, and, according to the season of the year, he invariably brought with him either a melon or some caviar, which was always received with loud cheers. While eating of the dessert, he would venture to relate a little joke or anecdote, his wife never failing to blush and look sharply at him. In summer, he might be met in the woods environing Paris, red, dripping with perspiration, marching ahead of his family, laden with a basket of eatables, happy.

This citizen must not, however, be confounded with Monsieur Prudhomme. That type is of a later origin. Monsieur Prudhomme speaks, makes long perorations, tyrannizes over his wife, bores his friends, has his secrets, and is, in fact, an altogether different character.

The true *bourgeois* still has his historiographer. It is Paul de Kock. How droll his scenes and pictures are! Paul de Kock's *bourgeois* regularly loses his wig, and can never find his pocket-handkerchief when he needs it. But what has become of the world? The old *bourgeois* has disappeared; opposite my house lives a butcher, whose wife plays the piano and sings, and his son is a student at the Polytechnic Institute.

"All things are passing away!" so often says my friend—perhaps the last *bourgeois*.

* At the present day the word *bourgeois* signifies hardly more than "the citizen of former times."

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THE CYPRESS-TWIG.: FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Dec 4, 1869; II, 36;
American Periodicals
pg. 488

THE CYPRESS-TWIG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.

I HAVE never been able to imitate those people who note down at evening the little life of each day, in an ample volume, which they call a diary — filling it with grave details of their eating and drinking, pleasures and pains, gains and losses. Yet one lives more in the past than in the present, and so I, too, have preserved all sorts of mementos. They lie quietly side by side, in an antique portfolio, but I only can interpret their meaning. There is a strange collection of withered leaves and flowers of the most diverse species, and to each dry stem a bit of paper is fastened, bearing a date and a motto.

I lingered to-day before a cypress-twig, the oldest of my collection. Fifty years ago this twig was green, and I—nineteen years old! The writing can scarcely be traced upon the yellow paper:

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"How still they rest,
The dead ones blest!"

She was a sweet, fresh field-flower—the only child of the village-chorister, my first music-teacher—or, as I loved to call her, a bright, merry G-major chord. I see her still plainly, as if I could grasp her with my hands, as, on a summer day, she would skip across the old churchyard to the marble statue of a recumbent knight, who—Heaven knows why!—had been made a patient witness of our childish pastimes. Annie's bright frock fluttered in the light breeze—kindly short, for the maiden's pretty feet needed no concealment, despite the stout leathern shoes she wore. That famous golden slipper, for the sake of which Cinderella's wicked sisters vainly cut their stubborn feet, would have suited her exquisitely. Her brown hair hung in heavy braids upon her shoulders, and from her beaming face looked out a pair of great, dark eyes, which always seemed to me peculiarly beautiful. When I thought of her long afterward, the passage, "*Am Bache*," from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, occurred to me; its strains recalled the same spell which her presence had always thrown about me. Now, in the evening of my life, I have found a song, whose opening measure brings at one stroke the whole sunny picture before my eyes. It is by Robert Schumann, and the words run:

"In my hat with the bonny green ribbons,
At morn to my garden I go,
Thinking, 'What is he doing, my lover?'
Sighing softly, 'Ah! could I but know!'
Were mine all the stars in the heavens,
Not one would I grudge to my friend;
How ready were I, if he asked it,
The heart from my bosom to rend!
In my hat with the bonny green ribbons,
At morn to my garden I go,
Thinking, 'What is he doing, my lover?'
Sighing softly, 'Ah! could I but know!'"

In the first three or four measures, I hear her light step, the fluttering ribbons of her summer hat; I see her smile and beckon, but the passage,

"Were mine all the stars in the heavens,
Not one would I grudge to my friend!"

has really the tone of her voice.

Annie Reinhard and I grew up together. Our fathers, the pastor and chorister, were good friends, and the chorister's unmarried sister, Aunt Justine, supplied the place of a mother to us both, for Annie, like myself, had early lost her own. It was at the grave of my mother that I first recognized the wonderful power of music. I was but a child of four years, when the dark men carried forth her coffin, and, clinging to my father's hand, amazed and curious, I watched them lower the black box into the ground, and threw a handful of earth upon it, as he had done. Then sudddenly the school-children began to sing:

"How still they rest,
The dead ones blest!"

At the first sound—ah! I remember as if it had been to-day—I felt a burning pain at my heart. An intense yearning for my dear, dead mother overcame me, and I cried aloud in agony, "O mother! mother!—I will go to my mother!" and would have thrown myself into the yawning grave. As they still sang on, I broke into such piteous weeping, that my poor father lifted me in his arms and pressed me to his heart.

"Be still, we shall go to your mother soon," he said; "she is in heaven."

But I wept for the dead as long as the children were singing. From this time I busied myself with trying to recall, upon my father's piano, that melody which had been sung at the burial of my mother. Little by little I succeeded, but was always forced to weep afresh. To this day, I cannot hear that choral without the most profound emotion. At every blow which struck my heart, in every grief and sorrow which I had to bear alone, I crept to the piano or organ, and played

"How still they rest—"

thus once more entombing all my dead beneath hot, silent tears.

My father soon taught me to distinguish other choral melodies; then I was made to learn the notes, and was at last relinquished to the chorister for regular instruction. The old chorister was a string which vibrated only at the name of Bach. Father Bach was at once his divinity and his friend, Bach's well-tempered clavichord his Bible, and Bach's fugues and chorals his prayer-book. He would, very often, play far into the night, upon the organ of the little village church; and Annie told me how, many a time, she had crept trembling beneath her bed-covering, when, in the late evening, the organ pealed from the church her father's favorite choral—

"O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden!"

The chorister was a stern teacher, and Annie, as well as I, went timidly to our lessons, which fell upon the afternoons. In the mornings, my father instructed me carefully, with the intention of sending me, in my sixteenth year, to the gymnasium at L——, where, after two years' study, he hoped to enter me at the university as a student of theology. But at six o'clock every day we left off working; then we went out to the marble knight, or, in winter, into the corner behind the great tile-stové. But it was far the more pleasant with the knight, who lay just in the rear of the church, upon his hard couch of state, with an old cypress-tree keeping guard above him, Annie always seated herself upon his rigid knee, while I stretched myself across him, so that I could look into her face. Flowering shrubs nodded from a neighboring grave, with its great half-fallen cross of wood, and on the rear wall of the church clambered wild-roses, reaching toward the cypress-branches.

What did we talk about there? Little that could have been repeated, and yet we were never done. I liked best to speak of things connected with music, the peculiar golden thread which traversed my life. I poured out to her the desire of my heart to become a musician, and she joined with me in musing over my father's unwillingness for me to adopt this profession.

My favorite book was an old almanac, containing some fragments from the life of the great Mozart. How many hundreds of times I related these stories to my patient Annie! But when I finished, she would improvise some fairy-tale, the hero of which was always a youth with a fiddle, or a maiden with a harp, who was at first poor and wretched, but afterward became rich, played all day on silver instruments, sat upon golden chairs, and ate from soup-plates set with diamonds. Annie secretly believed in fairies as firmly as in God, but only in *good* fairies. I always listened to her as if in a dream, and should have felt no surprise if a beautiful lady, in a rose-colored dress had suddenly appeared from behind the cypress-tree to present me with a silver bugle, and a sack full of gold. I would listen, gazing into Annie's face, until the moon rose above the living and the dead, and a solemn choral melody from the chorister's dwelling rung out the signal of return. Then we arose slowly, and sauntered homeward, hand in hand, over the dew-wet graves.

We stayed in-doors in rainy weather, and my father would then come into the chorister's house to hear us make music.

In such peaceful uniformity, the days, weeks, and months, passed into years. The Easter morning came, when Annie, then fourteen years old, was confirmed by my father in the little village church. It happened exactly on my sixteenth birthday, and four weeks later I was to go away; my father himself would accompany me to L——. I could scarcely wait for the day of my departure. I knew, indeed, that I was going to L——, that I might climb, step by step, to the ministry, which seemed to me no rose-tinted destiny, but in the background of my soul lay the remembrance of Annie's fairy-tales—a sweet, indistinct hope, the hope of some miracle which should make me a musician.

On the eve of my journey, we went once more to the marble knight. Neither of us realized the pain of separation. I was going out for the first time into the gay world, and Annie could not yet estimate her future loneliness. She rejoiced in childish anticipation of the letters I would send her, and that the postman must then come to her house.

"And there are often holidays," she said, consolingly, not thinking that, by the slow methods of travel, ten days at least would be consumed in the journey.

"I will compose a great many songs for you, when I have time," I said, "and you must sing them to me when I come home. For, you see, I am to learn composition of the celebrated organist S——, even if I should have to eat dry bread to pay for the lessons. How one must feel to have created something which sings and sounds! I cannot imagine any thing so delightful; if I could only become a little, the smallest little part of a Mozart, I should want nothing more!"

"Hermann, you will certainly be *more* than he was!" presumed Annie. "But write as many songs as you wish, I will certainly learn them all!"

"Oh, not songs only! Motets, choruses, operas, symphonies!"

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"You will by-and-by be so famous that they will talk of you in the newspapers."

"Ah! Annie, I shall not care whether my name is in the newspapers or not, if only many people sing and play what I *compose*."

"Well, I shall do so, depend upon it! But, tell me, when you have learned so much, and all the people are talking of you, can you not then be pastor in our own village?"

"That I will never be. You know that it is my highest ambition to be a musician or composer. I could eat and drink music!"

"But will you earn much money?"

"More than I can use. They shall pay me well for every little note; then, by-and-by, you see, they will make me a musical director, who is almost as great as the king."

"O, Heaven! then you will forget me!"

"Annie!"

"Yes, yes! It would not be the first time it has happened so in the world. Aunt Justine has told me many stories about being forgotten, and, O Hermann, it must be dreadful indeed!"

Her beautiful, story-telling eyes were full of tears. Then I was thrilled with strange emotion, and said:

"As truly as I shall never forget music itself, so truly will I never forget you. And when I am learned, and rich, and famous, then I will come straight to you, and ask you to be my wife."

"I shall certainly say 'yes,' Hermann, and then your father can marry us in our little church. You can bring the wedding-dress from the city, and the wreath of myrtle I will pluck from my own little tree. What care I will take of it! Do you think it will blossom soon? And where shall we go then?"

"Child, you ask too many things. Perhaps we will go to L——."

"That would be delightful in winter, but in summer I could never live in such a narrow, dusty city. Then we should have to buy a beautiful little country-house. And our fathers should come there to visit us, and Aunt Justine, and we should be so happy together, and you could rest when you pleased from composing, and think of new things."

"That would not be bad. But if it should be long before then, do not forget me, but be patient and true. But if the waiting should seem so wearisome to you, that you thought I no longer loved you, or if another should come in your way, whom you could hold dearer, then, Annie, be candid. For Heaven's sake, write me no long letter—write *no word* at all—only send me this little cypress-twig which I have broken off. Once in my hands, I shall interpret it, 'It is all over between us!' *Why* it is over, who will care to ask afterward? There, take the twig. *If God will, I shall never see it again.*"

Annie laughed, and put the twig in her pocket.

"Just to please you, I will keep it," she said. "And now, come, father is playing. You must rise early to-morrow."

She clung to my arm, and we walked this time very, very slowly. Sadly sweet the melody floated over the graves—

"How still they rest,
The dead ones blest!"

Why was my heart so heavy? I could but clasp the maiden again to my breast, her tears mingling with my own. At the last chord I pressed her hand, and moved slowly homeward.

When I had taken leave, next morning, of the whole village, and sat with my father in the parish coach which was to convey us to the nearest post-station, Annie's face looked in at the door, rosy and smiling, as if no tears had ever found their way down her cheeks. Every trace of sadness had been wiped away. The golden sunlight had reinspired me also with courage. But as the dear, youthful form receded, and the clumsy coach made its first jerk, I was no longer light-hearted.

"Good-by!" she cried. People, houses, trees, meadows, and plain, danced before me—then all was over.

My father explained to me, on the way, that it would be impossible to expect a visit at home before the expiration of a year, on account of the expense of the journey. Arrived at L——, my father introduced me to all my future instructors—also to my music-teacher, the organist S——, who did not impress me favorably.

Letters between Annie and me passed to and fro less frequently than we had anticipated. She was never too quick with the pen, and I had to labor hard, having very soon found out that the art of composition was not to be acquired without toil, and that it was no easy thing to become a Mozart.

But Annie had received one song from me. I had set to music for her Bürger's "Lenore," and prided not a little upon the passage:

"Und hurre, hurre, hopp, hopp, hopp!
Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp!"

because there the accompaniment ran riot in all sorts of trills and flourishes.

In return, my future wife had embroidered for me a tobacco-pouch, on red merino. But she complained that my song was too difficult, and made her throat ache, and asked what part she could best leave out.

A year passed, but I could not go home at the holidays. The cost of the journey was too great. A visit at home was however promised as a reward for an examination successfully passed, and I spent my second year in diligent preparation. I passed honorably, and wrote my father in exultation, but the reply was long delayed. It came at last, but not in my father's hand. He was *dead* and buried—my letter had been his last joy. On the anniversary of my mother's death, he had gone to her, as he promised at her grave. He had been ill all winter, but had concealed the fact from me.

One stroke changed all. It was now not necessary for me to continue the study of theology, and I determined to pursue the study of music as I wished. The organist S——, who had always neglected me, signified that he was "too pressed with pupils," and hence my resolution was taken at once. I would enter the Normal School in the little neighboring city of G——, where I could most easily pursue my musical studies.

When another year had passed, Annie wrote me the following letter; I have kept it carefully.

"Dear Hermann: What will you think when you have read this long letter, for it will be a long one, I know? But I think you must certainly be glad, and so does Aunt Justine. But hear what I have to tell.

"On Saturday evening, a fortnight ago, I stood beside my father at the piano, and sang over all the songs you used to like so well. Just as I had finished 'The Hunter,' we heard a loud clapping, and two manly voices cried 'Brava! brava!' The window was open, and our young lord from the castle, and a gentleman whom he had brought with him from D——, were listening to my singing. These two kept on clapping and cheering, until my father invited them to come in. I should scarcely have recognized our Herr von Felsen—he is grown so stout and red-faced. Yet even he seemed handsome beside the other, who is the first bass-singer in the court theatre at D——, and is very celebrated. But if fame brings such lines and wrinkles, and makes one wear a wig and false teeth, I would beg you most earnestly, dear Hermann, never to become famous.

"Both gentlemen praised me until I was quite ashamed, and at last the singer, Herr Hellman, said:

"'The young girl has a real capital in her voice. What a fortune she could make by singing!'

"He went on talking with my father, but I heard no more—I thought only of the wealth I might have in my voice. Wealth for us both, Hermann! And when I could not cease thinking, I asked aloud:

"'And if I wanted to make my fortune by singing, how ought I to begin?'

"My heart beat in my throat as I spoke.

"'You would have to go to D—— for a year, and take singing-lessons of the celebrated M——,' said Herr Hellman.

"'Well, and then?'

"'Then we should contrive to have the duke hear you, so that he might engage you for the court-concerts. A young singer is now wanted at D——, and the noble duke loves art so well, that he outweighs youth and talent with gold.'

"'How much would he pay for Annie's sing-song?' asked Aunt Justine.

"'Perhaps five hundred thalers the first winter, and after that as much again.'

"'Five hundred thalers for *one* winter!' cried father and Aunt Justine together. 'What could the child do with so much?'

"'Oh! I know!' I cried, trembling vith joy, for I thought of our country-house. When the winter was over we could buy it, and move there directly. How much do you think it would cost, Hermann?

"I do not even now know how it happened, but, after thinking a moment, I cried out:

"'I will! I will!—let me go to D——!'

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"'Child, who would pay for the costly singing-lessons, and the expensive living at D——?' said my father.

"'That need not be a matter of any anxiety,' Herr Hellman thought. 'Old M—— is a relation of mine; he gives many free lessons, and would certainly do so, where talent is so apparent. Lodgings are absurdly cheap in the suburbs, and the entire cost of living at D—— is trifling.'

"'Justine would certainly have to accompany her,' said my father, decidedly. 'The women could not have more than ten thalers a month from me, and that only for one year, no longer.'

"Herr Hellman thought that two women like us could get on very well with that sum, and in one year, at least, I should be a court-singer.

"There was much more talking before the gentlemen went away. I could not sleep all night. I think I had a real fever. Our country-house constantly danced before my eyes. I ran over the greensward, and heard the rustling of the trees. And you came, and looked on so happily, and we were together again, and my myrtle-tree, too, blossomed.

"Next day there was more talk of D——. That evening Herr Hellman sat with us, and again the next, and it was at last decided that in eight days we should set out for D——. There I shall study and sing until we have our country-house, and that cannot possibly be long. Herr Hellman said yesterday that I sang very beautifully already. I only needed culture.

"It is like a dream to me. Aunt Justine sews, washes, and irons, day and night. To-morrow we shall begin to pack. Dearest Hermann, write me immediately, and send your letter to my father. But what will you say? Only think—five hundred thalers! But if it were five thousand, I should still be ever

"Your faithful ANNIE."

I folded the letter, leaned my head upon the thick paper, and wept bitterly. My heart was filled with a sudden, overpowering anxiety. Annie Reinhard to be an opera-singer? Her voice still sounded in my ears, sweet, but soft as the linnet's chirp—ah! never the voice for a great *salon*. Voices like hers were made for the parlor, as the robin's for the forest, and the lark's for the sky. Annie's pure tones were fit for songs of tender pathos, and gentle lullabies—her singing was a melodious beguilement of long, gloomy evenings, a real sunbeam for home. But outside? O Heaven! What could she do there? That weak voice in the concert-room? No, it could not be! Who could tell but the girl might at last be persuaded to become a theatre-princess? This thought took away my breath. Rushing to my writing-desk I wrote to her. I reminded her of the cypress-twig, and demanded its return, if she should ever enter the theatre.

"If you become a theatre-princess, all is over between us!" were the closing words of my letter.

Annie replied from D——. She said that she had not so much as *dreamed* of entering the theatre, and bade me "be reasonable," and write her again in a half-year. Meanwhile, I must patiently await another letter from her, which would be certain to contain good news.

"Be reasonable." Was it easy for a man to be reasonable, going all day from lesson to lesson, giving piano-instruction to some stiff-fingered, self-willed miss, tuning discordant pianos, running off feet, or writing off fingers, for every pitiful chorister's or organist's situation heard of, near or far? Alas! I had long thought no more of the position of a "musical director, who is almost as great as the king!" How long I had been forced to wait! Instead of a powerful orchestra, I had to be content with the smallest organ!

But I strove against my despair, patiently waiting for the coming of the promised letter. I wrote at last, but received, for a long, long time, no answer. And when, at last, the postman placed in my hands, one evening, a large, clumsily-folded envelope, post-marked "D——," and, finding myself alone, I tore it open, it was the *cypress-twig* which fell to meet me! No word with it! I had wished it so.

Not one poor word!

Annie's story is soon told. She received gratuitous instruction from Hellman's uncle, and it happened quite often that she went to him in vain, being sent away because he was in a bad humor, or wanted to sleep, or had given the hour to some rich pupil. But, at other times, he was quite amiable, stroked her cheek, and assured her that she would make a great fortune yet. He knew but one rule with reference to the human voice: "The voice must come *out!*" These words were the alpha and omega of his lessons. He shook his head at Annie's voice, and said to his nephew:

"She only peeps—she must learn to sing! But I will get it out of her! The theatre would be her proper place. She would be bound to make her fortune there—she is so pretty!"

The nephew had been of the same opinion from the first, but with Annie he had proceeded slowly and cautiously. He saw that direct expressions, like those of old M——, only aroused in the maiden unwillingness and vexation, so he preserved a prudent silence, drawing the child in his own quiet, secure way, without her being aware.

Annie spared no pains; she meant to learn, by all means; not, indeed, for art's sake, but for her own. Alas! Art always revenges herself upon every one who deals dishonestly with her.

The singing-master always began his lessons with the cry, "Loud! louder! Sing out!" and closed uniformly with the same words. Annie did what she could. She sang until her chest pained her and her cheeks burned; but, notwithstanding all, the old man vociferated, "Loud! louder!" She practised so steadily that their first landlady gave the two women notice to leave in three weeks, and, at their second lodgings, the same thing occurred in a month. They removed, at last, to a suburb, up four flights of stairs.

Here Annie no longer sang so constantly. She was often very weary, and was forced to pause sometimes in the midst of her singing, while violent, stinging pains darted through her chest. Climbing the stairs, too, was difficult for her. But what mattered that, if her voice only grew louder? And so Aunt Justine thought also.

As winter approached, they noticed that there were no arrangements for heating their apartment. Annie had often to sit in her cloak at the small piano, and it was quite natural that a little cough came on. Hellman then decided that they ought to move a third time, and himself engaged rooms for them. Their new place of abode was up but one flight of stairs, and was quite elegantly arranged. Annie found it hard to believe that three rooms, with a little kitchen attached, could be obtained for three thalers per month; but Hellman affirmed it, and Aunt Justine assented.

Annie was often troubled that Hellman came daily to see her. He brought her *bonbons* for her cough, called her his dear, clever child, and gave her tickets to the theatre on opera-nights.

The first time she attended the theatre she heard Mozart's "Magic Flute." She sat like one enchanted. Savastro—Hellman—brought her home, and, for the first time, she leaned upon his arm, joyously thanking him for her glorious evening.

Then he said to her:

"How magnificently the part of Pamina would suit you, dearest Annie! That superannuated Feldner, who sang it to-night, ought to be pensioned! She cannot possibly be paid three thousand thalers any longer."

"Three thousand thalers for a Pamina!"

"What of that? For so lovely a face as yours, I wager they would be glad to give double!"

That night Annie dreamed of the Pamina, and the little country-house became a villa, and the garden a park.

Hellman had also introduced Annie to some families who were accustomed to invite her, when they required some one to entertain their guests. Aunt Justine had provided a new white dress, and gloves had been bought, and a new mantilla.

"If ten thalers a month pay for all these things, father will surely be satisfied," said Annie, often, to her aunt.

In company, the ladies paid her little attention, but gentlemen said the pleasantest things to her. When asked to sing, she chose familiar national melodies. Then she was once more the Annie in the chorister's parlor at twilight; then she sang as the birds sing, and her large eyes looked as dreamily, her mouth smiled as sweetly, as if she heard the rustling of the old elm before her father's window, and saw the forms of those she loved standing close beside her.

During this same winter, it suddenly became the fashion in musical circles to bring out old, simple ballads, national songs, and lullabies. But, only when Annie sang, a tear fell here and there.

Hellman proudly attended his "dear child" from all such social entertainments to her home, where Aunt Justine, whom naturally no one knew or invited, always waited conscientiously for her Annie. She usually sat napping in the great arm-chair before the stove, and always had tea hot for "the little one." Annie must then relate all the graceful compliments which had been paid her, and describe the beautiful dresses and elegant manners of the ladies, while Aunt Justine listened with delighted admiration.

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"She is really beautiful enough to astonish everybody!" she often said, secretly, to herself, as she loosened the faded flowers from the bosom of the excited girl, and laid her dress carefully away. But Annie could not sleep after such evenings. When Aunt Justine would rise, startled by some dream, the faintly-glimmering night-lamp always revealed "the little one" still sitting on the bedside, wrapped in a great shawl, her chin supported by her hand, her hair hanging loose, and her eyes wide and thoughtful. What could she be thinking about?

"Go to bed, Annie," the old spinster would say, angrily, "your stupid cough comes of such sitting up." But she would close her eyes again with the thought, "How like a Madonna she looks! All must bow the knee before her!"

So the winter passed. All went on as usual, with no suggestion of singing before the duke. Meanwhile, her cough was considerably aggravated with the approach of spring. Her beautiful color was lost; she grew pale and thin.

"At last I must write to Hermann," she said, somewhat sadly, "although I have nothing to tell him yet. I wish I might wait. He will be so vexed that I have to be always learning. How long will it last? I can scarcely bear it any longer!"

"You shall sing, next autumn, at the first court-concert, dear child," Hellman assured her.

So she once more relapsed into quiet waiting, and refrained from writing.

Aunt Justine began to be distressed at the altered appearance of "the little one."

"Sing just a little more softly," she would say. "Once, you never had so much as a finger-ache, but, since you practise so loud, you are always complaining."

But, despite all this, the singing-master shouted oftener than ever in his pupil's ear, "Louder! louder! Sing out!"

So passed the summer also. The court-concerts were about to begin. Annie was in a state of feverish excitement, expecting momentarily a summons. Then, one day, came Hellman, apparently in despair, and announced that a strange Italian singer had been engaged, and had already arrived. He talked of lies and frauds, and the falseness of the world, and behaved like one half-distracted. Annie said not a word, but, when she would have gone to her singing-lesson that day, she fell fainting at the door of the room.

Her seventeenth birthday occurred on the last of October. On entering the parlor, that morning, she could scarcely believe her eyes, to find a birthday-table exquisitely arranged. A bright-colored silk dress, a jaunty little hat, a new shawl—in short, a complete outfit—lay upon it. Aunt Justine, weeping, embraced her "little one."

"Now be gay and rosy-cheeked again," she said.

"Is there no letter from Hermann or my father?" asked Annie.

"No."

"But how could they send all these lovely things without one little word?"

"Foolish child! Your father never in his life has remembered your birthday; and Hermann—poor fellow!—where should he get all these elegant things?"

"Well; who, then, has given them to me?"

"Herr Hellman."

Hastily, and as if afraid, Annie swept the articles together, and said, with pale lips, but in a firm voice:

"Aunt, send these things back to him this moment. I will not allow him to make me presents, as if he were my father or my betrothed."

"Good Heaven! What ails you, child? It would be a most dreadful affront. How angry he would be!"

"Well, and what does that matter?"

"O Heaven! He meant so well toward us, and he holds you so dear!"

"I will not be dear to him, aunt. These things *must* go."

"No; I dare not. It would be most atrocious ingratitude. You do not know that we are in debt to him—in his generosity he forbade me to tell you; but now it must come out."

"In *debt*, did you say? We do not owe him *money?*"

"Why, certainly. He has lent us, little by little, one hundred thalers. But you need not faint, or wring your hands. He did it very willingly, and he can well do it, for he is rich. I supposed you would have known it long ago. One cannot live on ten thalers, and rent such rooms as these, eat and drink decently, buy gloves and a white dress, and whatever else is wanted."

"Well, he shall have his money again. I will see to that. Do you see that these things are returned."

"But, child, he does not want the money now; he does not think of it."

"He *must* have it again. And now, not one word more of this, either to me or to him, unless you wish me to do myself harm. Only tell him that I accept no presents which do not come from my father."

Aunt Justine went sobbing out of the door, without courage to utter another word.

But Annie went into her own room, opened her little chest, took from a paper box a dry cypress-twig, kissed it, enwrapped and sealed it, wrote the address with a firm hand, and herself carried the packet to the post. Then she went to hold a short consultation with her singing-master, from him to the manager of the theatre, and, when she came home at noon, she held in her hand the score of Mozart's "Magic Flute."

"All is arranged," she said, with strange solemnity. "In four weeks I am to sing Pamina, and, if I do not fail, I shall be engaged at five hundred thalers. He shall have his money again."

Annie's ardor alarmed even Hellman. She sang and practised incessantly. Feverishly excited from morning till night, she seemed to have no thought beyond her *rôle*. The unexpected change gave Hellman a presentiment of some unexplained enigma, and he lost something of his self-assurance. Her icy coldness often exasperated him to the utmost, and from her aunt he could extract nothing but sighs and tears, and the unintelligible remark—

"Only wait till her first appearance; you will then understand all."

The evening of the performance arrived. Annie was dressed very early. The theatre-manager had sent her a new costume. Nothing was lacking, from the garland of full-blown white roses to the silver-broidered satin slippers—the young songstress would be presented to the most noble duke in full splendor. She was just dressed; and, drawing her crape mantle with a shiver about her shoulders, she was about to step to the piano, when there was a light tap at the door, and, before she could say "Come in," Hellman appeared on the threshold. He stood still in surprise, then closed the door, and approached her with glowing looks.

"How wondrously beautiful you are, Annie!" he said.

She made a scornful gesture—speak she could not. He drew a chair beside her, and whispered:

"I would have kept silence till to-morrow, dear child; but your beauty forces me to speak. You *must* be my wife, Annie, and you shall mount the stage only as my betrothed. You are in my hands without knowing it. All the world considers you mine, and it would go hard with me to give up the sweet name of *your* lover. I have, therefore, made myself secure against every emergency—Justine will tell you what I mean. When I first saw you in the half-darkened room of your father's house, I was captivated by your almost child-like loveliness, and swore to possess you. Now, I know that I *love* you, and I offer you my hand. I will bear you out of darkness into light. Your father loves Bach's chorals more than his daughter, and will gladly work on unencumbered, content to know that you are provided for. As for that childish folly with the little seminarist—you have long ago forgotten *that*."

"I have, indeed, forgotten every thing but the desire to throw again at your feet *your money*, which you have secretly given my aunt, and then go back, a suppliant, to my father."

Hellman started back.

"You know it, then? But no matter. Even if the old woman has babbled, the affair is the same. But you should not speak of those pennies, for I have given them to my future wife."

"I would sooner be Satan's wife than yours! You shall get back your money to the last penny; it is for that that I am in this tinsel dress."

"For that—is it? Little fool! Do not build too surely upon an engagement. Your sing-song *alone* is worth absolutely nothing. Were it not for your all-too-lovely face, your voice would not be worth a mushroom. And you have lost much lately—Heaven knows why. Old M—— fills my ears with complaints."

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"My voice not worth—I have lost! Great Heaven! What, then, shall make me rich?"

"Your beauty and my love."

"O God! O God! All, all is in vain!" cried Annie, in a heart-rending voice. "Oh, that I were with my mother!—Mother, mother!—Hermann, I will go to you; do not turn me away!"

With these words she fell senseless upon the floor. Aunt Justine entered at that moment, and, with a loud scream, rushed to her "little one." Hellman uttered a few explanatory words, and ran for a physician. The old woman lifted Annie upon the sofa; and, by the application of cologne, she soon came to herself.

"But you can never sing to-night."

"Yes, yes," replied the girl, with quivering lips. "He must have back his money. Let me go—God will surely help me."

When the physician arrived, he found only a slight soothing potion necessary.

A carriage soon drove up, with the old theatre-manager, who was deeply interested in the *début* of the lovely child. He was delighted with her calm bearing, the light in her eyes, and the rosy color on her glowing cheeks.

"Courage, now! It will soon be over," he said. "Such a face and such eyes will not be let slip. You will be engaged."

"And receive five hundred thalers, and the first quarter in advance—is it not?"

"That depends entirely upon the duke, my child," said the manager, secretly wondering at the avarice of this childish creature.

Behind the side-scenes they found Hellman—Savastro. Annie passed him without greeting. Aunt Justine sat in one corner, weeping with anxiety. The singers talked and jested back and forth. The time was passing. At last, at the sound of the bell, they assumed their positions; the overture resounded through the house; the horrid serpent glided after the affrighted Tamino; the ladies came with their spears; the monster duteously expired; and the opera went on in its course, until the Moor appeared with the anxiously-expected *débutante*. No one noticed the trembling of her voice in the first two or three measures; all were intent upon her beauty. The high A of the sorrowful cry, "*Barbar!*" was silver-clear and full—most natural the wavering and fall. The young thing had evident talent; they cried, "Brava!"

But the Moor bent strangely low and long over the lovely Pamina; he seemed distressed, and, stepping to the foot-lights, tried to speak. The orchestra was silenced, and now he said, slowly and distinctly, so that the sound penetrated through all the deathlike stillness of the house:

"Fräulein Reinhard has ruptured an artery."

Then the curtain fell.

Four weeks later, Annie was carried to her home. The old chorister went for her himself, for the first time in his life relinquishing his choral-work for the sake of his child.

The whole capital was interested in the sad occurrence, the cause of which had quickly spread abroad, thanks to Aunt Justine's babbling tongue.

The young girl's sick-room was like a conservatory, and herself the fair white lily within it. The duke graciously sent her half the year's salary of an engagement. Weak as she was, she herself enclosed to Hellman the entire amount due him, her eyes beaming and her hands trembling with joy. She never saw him again.

The old chorister felt sadly out of place in his new surroundings, and spoke daily of going home. Annie once asked him,

"Have you written to Hermann, dear father?"

"Yes—there is no answer yet; but he knows that, by the 10th of May, we are to be in our village."

And, on the evening of the 10th of May, a carriage stopped quietly in front of the chorister's dwelling. But the arms first extended to receive the dear, wasted form were *mine*, and the first home kiss was given her by *my* lips.

Three months before, without any expectation or effort of my own, I had been appointed to the position of organist in the village of J——. One of my friends from the seminary had promised to fill my place until Annie was stronger, and I could leave her.

A sadly happy fortnight passed. "The little one" seemed to revive; she suffered less, and coughed less often. Her father had good courage, and the old district physician always said:

"Rest, rest, and fresh air—if we can only reach summer, all will be well."

At the close of June, I led her out at last, for she longed to see the marble knight. It was a beautiful afternoon. Walking was very difficult for her, although I supported her firmly, and we rested upon many a grave. At last we sat down in the dear old place. All was the same as ever; the cypress still kept guard; the roses hung playfully upon their stems, like children clinging to an old and thoughtful man; the last golden blossoms leaned heavily from the bushes near by; the sunken cross upon the neighboring grave was half visible amid its ivy. All was the same as ever; only yonder glimmered the white marble cross upon my father's grave, and here sat Annie, folded in wrappings, and leaned her pale, weary head upon my breast.

In this place, and on this day, we spoke for the first time of the past, and Annie told me, low and slowly, all that I have transcribed upon these pages.

And, when she had ended, and drawing her close to my heart, I called her my bride, and whispered in her ear all my future hopes, begging her again and again to remember no more the evil dream of the last year, because now all, all would be well; then she answered, sadly smiling,

"Not yet *all*—we have no country-house."

A few weeks later, we bore her to the country-house which God Himself had provided for her dwelling. There was green turf there; the low flower-decked roof arose not far from the marble knight; old lindens rustled above it—all was as she had wished. At her quiet entrance the children sang—

"How still they rest,
The dead ones blest!"

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THE DOCTOR'S STORY.
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THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

I NEVER quite knew how I came to settle in Altona. Few of us deliberately choose our lot. Fate, Chance, Circumstance, Providence—call it what you will—chooses for us, and we quietly slip into the groove that seems to have been channelled out for us in the ages gone, and move onward. Free-will, foreordination, foreknowledge, unalterable destiny—well, we will not stop to discuss these questions now. They have vexed stronger brains than yours or mine, and we must be content to let them pass unsolved.

Nevertheless, it is a mystery to me how I have happened to spend two-thirds of a long life in this little town of Altona—high up among the mountains; out of reach, until a comparatively recent day, of railroads and telegraph-poles; far removed from the world of culture, of books, of men; away from the whirl, the stir, the bustle, the eager, impulsive, engrossing life that I should once have thought was the only life worthy to be lived.

But—Marion had loved the quiet, secluded spot; and, when she left me, after our one short year of wedded bliss, I simply stayed on, loath to leave the hills, the woods, the streams, the skies, that had been hallowed by her presence. Not to spend my days in vain repinings, or to fold my hands in dreamy idleness, I led a thoughtful yet busy life, and at length, as time deadened the keenness of my anguish, and the turf thickened upon her grave, a life that grew full and rich. A thousand close and endearing ties sprang up—nay, grew up—between me and the plain, honest-hearted people about me. They brought me love, and I gave them love in return. Life is not niggardly of her best gifts; she will not turn us away empty-handed, if we come to her with arms outstretched, and let her choose for us the benefactions she is ready to bestow. But she seldom allows us to choose for ourselves. Is it that she is wiser than we, and knows our needs better than we can know them?

Yet I felt that my life was greatly enriched when the railroad was built, and the quarries were opened, and Dudley Randolph, with his fair wife and three lovely children, came to live in Altona. It had long been known that the old Randolph Farm was rich in marble. But, if it had held all the wealth of Carrara hidden in its green bosom, it would have availed little to the owners, so long as there was no mode of transporting it from its mountain-bed to the populous cities, where the living and the dead alike awaited its coming. With the laying of the iron track, however, and the shrill shriek of the engine, there dawned a new day for these hills and valleys. Dudley Randolph, in the distant city where he lived, heard faintly the dull thunder of the blast, the clinking of the drills, the monotonous grating of the saws, and, closing up his mercantile business, he came back to the old homestead to see for himself if gold were indeed hidden in the blocks of marble, just beneath the surface of the pastures where his grandfather's cows had grazed.

Right over yonder, between that clump of maples and the big elm, you can see the gables of the house he built—a house whose quiet, unpretending elegance did not put to shame its humbler neighbors, nor exalt its own pretensions at the expense of theirs. It seemed to grow out of the soil, and to belong to the scenery as truly as did the surrounding hills, and the giant bowlders that had been beaten upon by the storms of centuries.

I doubt if I can make you understand what that home, with its books, its pictures, its music, its flowers, its atmosphere of refinement, became to me. A quiet, commonplace country-doctor, I had almost forgotten how much wealth, in the hands of taste and culture, can add to the beauty of living. Still less can I hope to tell you in fitting words what strength and joy and companionship I found in the society of Dudley and Isabel Randolph. With the exception of the minister, I had been the only liberally-educated man in the little town, and, in more than one sense, I had been alone, until their coming opened the door of a new life.

Not at once, however. My long seclusion from society had made me somewhat shy and reserved. I did not seek them, neither did they seek me. But one night a messenger came for me. Little Ethel, the youngest child, was sick.

It was a case of croup—its first visit to their family. For many hours the child's life hung in the balance. More than once my heart failed me while I unflinchingly fought Death single-handed. But at last, when hope was wellnigh dead, sudden relief came.

"She will live," I said, quietly. "The danger is over, Mrs. Randolph."

That night of conflict and of watching brought us nearer together than years of ordinary intercourse might have done, and from that hour the country-doctor took his place in the family as a chosen friend, an ever-welcome guest.

It was a long time—so charmed was I with the peace, the purity, the apparent blessedness, of that home—before I perceived that, after all, it had its skeleton. Perhaps I might not have perceived it even then, had I not been physician as well as friend. Doctors grow keen-sighted as they grow older. They learn, if they are men of clear insight, to discern spirit as well as matter, to read soul as well as body. *I* learned at last that Isabel Randolph, in spite of her beautiful home, her noble husband, her lovely children, was not a happy woman. The knowledge came to me by slow degrees. Not through any confidence of hers; for she was not one of the weak women who are forever babbling of their own sorrows, and she was not given to tears or sighing. It came to me through the sudden pallor of her cheek, through the whitening of her lips, through the strange stillness that sometimes settled down upon her when all around her were gladdest and gayest. I read it in her eyes—great, changeful orbs, that were now light, now dark, according to her mood. Sometimes when I met them they seemed to wear a hunted, frightened look, as of an animal chased by eager foes. Sometimes they were simply the eyes of one who was weary of some long conflict, or of the bearing of some heavy burden, and again they seemed clouded by haunting memories.

She became a mystery to me—an embodied riddle. I wondered if Dudley Randolph saw what I saw—that the shadow of some great grief rose up between him and the wife of his bosom—a dark, formless thing, impalpable, but real. I wondered if, when she lay within his arms, and his kisses were warm upon her lips, he felt that any veil dropped down between his soul and her soul.

Yet she loved him. I have been a reader of hearts too long to doubt *that*. Love, like fire, will betray itself. He had no rivals, not even in their children.

Of these children I have told you nothing. Clyde, the eldest, a noble boy of ten years, bore a most striking resemblance to his mother. He had her large, soulful eyes, her auburn hair, her clear complexion, her pure, white forehead, with the branching network of blue upon the temples. Partly for this reason, perhaps, he was his

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father's especial pet. Mr. Randolph loved all his children; but Clyde, his first-born, was his idol. The two were inseparable; they rode together; they walked together. At the quarry, at the mill, at the office, in the wheat-field, or by the trout-brook—wherever Mr. Randolph was, there was Clyde.

"Say, squire, have you taken that young chap into partnership yet?" said old farmer Boyd, with a sly smile, one day, as he met the two on their way to the quarry. "Seems to me he ought to know how to run the concern by this time. I see him follerin' on after you or holdin' on to your hand pretty nigh every time I go by here."

Mr. Randolph laughed.

"Yes, Clyde and I are partners.—Aren't we, Clyde?—He does all the work, and I have all the fun." And the twain went on their way, rejoicing.

Wallace was a dark-eyed, chubby rogue, several years younger than his brother, always laughing, and always in mischief. Ethel was a wee, winsome darling of three summers—a bewitching little creature, all smiles and blushes, and pretty, womanly ways. How I loved that child! How I loved all of them, in fact! The joy of fatherhood had been denied me. But, as the months lengthened into years, I grew to have a very fatherly tenderness toward the children of my friend Dudley Randolph.

You can judge, then—for I can never tell you—of the anguish of heart with which I awoke one day to the consciousness that two of them, the two youngest, were slipping away from us; slipping out of our arms, even while, with all the yearning agony of love, we were striving to retain our hold upon them. They had had the scarlet-fever in its very mildest form. There had been scarcely a day during its continuance when they had been too ill to call for their playthings; and it had required the combined wit and wisdom of the household to keep them in bed. But, as is so often the case, a low typhus set in during apparent convalescence, and Nature refused to rally. There was a month of steady, painless decay—a slow, wasting away of all the powers of life—and then two little clay-cold statues, marble-white, were all that were left to us of Wally and Ethel.

Mrs. Randolph's suffering was extreme; and yet I could not comprehend it. It was something quite above and beyond the ordinary grief of motherhood. There was in it a tinge of bitterness and self-reproach that was past my understanding. She would sit gazing at her husband, when he was for the moment absorbed with his books or papers, with such dumb anguish in her eyes—an anguish that all the while seemed more for him than for herself. Yet Clyde was left to him—Clyde, who had always been to him his nearest and dearest. And, as for her, her arms were empty; for she had in a measure given her first-born up to the close companionship of his father, and solaced herself with her younger children. Yet, notwithstanding all this, her sorrow seemed for him rather than for herself. It was all beyond my power to divine.

One evening—the children died in January, and this must have been the next May, for I remember that the air was heavy with the fragrance of purple lilacs, and that a cluster of blue violets and lilies-of-the-valley filled a glass upon the window-sill—Mr. and Mrs. Randolph and myself sat in their pleasant library talking, as we often talked, of the deep things of life and death. By some means we got round at last to the confessional of the Romish Church.

"It must be such a blessing, such a comfort," said Mrs. Randolph, sighing. "Whoever established the confessional understood the deepest needs of the human soul."

Her husband looked at her in astonishment.

"What an admission, Isabel! and you the stanchest Protestant in Christendom! For myself, I do not agree with you. I would confess my sins to God alone."

"But, if you had sinned against man as well as God?"

"Then I would confess to the man whom I had injured; not to any priest, whether of high or low degree."

Mrs. Randolph looked off upon the mountains, still flushed with the purple pomp of sunset, with a strange, far-away look in her eyes. At last, without turning them, she said:

"It is the sacred silence of the confessional that so charms me—a silence that is never broken, it is said. It must be such a relief when one has borne some crushing burden, until it can be borne no longer, to drop it into that silent void, and so lose it forever."

Mr. Randolph replied, half-impatiently:

"I do not understand these subtleties and refinements, Isabel. To bring the matter home: suppose that you had sinned against me or our child, or against our friend here, the doctor—how could it be a relief to you, or what would it avail us, if you should acknowledge that sin under the seal of the confessional?"

I sat where I could see Isabel Randolph's face. It grew white as ashes in the dusky twilight.

"It would avail nothing to you," she said, "but it might avail much to me. I can imagine cases where confession—the dropping at another's feet of a life-long burden—would be a joy beyond all other joys, but where duty and self-abnegation forbid it. The punishment of sin may sometimes be the impossibility of confession."

I was studying the woman curiously. Was she dealing in glittering generalities, or was she hiding in her own bosom some deadly secret that was poisoning her life? I could not tell. But I gave utterance to the thought that came uppermost.

"You are right, Mrs. Randolph. It seems to me that sometimes silence concerning an error committed, a wrong done, may be the only reparation in our power. Under some circumstances, silence may be the truest heroism. It may mean the bearing of our own burdens; confession may mean a cowardly seeking for relief—a shifting of at least a part of the burden to another's shoulders."

A ghost of a smile hovered about her mouth for an instant.

"Sometimes, if 'speech is silver, silence is golden,'" she said. Then, as she left the room, she added, lightly:

"Doctor, when I turn Catholic, you shall be my father-confessor. Good-night."

For the next fortnight I was very busy. Some sort of an epidemic was prevailing among the quarrymen, and I had scarcely a moment's leisure. My usual visits at the Elms had been prevented by laborings day and night. But one day a little twisted note was brought to me. It contained only these words:

"Come to me, if you can, doctor. I need you. I. R."

I went immediately, and was ushered into Mrs. Randolph's dressing-room. She lay upon a lounge, wan, white, wasted. The last two weeks had wrought a marvellous change in her. I crossed the room hurriedly, and took her hand.

"You are ill," I said. "Why have you not sent for me before? What has Randolph been thinking of?"

"You have been so busy," she answered. "Is the sickness abating?"

"Yes," I said. "But we won't talk about that now. What is the matter with *you?* That is the question under consideration. You should have sent for me before."

She looked at me earnestly.

"Really I am not so much worse than I have been," she replied, "only I am more exhausted than usual to-day. Besides, you cannot help me, Dr. Bellenger."

"Pshaw! not help you! Why not? Do not go to being low-spirited now, or to undervaluing my professional skill. Why can't I help you, I should like to know?"

"Because I am dying, Dr. Bellenger."

This startled me a little. But I was too much accustomed to such things to be thrown off my guard.

"You are not dying," I said. "You have no disease about you. You are weak, and have a touch of the blues. You need iron and salt-water. Dudley must take you to the sea-side."

She shook her head.

"You know you are not telling the truth, doctor. See here!" and she held up her thin, transparent hand. "How long will that be above the sod? Put your hand *here.* How long will it take to wear out a heart that beats at this rate? Doctor, I do not want to live, so do not burden your conscience with falsehood on my account."

There was an unnatural hardness in her voice—a steelly gleam in the eyes that were wont to be so soft and tender. Presently, I said:

"I cannot 'minister to a mind diseased,' Mrs. Randolph. If you will die, you will. But it is some hidden grief that is wearing your life out. It is no heart-disease or other bodily ailment that is beyond cure."

She cast one quick, startled glance at my face; then covered her eyes with her hands. I watched her silently—watched her with a wordless prayer. The burden of her untold grief was upon me. Suddenly she turned toward me, stretching out both her hands with

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an eager, passionate gesture, while great tears rained from her eyes.

"O my friend!" she cried, "I must speak. I thought to have carried my heavy burden to the grave with me. But it oppresses, it appalls me. I cannot meet God with this weight upon my soul. I must speak."

I took both her hands in mine, and strove to soothe her into calmness. I trembled before the spirit I had myself evoked. But she only cried the more:

"I must speak. I have borne this weight of silence so long, so long!"

Looking out of the window I saw Mr. Randolph and little Clyde just going over the brow of the hill yonder, hand in hand, as usual. I pointed to them.

"You must calm yourself for their sakes," I said, gently. "This excitement is too much for you. To-morrow, if you will, you shall speak, but to-day you must rest."

"To-morrow is a myth, a dream," she answered. "Only to-day is real. I must speak now while they are away—while I have time. You *must* hear me."

"See," I said, thinking to lead her thoughts in another direction—"see. They are going a-fishing. How clear the air is to-day! You can see their faces distinctly even at this distance—the faces of both father and son."

"They are *not* father and son!" she cried, the words bursting from her white lips as if without her own volition. "They are not father and son. Dudley Randolph has no child in the wide world. *His* children are both under the grave-sod. We buried them out of his sight."

I do not know what I said; but I thought her brain was touched, and was about to ring for her maid. She stopped me.

"Do not ring," she said. "I know what you think; but I am perfectly sane. Clyde is not Randolph's son; and I must tell you all about it. You must be my 'confessor.' Do you remember? Ah, my friend, I was not romancing that night! I spoke out of the depths of my own bitter experience."

Not Randolph's son! Was the world upside down?

"Is he *yours?*" I asked, wondering if I were myself or another.

"Yes, mine. My son, but not his."

She lay still, with her eyes closed, and her hands clasped upon her breast. She looked so pure, so like a tired child, now that the brief storm had spent its fury. I did not speak. I could not. But at length she spoke, laying her hand in mine:

"My friend, you must help me. I have borne my terrible burden for more than ten years; and now I can bear it no longer alone. Will you hear my story? I will not weary you. I will make it short."

I bowed my head. What was I about to hear? But still the physician triumphed.

"You must take this cordial and rest for half an hour. Then I will come back to you. Nay, nay, my child. It must be as I say. In half an hour, if I am alive, I will come back and hear whatever you choose to tell me."

I left the room. In thirty minutes I returned. This is what she said to me:

"You do not think that I am dying, my friend; but—I am. The soul has its own intuitions, and mine knows of a surety that its earthly life is nearly ended. If I were strong enough I should carry what I have to tell you to the grave with me, and let it be buried there in everlasting silence. But I am weak. I long for human sympathy. I must speak, or I shall go mad.

"I am, as you know, an orphan—so thoroughly orphaned, that I have not even one dim childish remembrance of father's or mother's love. My guardian and his wife were good, cold, proper people, who spent my small income religiously for my benefit, and never wronged me of a cent. It is something in this world, as I have learned since, to be scrupulously honest—and this they were. When I was sixteen I was sent to a fashionable boarding-school, where Madame La Mode reigned supreme, and good breeding took the place of good morals."

She had gone on glibly enough thus far; but now she paused, and for five minutes there was silence in the room, while her color came and went like lambent flame. When she spoke again it was in a low, constrained voice, as that of one who is holding in leash emotions that are wellnigh overmastering.

"There was one there—I need not give his name—a foreigner, a music-teacher. There was every thing about him to charm the fancy of a young girl who, like me, had seen little of the world, and less of men. He was elegant, he was graceful, he was refined. It was rumored in the school that he belonged to a noble German family, and had been exiled for political offences. Be this as it may, he had the air of high-breeding, and carried himself like a prince of the blood.

"Well, he loved me. God help me! I believe even to-day that he really loved me. And I? I more than loved him. He was my idol, whom I worshipped; my king, whom I obeyed; my master, whom I served. Even now I can hardly wonder that I was so beguiled. Just think of it, my friend," she cried, while her hand sought mine with a gesture that was half deprecating, half imploring. "Fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless, I had lived unloved for sixteen years. No heart-warm kisses had ever touched my lips until his fell there.

"I consented at last to a secret marriage. He told me that he would acknowledge me as his wife ere long; but that, for a while, family and political reasons compelled him to silence. I believe I was glad of it. It suited the latent romance of my nature; and our love seemed all the fairer for the veil of mystery in which it was enshrouded. So one day we were married in a distant village—married by a justice of the peace, under assumed names.

"Four months passed like a dream; and then, my guardian thinking I had acquired 'accomplishments' enough, I was summoned home. I wonder that, in the anguish of parting from my lover-husband, I did not betray our secret to the school. But I had learned worldly wisdom and self-control; and when he placed me in the carriage, and shook hands with me in the presence of a little crowd of teachers and scholars, I said good-by without a change of color, and nodded gayly as we turned the corner.

"He was to come to me in vacation; and meantime he was to write to me. But week after week passed, and no word, no line, no token, broke the silence that had dropped between us. Then one day there came a letter—not from him, but from one of the school-girls. Professor L——, she said, was dead. He had had brain-fever. Nobody thought he would die; but he did. He was buried yesterday; and the girls all wore mourning-badges at the funeral and placed flowers on the coffin. She thought I would like to know about it, for I had always been a favorite with the professor.

"That was all. I cannot dwell upon the weeks that followed—weeks in which I became aware that I, the unacknowledged wife of a dead husband, would, in due course of time, become the mother of his child."

She paused again, and her breath came quickly. How my heart bled for her! But words were idle. So I only put back the damp hair from her forehead, and presently she went on.

"I can only give you outlines, doctor. Your heart and your imagination must do the filling up. I lived, for the next two or three months, I hardly know how. Then, when I knew that my situation could be concealed but little longer, I went to a cousin of my mother's, a plain, sensible, good-hearted woman, and told her my story.

"We went to the sea-side together, she and I; and there, after hours of fearful agony, my child was born.

"Two weeks afterward I awoke, seemingly from a troubled dream, and my first inquiry was for my baby. What was to become of it or of me, I knew not, cared not. Shame, disgrace, they were as nothing, if out of this awful sea of anguish, in which I had been submerged, I could but bring up this pearl of great price—something of my very own to love and care for.

"It was dead, so my cousin told me, and I turned my face to the wall, not to weep, but to lie in a dull stupor of anguish until the morning broke.

"I regained my strength after a while; and when the host of summer tourists went back to the city again, I went with them. That sad chapter of my life had ended. But my girlhood had fled forever. Not yet eighteen, I seemed to myself to have lived a century.

"I had felt from the first that it would be impossible to prove my marriage; and now, that my baby was dead, I had no desire to do so. *He* had set one seal of silence upon our relations to each other, and now the grave had set another. Let them both remain unbroken until the resurrection morning.

"So I went back to the world again. I went into society; I was admired; I was caressed. Dudley Randolph sought my hand. He was all that was good and noble. He was worthy of any woman's

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love. *I* did not love him. Ah, no! But I thought my heart had burned itself out; that nothing was left but ashes and dead embers. Yet, as a friend, he was most dear to me, and I believed that I could make him happy. My guardian urged the marriage; and I longed, womanlike, for a home of my own. In less than a year I became his wife.

"No, do not interrupt me. Let me tell the story in my own way. I know all that you would say of the injustice, the cruelty. I did not love my husband; yet it was not without a bitter pang that I learned, before we had been married a twelvemonth, that it was necessary for one of the firm of Randolph & Co. to go to India, and that he was that one. He was to be gone three years, and it was impossible for me to undertake so long and so tedious a journey. Again the hopes, the perils, of approaching motherhood were upon me.

"He had been so tender, so true! I had found such rest, such peace, such a sense of security in his love. How could I let him go? I clung to him in the hour of parting! I sobbed upon his breast even as the most loving of wives might have done. I thank God for this, at least, that Dudley Randolph never, in those days, doubted me. He took my love for granted; and, if I was not over-demonstrative, the absence of demonstration did not pain him. He thought my nature quiet and self-contained, and was content.

"He went, not taking the most direct route, and, when he reached Calcutta, he found a letter there telling him that my child, *his* child, lay upon my breast. Ah! what a letter he wrote me in return! I have it laid up among my treasures yet—so full of yearning, passionate love for us two, his wife and child. I was reading it alone in my chamber, when a telegram was brought me. It was from the cousin who had befriended me in my trial-hour, begging, nay, *commanding* me to come to her in her home in a distant city.

"Travelling with a baby was no light matter to my inexperience. But I could refuse no call from *her*, and, as soon as time and strength would permit, I was by her side.

"She was very ill—at the point of death. She had lived, the physician said, for many days, simply because she would live; kept alive by the strength of an indomitable will.

"'I lived to see you, Isabel,' she gasped; 'I had something to tell you. I could not die. Are they all gone? Is the door shut? Hold my hand, for I cannot see. Kiss me, Isabel!'

"I did her bidding, tenderly, but with a deathly sickness at my heart.

"'Isabel,' she whispered, 'stoop down. Put your ear to my lips. He is not dead—your little boy. I told you an untruth. I did it for your good. I thought it was for the best. There seemed no other way to save you from open shame.'

"And now! why had she told me *now*, when I was just finding peace and rest and forgetfulness? when, by the heart-thrill with which I had read my husband's letter, I hoped it, Love was again knocking at my door?

"Her failing eyes sought mine. 'Forgive me,' she said, 'I could not die with this lie upon my soul.'

"For answer I kissed her; but I only said, 'Where is he?'

"'He is safe; he has been tenderly cared for; you can reclaim him when you will. Give me that pocket-book.'

"She opened it with her trembling fingers and took from its folds a card. 'You will find him there,' she said. 'It is all right. Good-night. Forgive us our sins as we forgive—'

"The petition was never finished, or was finished in heaven. My cousin was dead.

"After she was buried, I sought my child. May God forgive me, but I did not want to love him! I only wanted to forget. I had never seen his face, and ever since I first promised to be Dudley Randolph's wife I had tried to forget that he had ever been. Under the stern discipline of sorrow I had grown older and wiser, and I saw now with clearer vision than in the days that seemed so long ago. I saw that my early idol had been but clay; that I had mistaken dross for the pure gold of Ophir. Whether this child's father had wilfully wronged me, I know not; I did not wish to know. But he had been years older than I. He was worldly wise, and I was but a child. He had tempted, where true love should have guided and strengthened me.

"But the boy was mine, and he had a claim upon his mother. I had no right to leave him to the tender mercies of the pitiless world, or to thrust him upon the care of strangers. He was mine. So I sought him out. O holy instinct of motherhood, thou art stronger than fear or despair or death! My heart recognized him, claimed him, set him on his own throne, and crowned him king.

"I paid all his bills, and took him with me to my lodgings. My nurse supposed him to be the child of a friend, and evinced no curiosity about the matter, although she often commented upon his striking resemblance to myself.

"Then I sat down to think. And meanwhile every steamer brought letters from my husband. How could I meet him?

"Months wore away. Randolph, like myself, had neither father nor mother, and there was no one who felt any strong personal interest in my affairs. My old guardian was to take a sort of nominal care of me while my husband was gone; and Randolph & Co. were to furnish me with all the money I needed. I could stay in one spot as well as in another. So I wrote to my guardian that I liked the place where my cousin had lived—that the climate agreed with me and with the baby, and that I had concluded to remain there for a while. I rented a small house in the suburbs of the town, and there I lived very quietly with my two children.

"I wrote to my husband very often of *his* child, who had been christened Clyde Dudley Randolph. I told him of all his pretty baby ways, of his frolics, his laughter, his caresses—all that could interest a father in the babyhood of his boy. But I told him nothing of *my* son, of Willie. Some time he must know; but I put afar off the evil day. What I should say to him, the form of speech that I would use, the very phrases I would utter, were in my brain day and night. I could not write to him. I would wait until he came; and then, when his whole being was melted to tenderness by the kisses of his own child, I would lead my poor fatherless boy to his feet and tell him my pitiful story. I would beg him, in the name of the All-merciful, to take us both to his heart, to pity us, to love us.

"For oh, my friend, I knew my own heart better than when he went away. I had learned during the months that had passed since he left me that I loved him—not with a girl's romantic, dreamy, ideal love, but with all the passionate strength of womanhood.

"The two children were very happy together. Clyde was large of his age, and remarkably mature, learning to talk and to walk when he was a year old. Willie, on the contrary, was small, slight, delicate. A quiet, reticent child, he seemed much younger than he really was. When he was three years old he was hardly larger than Clyde, and they might almost have passed for twins. Clyde had had the sunshine of mother-love to grow in. Willie had grown in the shade, until I reclaimed him. Perchance therein lay the difference.

"But one day sudden sickness fell upon Clyde. At noon he was at play upon the floor, shouting and laughing, and crowing in measureless content. At midnight he was dead.

"I thought my heart would break. How could I tell Dudley Randolph that his child was dead, and show him the child that was not his alive and well? I think there was no difference in my love for my sons. One was as dear to me as the other. But I would have given Willie's life for Clyde's in a moment, if so I could have placed in my husband's arms, his own living, breathing, laughing boy. His letters were so full of the child he had not seen! In his very last he had said: 'I dream of you—and of Clyde—every night. You cannot know how I love our boy. I long for him unutterably.'

"And I must answer that longing by leading him to the graveyard.

"One night—the night after the funeral—as I lay with Willie in my arms, thinking of Clyde in his cold and narrow bed, on which the moon was shining, and of Dudley tossing on the Indian seas—for he was now on his way home—a great temptation seized hold upon me, and my soul trembled and shivered in its grasp.

"'You can go back to your home with your one child,' said the tempter. 'God has had mercy upon you, and made your path plain and easy. You have only to give this boy to your husband as his own, and all will be well.'

"Trembling from head to foot, I crept from the bed and struck a light. Willie lay asleep. He was a fair and beautiful child, more beautiful than Clyde had been, with clustering curls of reddish-gold, and great blue eyes, clear and limpid as sylvan lakes. Any man might be proud of him, I thought. Though small, his limbs were perfectly moulded, and his diminutive size was in his favor. No stranger would have thought him more than two years old.

"I tried to pray, but I could not. I tried to ask direction and

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guidance, but the heavens were as brass above me. And still the tempter whispered, 'Do this, and all shall be well.'

"The next morning I arose early and began my work. I packed my trunks, and sent my furniture to the auction-rooms. I was going home, I said. I was tired of this great bustling town, and wanted to see my friends. Besides, my husband was on his way back. I burned little Clyde's clothes. Some of them Willie could have worn, but I could not have borne to see them upon him. I took my dead darling's hair, the soft, shining rings that had been cut off before burial, and laid that, too, upon the blazing altar. It was my burnt-offering. Would it be an atonement for sin? I did not stop to think.

"Then, when all was done, I dismissed my servant, and went back to my husband's home. Henceforth Willie was Clyde. He soon forgot all about his little companion; and, if he had not, his broken speech—did I tell you that he was very backward about talking?—was intelligible to none but me. There was no danger that *he* would betray our secret.

"You know all now, my friend. You know that I gave another man's child to Dudley Randolph as his own. You know that all these years I have lived a lie. But you do not know, you never can dream, what I have suffered. I have never seen the boy that we call Clyde in my husband's arms that a pale, dead face has not risen up between the two, claiming the kisses, the caresses, turning its reproachful eyes upon me, and seeming to say, 'Defrauded of my birthright, not even such love as is given to the dead is mine. You have made me to be as if I had never been.'"

Utterly exhausted, Mrs. Randolph lay back upon her pillow, white as the dead face that had haunted her. Do not suppose that this long narration had been made without any breaks or pauses; or that I had listened with never a sign of sympathy. I have given her words as nearly as possible, but without the interludes.

After a little rest, thinking I was about to leave her, she extended her hand to detain me.

"Not yet, doctor," she said. "Do not go yet. I have more to say; there may not be another opportunity."

I assured her that I would wait her pleasure, and after a while she went on.

"I believe, from my soul I believe, I could have borne my life better if I had loved my husband less. I did not dream what it would be to keep such a secret all my life long; to feel always, even in our tenderest moments, that there was something in my heart that I must keep hidden from his sight. It has been terrible, terrible! Then there has been the constant dread of discovery—the sword of Damocles, hanging by a hair.

"I thought that when other children should be born to us, and I should see his own babies in his arms, the spell would be broken. But you know how it was, Wallace and Ethel were as nothing to him compared with Clyde. Was it a part of my punishment that the child I had imposed upon him should be dearer to him than ours—his and mine?

"And then they died. If I could but throw myself at his feet and tell him all! Doctor, doctor!" she cried, turning her white face toward me, "what shall I do? what *may* I do? I cannot bear this torture."

Oh! it was piteous! the imploring; eyes the eager, thrilling voice; the outstretched, wasted hands. Was I right or wrong? It was a hard question to decide. But this is what I said to her:

"'Silence is golden,' dear child. You took this burden upon yourself. You have borne it bravely thus far. God will help you to bear it to the end."

"I may not tell him, then? Is this what you think? Speak to me in God's stead, my friend, and I will do your bidding."

"I think," I said, speaking slowly and steadily, for I was weighing my words, "that you have no right to make Dudley Randolph suffer for your fault. Confession will not undo the past. It will not restore the wasted years. You gave Clyde to him as his own son. He has received him as such—loved him as such. Death has taken away his other children. Do not you take Clyde. You have no right to do it."

Tears were stealing from under her closed lashes.

"But think!" she whispered, "he will know it some time—up yonder! And then, how could I bear to meet his questioning, upbraiding glance?"

"He will know *all* then," I said; "the early error, the temptation, the agony, the weary burden you have borne so long. Dudley Randolph will be merciful—and so will God."

She smiled faintly.

"Go now," she said, "for I must rest. But come again to-morrow."

I paused a while in the next room to give some directions to her maid, and then went out into the dusky twilight. Hand in hand over the brow of the hill, where the sunset gold still lingered, came Mr. Randolph and Clyde; and, deeply pondering this strange history that had been revealed to me that day, I made my way homeward.

The next morning I was at the Elms again. Mrs. Randolph received me with a smile.

"God has given me absolution," she said. "He has sent me a token through Dudley's lips, that I may be at peace the remainder of my days. Last night we were sitting here in silence—my husband and I—when suddenly he turned and took me in his arms.

"'You have been such a loving, tender, faithful wife,' he said. 'God bless you, Isabel, for all you have been to me, for all you have given me. But next to your love your most precious gift to me has been—Clyde. For him I thank God and his mother every day of my life.'

"God and his mother! A sweet peace sank down upon my soul. I was at rest. Now we will never speak of this again. We will bury our secret deep, and roll a stone to the door of the sepulchre."

Mrs. Randolph lingered with us for many quiet, happy, restful months. The buried secret troubled her no more. When she died, the gates of heaven were opened to us who waited round her bed, and we caught faint glimpses of the glories there.

Dudley Randolph and his son Clyde are yet alive.

But as for me, I have no desire ever again to play the part of a father confessor.

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THE DRAKE DIFFICULTY.
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THE DRAKE DIFFICULTY.

WHEN a person has sufficient conscience to be hindered in devotion to art by duties, we may look for a perfecting of character. but probably not for that of genius. Power must not be irritated by avoidable outside attacks—it has enough to do to control what it finds within; nor must its sovereignty be questioned. I am led to these conclusions as I recall the experience of Mr. Drake, our organist, whose musical root came to such glorious flowering in his daughter. If any of our church people are alive to this day, they may be surprised that I should claim a very high place for "poor Mr. Drake," and I shall not attempt to prove his right to such place, here or elsewhere. It is perfectly clear to my own mind that only his conscience stood in the way, hindering his occupying the highest place and fame. And my nephew agrees with me.

Perhaps you know my nephew, Julius Stanley? then you will be disposed to place a higher value on my judgment, as it is well understood that, when he claims musical genius as the possession of any man or woman, the opposite opinion, held by rival critics, is entitled to very little respect or value. Rarely does *he* make use of that dangerous word, genius.

Mr. Drake had not a jubilant temperament, nor even a steadily hopeful one—exceeding little buoyancy. He dwelt among the minors. The music required of him, when the church was in her sorrowful penitential moods, came from his fingers with a heart-breaking pathos; he brought pomp and pride to their knees, at least for a moment, by a chord. Still, he was splendidly equal to Christmas, and to Easter also, though his art on those occasions became more perceptible, partaking of the character of those other ornaments, sometimes brought in to heighten ecclesiastical effects, the blazonry of tablets, frescoes, embroidery of altar-cloths, etc.

When it was rumored that he would marry Miss Liscombe, who occasionally came to our church to hear the music—she had been his pupil—nobody believed it. Fortunate it would have proved for all concerned, had the marriage been as impossible as it was supposed to be. It was altogether an infatuation, as what ordinarily passes under the name of love, no doubt is, in the main. But the infatuation lasted too long, and carried the victims too far. Miss Liscombe walked into our church one Sunday morning with the organist, who, having opened a pew door for her, returned to the organ-loft. It was of course felt throughout the congregation, that this act was an announcement of intentions, or of fact. Either they were married or they were going to be. They were already married. They had been married that morning in the vestry-room by our minister, with the sexton for witness. I don't know whether Miss Liscombe had been as easily won as one of Spielhagen's heroines, but I think it more than likely, for Mr. Drake had all his life been absorbed by his musical studies and his work, and, unsuggested, the idea of asking this young lady to share his humble fortunes, could hardly in the nature of things have occurred to him.

For six months the organist had lived in the little house next mine, and the willow-tree in the corner of my yard overshadowed his cottage. Persons who had occasion to consult the music-master as likely as not rang my door-bell, and stood in my entry inquiring, the cottages were so much alike in their exterior. My uncle, who built them, had taken care to make the places delightfully attractive by planting flowering-shrubs and vines, and erecting trellises for the same, and what he particularly required of his tenants was, that grass and shrubbery should be kept in the most flourishing condition. The houses stood at the end of the street, and had only been completed within the year—and Mr. Drake and I were the first occupants. But the yards and gardens were not new. An old mansion had occupied the building-site, and this had been removed by my uncle, who, I have not a doubt, were he living at this day, would heartily indorse the tearing down of the New York Hospital, St. Paul's Church, Yale College, and every other old building in this young land. No champion he for a thing that was merely venerable. He illustrated in his own career the veracity of his principles, dying at fifty, before he had a gray hair, or a too-perceptible wrinkle. Geology always found a steady opponent in him—he

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scouted at antiquity. But he left that old willow standing in the yard, and the Drakes and myself might rejoice in its wide shadow. I have sometimes thought that my nephew has derived more than he suspects from our uncle—I mean that which makes him a terror as a critic. Reproducers and copyists find little mercy at his hands, but all hail to the adventurous pioneers; to singers who sing their own songs—above all, to Felicia Drake—but my pen runs away with me—Felicia Drake was not born yet!

Mr. Drake had taken the house I speak of in the spring, and a niece of his lived with him until Miss Liscombe came as Mrs. Drake; shortly after her arrival it was seen, of course, that there was no room for another woman there, and so the niece withdrew. And now we had music! Mrs. Drake seemed to be in heaven, where some good people assure us nothing except singing is done.

I make no pretence to omniscience in this sketch. I do not know what took place every day and every hour next door. I was only the nearest neighbor to this pair, and in the way of seeing more of them than most persons in Bath could have seen. I mean in those days. We attended the same church; for years I had had a speaking acquaintance with our organist; my nephew, at that time seven years old, was his pupil; so of course some intercourse was kept up between us, but I was not particularly drawn toward this bride, and she found my power of attraction slight. I knew of course concerning the young couple, what everybody appeared to know, that the marriage was without consent of the bride's father, in opposition to his wish, indeed, and that she never went home to visit—and that her father never visited her in her husband's house; that she was an only child, moreover—and that, a short time after she left home, expecting of course to return to it so soon as her father ascertained that he could not live without her, he had married a second time. Rumor told me this, and Mrs. Drake confirmed rumor, when our acquaintance had assumed a tolerably-friendly shape. Intimate we never were, as I have said already.

Mrs. Drake had little to do with members of the congregation, and she dropped out of the circle in which she had moved as a girl, easily, as people can do in cities. After the exchange of half-yearly visits between herself and her old friends, intercourse nearly ceased. She had then Mr. Drake. Alas, yes! And it became evident, as time passed on, that the fit of musical enthusiasm, which had drawn her on into marriage, had left her to dull gyrations in the pool, as a spar carried over Niagara may move in a sluggish round far down the river in the cold shadow of the surrounding walls of rock; happy spar, could it but be swept on again into the current, and so borne on to a wider and nobler deep!

When I saw the gravity which settled upon the organist, who had been a cheerful-visaged man, I wished that I had not discerned it, or that he had known how to conceal it from the world at large. He did not conceal it even from Julius. The boy came home one day from church, where he had been to take a lesson, and said: "Aunt, I don't want to go to Mr. Drake any more." I can recall now the look with which he said it, and the voice. He had been singing and playing about, but all at once he stood still, and became very serious, and I began to fear that the time had come, which I had always been expecting, when I should have some sort of difficulty with the child. "Why don't you want to go?" I asked. "Because he makes me so lonesome." "But such beautiful music, Julius!" "Yes, I know I must go again for the music! He says there is nothing but music that will make me happy." The child was soon at his sport again, but I saw how it was, if the man's sadness could make itself so perceptible to the boy, and if he could begin already to express a conviction like this, that there was nothing in the world for a musician except music!

So it was that neither the man nor the woman had the wisdom to attempt an ascent, from the dreary flats on which they found themselves, to heights where the atmosphere was at least more pure, though the way was difficult. Instead of prudently attempting to make the best of each other, I perceived that one began to grow melancholy, and the other uneasy. Miss Liscombe had supposed that it would be felicity to live with Mr. Drake. Mr. Drake, when she beguiled herself with that notion, was simply music. And he had proved to be something besides! rather slow-going, rather dull outside of his sphere, nervous, impatient, moody; destitute besides of the faculty of money-making—perfectly incompetent in the face of a creditor. What could be done with him? Of course unless she could answer this question out of the fulness of love—generous, magnanimous, perfectly true and indestructible love—which is as unfathomable as heaven in its charities, it was a dangerous one to harbor for an instant. She was incapable of so loving him, and she harbored it! She incurred the danger therefore and then—why then discontent necessarily, and the base train which follows discontent.

These were my inferences, derived from what passed before my eyes; and I perceived, moreover, that the shape which the disappointment of the organist would most readily take, would be not indignation against his wife, but a form of chagrin, as he perceived how far short he must come of the expectations of her enthusiasm.

I should have seen no occasion for writing about these persons, but for the intimacy which, in the course of time, was established between Felicia and Handel Drake and Julius and myself. Felicia was the daughter of the organist, the first child born to him; there was only one other, born the next year, the boy, who was named Handel.

I can remember the first time that Julius brought Felicia in to visit me. She was then three months old. I have never lost sight of that pretty picture since. It is of little consequence how my nephew looked in those days, still it gratifies me to say that he was the handsomest boy in Bath, and, as he held that little child in his arms—well! he is called a harsh critic—it is only because his mission is to fight till his death against every untrue thing done in music, and against every musical impostor—there is nothing hard in his nature—beautiful as the great sea, has it lain open under the eye of God.

As summer followed summer, and the Drake children grew out of infancy, it was a pleasure to see them at their play together, these two boys, Julius and Handel, and the girl. The little things had a great respect for Julius—his word was law to them, and I was thankful when I saw how readily he could turn from the studies which he pursued so ardently, for a romp with them. It was reasonable to suppose that the children would have musical taste to cultivate, and that their father would make the most of it.

Felicia must have more than answered his expectation. Handel came far short, for, in spite of his fine organization, and his fine name too, he had no musical aptitude which would encourage cultivation. "I am going to play as well as father does. I am going to *understand* music," Felicia would say. I recall the day when the little creature first announced this determination to me, and how she stood and looked when she had spoken, evidently expecting an outcry of astonishment on my part, that she should predict any thing so preposterous. "See that you do," I answered. "Handel says no, I cannot. But Julius does'nt say so, Julius knows best. He thinks that you will, and you know that you will," said I. "I must of course," she said—"that is what I was born for."

I fancied that, as she said this, she had a revelation that strengthened her belief in the prophecy there was in her words.

One afternoon, as I was standing at my window looking at the young folk in the next yard, I heard their names pronounced—"Felicia, Handel, come in." It was their father who spoke. The tone of his voice had an unnatural sound, and I stood a moment almost expecting that I might be called next, it seemed to me so clear that something had happened, or was about to happen. We had two or three wet, chilly, disagreeable days after that, and I heard and saw nothing of my neighbors. At last the clouds rolled away before a brisk wind, the sun shone, and people were drawn out of their dismal in-doors. Then I saw Felicia again.

She was alone and I called to her, "Where is my boy?" She looked up toward my window, and what a face of misery it was! She did not answer. "I don't see Handel," I said, "where is he?" "He is gone," she then answered, I could see with what reluctance. "Gone where?" I asked; but, instead of telling me, she went quickly into the house. After a moment, as she did not come out again, I understood that she had gone in to avoid further questioning.

The next day I heard through one of our church people that Mrs. Drake had left her husband and gone back to her father. I felt as if a plague had broken out in the neighborhood. How I longed for Julius, who had been away from home a week attending to business connected with the *Musical Journal* which was just then being established. When he came he had heard of the calamity, but he seemed not to regard it as one. He considered the move a good one, he said, for of course Mrs. Drake would return, and with better notions than she had brought into Drake's house the first time; but, though he talked in that way, I knew there were other feelings, which he did not express to me, in his heart, when I saw him talking with Felicia. He knew how to console the poor child.

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This separation made a good deal of talk in the church, and opinion was of course divided. Nobody thought that Mrs. Drake had done the right thing—no real fault was to be found with our organist—but many pretended that they could understand what a trial it must have been to a woman of her culture and associations to put up with obscurity and poverty for the sake of a man like Mr. Drake.

It was of course impossible that she should love a commonplace character like his—she had made a mistake—and when she discovered that she had, it was at least honest to cease from pretence. But there were others who thought it a pity that she could not make the best of the portion she had chosen, and, for the sake of her children, help them to present a solid family front to the world.

A few days after I had spoken to Felicia from my window, it may have been the very next day, I think it must have been, I noticed Mr. Drake's niece in the yard, and soon after Felicia came out. I told her that I was expecting a visit from her, and, as if she had been waiting for the invitation, she came over immediately.

"I hear that you are going to stay with your father," I then said, to relieve her mind at once, if she were doubting whether I had heard of what had happened.

"Yes," she said, "I am." Her beautiful gray eyes filled with tears, but she looked at me in a way that would have made me hang my head if I had contemplated any disloyalty to our friendship. Child though she was, she seemed to feel herself my equal, in her great grief, and I felt when I looked at her that her childhood was far out of sight, and had passed forever away.

"And you mean to play as well as he does very soon?" said I, thinking it would be well to remind her of her ambitious determination.

"I don't know," she answered, with face downcast.

"Oh, but that is what you engaged to do, and Julius and I expect it. He will be asking you some day to write a piece of music for the journal."

"Then I will not disappoint you," she said, and, after standing still for a few seconds, looking into futurity, I could but think, she ran out of the house. I did not attempt to hinder her going. I knew that in this state of affairs it was best that she should feel under no constraint, and that, if there was any thing that she would like to tell me, the best time for telling would be when she perceived that it would be a relief to speak.

One morning she came, and, after several awkward attempts to express herself, said, "I saw Handel last night."

I was very glad to hear it, and told her so, for I knew how very lonely she had been without him.

"Yes," she said; "but he could not help going with mother," as if she felt that there was a reason why she should justify him.

"Why could he not?" I asked.

"Because he will be a man, and mother must have one of us, and it must be Handel of course. A girl wouldn't be any thing.... Grandfather is going to send him to the naval school when he is old enough. He is going to be an officer."

"And you are going to live with your father?"

"I am. I couldn't live without him."

"And I know," I said, "that he couldn't live without you, Felicia. Besides being the best pupil he has, you are his dear daughter." My words were followed by another swift departure, but she came again so soon that I felt the way between us was now perfectly open. When she could speak with freedom, and I saw that it would be a relief to her, I allowed her to do so, and she told me that, when her father called Handel and herself into the house that afternoon, he gave them their choice to go with their mother, or to stay with him as they pleased. It was a cruel thing to ask them to make the choice, he said, but it would be better for all of them, for their peace of mind, and for their self-respect. I could imagine the quiet dignity with which he spoke these words. Then their mother had said that she could not part with the boy, and that made Felicia angry, and she said that she could not live without her father, and so it had been decided, and Handel went with his mother. In his grandfather's house, I could easily understand, the boy would have advantages he would not have at home. This thought had, no doubt, acted powerfully on his mother—the time had come when she must show that she was really *one* with the organist if such was the fact. Coöperation with him for the advantage of her children—coöperation, which would involve a necessity of long-continued and cheerful self-denial—coöperation, which would prove identification almost, was now necessary in order to secure that welfare. But if that was impossible, then she must look to others for their advancement. I could see, too, the nature of the spirit which had been aroused in Handel when called upon to decide between his parents. If he went with his mother it was because the man uprose within him, perceiving that a man's work must speedily be done by him in her behalf; if he remained with his father his place was that of a dependant, and his part, submission.

The grief, mortification, and resentment, occasioned by the publicity attaching to the state of their domestic affairs, made Felicia's heart a soil on which pride and ambition had rank growth. She would conquer all that was obnoxious in that notoriety, and give people something to talk about that was worth their while. She would also compel her mother to repent the step she had taken, and the way she had thrown *her* off. She would frustrate every effort that was made, or that would be made, to effect a real separation between herself and Handel! It was hard to forgive the boy for having left her father and herself, that he might go with her mother. But though he had gone away he should not stay away. How jealous she became of every thing that hinted at alienation! And after a time how reticent she was! Julius said to me "We must take that egregious pride out of her, or she will never be fit for any thing, aunt." But it was a painful operation—a series, rather, of painful operations—we suffered more than she did, for we could see that the pride was only protective—and that she had permitted it to spread over her whole nature, only because of the agonizing humiliation which she had endured on account of this domestic revolution.

When Handel ceased to come to the house by daylight, and made his visits in the evening, instead, she asked herself, and asked me, what he meant by it. Was it really because he felt more certain of finding her then at home? or, rather, was it to avoid the remarks of the neighbors that he chose the friendly cover of darkness? If he would only be brave about all this! In these visits, I soon perceived, he was subjected to a scrutiny as searching as though he were in the witness-box and sworn to tell all he knew. He asked her once, and she duly reported the conversation to me, what she would have thought of him, if he had declined going with their mother when she claimed him—evidently desirous to make his sister see that he had taken the right course on that occasion.

"I am sure she hasn't taken all of you, and that no one can come between us," she answered.

"And she could not have both of us," he said.

"She couldn't have *me* if it was a choice, you are right about that."

"Oh, Felicia," I said, "she is your mother."

"I know it. Handel reminded me of it—but don't I know that if father had been a rich man mother would never have left him—and that is what I asked him—but I was sorry I did, for it only made him fret, and I am afraid he will only be thinking all the time how he can make the most money soonest."

"There is that danger," I admitted—for I saw there was a chance of her doing some damage to the boy by this bitter, useless tattle. She looked very unhappy, and hid her face from me as she went on, "But oh, aunty, I said something worse than that; I said that I should teach music, and so try to make up to father all that he and mother took from him! Then he was right angry and asked what *he* took from father? and I said it was all one who had the benefit of what was paid out—father must earn the money and pay it, but if mother went to law she couldn't get one dollar."

"Felicia, you must never speak another word like that," said I.

"He said that if I did he never would come back again." Then that sorrowful young creature tried to still the quick beating of her heart to put down her grief—and fain would have hidden even from me all that she felt. "I told him I wasn't going to tattle that way—but it was the truth; and then he said that mother couldn't go to grandfather like a beggar. No—I said—she couldn't, and she had no right to go at all, but I was glad she had gone, though we were all ruined by it. Isn't that the truth, aunty?"

"Well," I said "no; I can't think that, Felicia. It isn't very pleasant—indeed it is too dreadful, as you say, for any thing, one way of looking at it—but I cannot help thinking that after a while all will come out right, somehow. You are not all ruined, certainly."

"But oh, what a world this is!" she groaned. "Handel has some hope though," she said, with a brightening face. "Grandfather is going to get him a place, as I told you, in a naval school—but, he said, I de-

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served to hear it too, but, oh misery! to hear *him* say it—he would, some day, pay father back every dollar he paid for them, so I might make myself easy about the money they were having."

Poor child, it was easy to see that she had shed many bitter tears over her recollection of that interview.

"You must think no more about this," I said. "When Handel comes down again bring him in here and we will have some music—and we will try to find Julius, and then it will seem quite like old times. You must keep up Handel's courage. I am glad he and you have said these things to each other, for now they are all out, and you will not be so foolish as to say them again, or think of them even, for they will only make you unhappy."

"And he says that we must all be together again," she answered, looking at me and smiling through her tears. "It will come right for us if we only do our duty—yes, that is what he said."

So I could see that the heavens had opened, and that a perpendicular path had been revealed to these children by which they might climb out from the pit into which they had been plunged.

The test to which Handel's character was subjected was indeed a severe one. But he bore it nobly. It seemed to him that if the discordant elements of this circle were to be reconciled it could only be by him, and he ever kept this aim steadily in view. Thus the one member of the family who was incapable of producing a musical sound, for Handel had no power of music except in his soul, seemed to have the clearest perception of its nature and substance.

When his grandfather succeeded in securing a place for him in the naval school the boy rejoiced in hope. He said good-by to Felicia with prophecies which warmed her heart and made her serious young face bright. His mother went with him to Annapolis. She had but to express a wish that she might remain with her boy while he pursued his studies, and her father made it easy for her to do so. There was nothing he would not do for his daughter now that she had acknowledged the error of her life by returning to him—and I think it very probable also, that he was quite willing she should go away from Bath. There never could have been room at one time in any house for many women besides Mrs. Liscombe Drake.

Felicia's experience after Handel's departure was one that has been lived over again and again. She gave her life up to duty and counted not the surrender among sacrifices. Other girls danced in the sun, she toiled meantime under a cloud. She must often have said to herself, whom she never attempted to impose upon, "This is joyless business, this living;" but as often, I am sure, she reminded herself that she had chosen her position, and, "joyless" though it might be, there was no other which, under the circumstances, she would have accepted or preferred. Often, also, I knew she was reminding herself of Handel's prediction, and that event which he had promised should come to pass, the one thing he was living for, a reconciliation.

All the while, with what fuel was her honest musical enthusiasm being fed and nourished! "Why," said Julius, "with such persistence, and such perception, it will be a miracle of the worst kind if she doesn't become one of the best of performers and best of composers too.—Just hear that." We were sitting in our parlor when he spoke, and he threw down his pen that he might listen to the music proceeding from next door. In a few minutes he rushed out of the house bare-headed, and then I heard a little break in the music, and after that a procedure—and songs that were songs, I assure you. It seemed to me that Julius was never quite his old self after that night—at least so far as next door was concerned. But I may well ask myself whether he had ever been entirely himself since he began to talk with her about music? No—they were parts of a whole—and they interpreted music for each other.

Felicia told me one day that she had ventured to tell her father of Handel's prophecy. She had done this, she said, to cheer him, he was so desponding, and she had reason ever after to rejoice that she had dared thus far. Such an expression of gladness came into his eyes, when he said, "I am thankful that I have you, my dear child. But it is an unspeakable satisfaction that my children can see that, while we live in this way, we are all wrong, and nothing can go well with us." She thought that she could perceive the signs of renewed interest in his work, and in all joy-giving things, from the day when he was permitted to share this expectation of his children.

She told him none too soon. He rejoiced none too long in the knowledge that this strong bond of sympathy and of purpose united his daughter and his son. For a danger long impending, of which he had no apprehension, came upon him as a thief in the night, and by a stroke disabled him from shoulder to heel.

The misfortune, great though it was, illustrated yet again the truth of the old saying, "The worst thing never happens." It came in the summer, at a time when the greater part of the congregation were scattered. One of Felicia's first thoughts was, "How fortunate!" Even in the midst of her tribulation this thought came. Long before autumn she would be able to master the organ sufficiently at least to fill her father's place. And so, from asking herself why she had been sent into the world to bear disgrace and poverty, she began to ask nothing further than that she might be preserved in life as long as her father should have need of her.

For some time she continued to expect the return of her mother. She daily looked for it. Though in her letters to Handel she merely mentioned that their father was not well, it seemed to her impossible that from some other direction her mother should not hear the extent of the calamity. To do her justice, Mrs. Drake knew nothing of it. The satisfaction she daily derived from the progress her young cadet was making was not disturbed by her knowledge of what was going on far away in the humble house, which she had not entered since the day of her abdication.

In the winter Handel returned to Bath, ostensibly to wish his grandfather a happy New Year—as he had come for only a few days' visit, his mother did not accompany him.

My opinion was that he came mainly to ascertain how things were really going with Felicia. The handsome quarters in which his mother was established, the society she had, his own gay associates, the very zest with which he was pursuing his studies, made him think, I doubt not, with more and more apprehension of Felicia, made him shrink from temptations to self-indulgence with more and more repugnance. Though his grandfather had made ample provision for his mother's support, and for his own likewise, he derived no satisfaction from the thought that all this had been secured at so great a cost.

When he learned his father's real condition, and Felicia told him all when she found that she must, and that she could no longer bear the burden alone, he cried aloud, "What are you doing? what have you done? what can you do, Felicia?"

"I shall do what I have been doing," she answered. "What else can I? Everybody has been very kind to us."

"You hadn't confidence enough in me to tell me the truth!" he exclaimed. "What right has any body to be more kind than I?"

"Dear Handel," she answered, "what could you have done?"

"I could have shared all this with you. A brother is born for adversity."

"So is a sister. Don't accuse me. I can't bear that," said Felicia. "You know what it would have been to have had you here with me. But it couldn't be. And so I did what I thought was best. How could I let you lose a whole year?"

"Grandfather shall help you! I shall go tell him," he exclaimed.

"Not one word to him," said Felicia—and I know how it pained her that she must say to him, instead of to the chief of sinners, "we have no need of his help."

"And you sent that money to us just the same as if nothing had happened?"

I know how she must have looked when he said that—how her gray eyes gleamed. But it could only have been a momentary satisfaction that her proud soul felt, and this was succeeded by a sense of shame that she should have allowed her feeling to flare up in Handel's sight—and of shame, too, that she had been capable of entertaining it. "It was father's debt," she said. "He thinks of every thing. He asked me about the money, and when I told him it was ready, he said, *send it.*"

"Very well. You have mother's receipt for it," he answered. "But do you suppose that I am going back to Annapolis? I shall ask grandfather to find some work for me that will pay at once."

"Can you think how I felt when he said that, aunty," said Felicia to me. "I told him that was the last drop, and that it would kill me, and that I had known all along that his lot had been hardest, and how afraid I had been that he wouldn't be able to be true to himself. At last I made him see it all as I saw it, and we understood each other. Really, at last, we did understand each other. But oh, aunty, what a work I am making of it, all the time trying to do my duty. I never say the right thing. I never feel the right thing. I shall have to be made all over new."

Thank heaven, I thought, there is material enough to make a dozen

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good women, but not enough to make one like her mother. I thank the Lord this day, that I was able to mix a cup of consolation for that child.

The next year Handel sailed away to the Pacific Coast under Commander S——. The fleet was ordered off on a three years' cruise, and Mrs. Drake returned to her father's house. And now they all lived on letters.

Letters came to Felicia and her father, in which Handel always spoke of letters written to his mother, and in all these the hope and the expectation were broadly hinted, that the time would come when to write to one parent would be to write to the other also, and to his mother, I have no doubt, he wrote in the same strain.

With that dear girl under my eyes constantly, it will, perhaps, not be wondered at that I began to feel myself a party concerned in this reconciliation, but I never was foolish enough to interfere with the work which the children of these parents had in hand. I knew that, unless Mrs. Drake returned to her husband because she had discovered that there was no other place for her in the world, she had far better stay away from him.

She did finally return, but how do you suppose it happened? Simply in this wise. First, there was a delay in the arrival of the mails; then came reports of tremendous gales at sea; and finally the poor woman had a dream of shipwreck, and when in the contemplation of that dream she perceived how possible it was that any day her world might come to an end, she began to reflect whether in the face of the dread future to look back merely on a life of ease, in which she had sought mainly her own gratification, was the retrospect that would prove most soothing and most satisfying.

All this brought her into Swan Street, and to the house next door. But first she sent a messenger inquiring when Handel had been heard from last, and the answer given was, "In June;" and it was now October.

I shared Felicia's anxieties in those days, and she came at once to tell me when this messenger had been sent by her mother.

"It is but a forerunner," I said, "she will come herself, Felicia. Now show yourself the woman I believe you to be. Behave well."

She made me no answer, but when after a few days intervening she came in and told me that her mother had come back, and that she would remain, I had only to listen to her voice and to look at her face to feel assured that she had behaved well.

"But look here!" she said, when she had finished that report—and with remarkable brevity she had made it—and now she held up before my eyes a ship-mailed letter, and I felt her arms clinging around me, and her tears on my face. "Oh aunty," she sobbed, "he could'nt die with this to happen, and I never shall have a fear for him again. The fleet will come home, and he will come the very time we expected at first."

I believed with Felicia—and our belief was answered. It would have been a hideous falling short had he not returned to his father's house, and seen his mother there in the peaceful occupation of the only place on earth which she could rightfully hold.

I never inquired narrowly into the thoughts of this reunited family. Angels sing songs of rejoicing over the repenting—at endless cost the work of redemption goes on—but into the hearts of the redeemed, let the Redeemer alone gaze.

Putting out of sight those children, and making no account of their heroic persistency of faith and hope, it has always been to me a matter of the greatest satisfaction that poor Drake lived to see his wife return to him, and to say to her that she was welcome. His daughter's successes in the church and in the world were a crown of rejoicing richer than is often given to man, but nothing of honor or of wealth that God or the community could have bestowed upon him, would have been worthy to compare with the blessing of this reconciliation.

In view of the friendship which grew and strengthened between her parents while her mother gave herself to a service which was the only freedom she could find in this world—in view of this friendship, I say, the heart of Felicia was so soothed, consoled, enlightened, and subdued, that finally the honor with which she had been so proud to honor her father, expanded as an ægis over the form of her mother.

That girl, evidently, was born for adversity—to meet it as a conqueror, never surrendering at any stage of the conflict.

Long before Julius Stanley said to me, "I have won the prize of my life," and embraced me, as I verily believe he would have embraced the poorest of musical pretenders at that moment, had he or she stood before him, I knew that there was only one woman in the world who was really born for him—that they were, as I have said before, equal parts of a whole.

Though I have lived to see the end of her beautiful life, and of her splendid career—in Bath, not on earth, good friends—I am heartily glad of it, for now, as you know, her field is the world. And whether she lives still actually in the flesh, or only in those glorious songs which are on every music-speaking tongue, and in every music-loving heart, question me not too narrowly. Said I not that her life in Bath had ended, and that I was heartily glad?

As to Handel Drake, he is a man worthy to bear the name of him who sang the song of Creation, for by him, out of chaos, order was restored, and his life is a continually-repeated message of "good will to men." We can forgive him that he has laid no claim to genius.

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THE FORGOTTEN ORIGIN OF THE SUEZ CANAL.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Nov 6, 1869; II, 32;
American Periodicals
pg. 371

THE FORGOTTEN ORIGIN OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

IN the summer of 1827 or 1828, a young German, at that time travelling as salesman for a wealthy Hamburg firm, but who afterward settled in New York and became a well-known merchant there, left the Russian capital, as one of two passengers in the public post-chaise of those days, bound on the tedious journey through the sandy deserts of Lithuania to the Prussian frontier. His fellow-traveller was a gentleman a few years older than himself, whom he had met once or twice in the gay bachelor circles of the capital, and to whom, without knowing him, he had been strangely attracted by his marvellous beauty, his lofty, chivalrous bearing, and a voice of the most singular softness. The stranger was tall, of slender make, but muscular, dark complexioned, with long, flowing, manly hair, and a face that gave no clew to his nationality, but that seemed to unite within itself all that is striking or beautiful in the features of all nations. He recognized his German fellow-traveller as one whom he had met before, and soon entered into an animated conversation with him, which, during the many days of joint incarceration within the narrow limits of a chaise, led to a gradually-increasing confidence, and finally to intimacy. The handsome stranger gave his name as Barthelemy Enfantin, born in the south of France, educated as an engineer at the Polytechnic Institute, but for several years clerk in a banking-house in Paris, more recently clerk, and, for one year past, junior partner of a wealthy French wine-merchant and banker at St. Petersburg. The young German could never afterward remember much of their conversation. Enfantin was a most brilliant talker, and the hours passed rapidly, the sympathetic listener submitting readily to a species of fascination, which, in his old age, he could only describe as "magnetic." On all subjects, Enfantin was ready to pour forth his inexhaustible supply of fact, fancy, argument, or raillery—save only one: the cause of his leaving Russia, with its gay society, his agreeable position, his brilliant prospects. He only said, with deep sadness, that he should never return. At one of the stations on the road, near the Polish frontier, for some reason which I have now forgotten, the travellers were detained for two whole days, and there, in a moment of *abandon*, he confessed to his young

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companion that the wife of his partner had conceived a violent passion for him, and had avowed it to him; that, though consumed with passionate admiration of this lovely woman, who was one of the queens of society, he had been able to repel her advances, and had treated her with coldness; but, doubting the strength of his resolve, had there and then decided to leave St. Petersburg, never to return. Such heroism filled the enthusiastic young German with the profoundest admiration, and excited his warmest sympathy; for days after they separated, he could think of nothing but the noble sacrifice of that grand and fascinating Frenchman, until suddenly called upon to start for Philadelphia, then the principal seaport of the United States, where a new world and its excitements caused him for a time to forget his travelling companion of the Russian post-chaise.

Enfantin, upon his arrival in Paris, partly filled perhaps with the romantic sadness of his position, partly following, no doubt, the natural bent of his mystic and dreamy, but ardent and enthusiastic thoughts, soon joined a body of men, just beginning to emerge into notoriety under the name of the "Saint-Simonians." Saint Simon, a Frenchman of most noble birth, a soldier, traveller, statesman, engineer, philosopher, mathematician, enthusiast, was one of the first to recognize the now generally-accepted truth, that the progress of mankind is based upon peace and the arts of peace, commerce, and industry. In 1800, he planned and advocated (strange coincidence in connection with the Suez Canal!) a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Panama. In 1814, he planned and advocated an intimate alliance between France and England, hooted and derided forerunner of that *entente cordiale* which has so long been Napoleon's boast, or of the famous Cobden treaty, negotiated later by one of his most devoted disciples, spending a fortune upon study and practical and scientific experiment, hovering between absolute beggary and semi-starvation as a law-copyist, he became the high-priest of a new religion of communistic coöperation, based upon the universal brotherhood of man as taught by Christ. Neglected, contemned, famished, imprisoned, a would-be suicide, he imagined and developed a system of religious faith, created a social organization that, for twenty years thereafter, held together in bonds of closest union of intellectual slavery, more men destined to future greatness than were ever united by any similar tie. You cannot name the most illustrious French representatives of any sphere of human activity, during the years from 1830 to 1860, without naming one or more of the leading members of the Saint-Simonian sect. To this brotherhood belonged Barrault and Journel, well-known travellers and writers; Jourdan, long-time editor of the Paris *Siècle;* Felicien David, composer of "The Desert;" Ivan, the painter, bosom-friend and travelling-companion of Prince Napoleon; Carnot, minister of war during the republic of 1848; Lambert, afterward Lambert Bey, prime minister and right hand of Mehemet Ali in all his struggles against the Sultan; Isaac Pereyre, whilom clerk of Rothschilds (who are said to keep a vacancy for him in their office), later on, founder and president of the Crédit Mobilier, and prince of stock-speculators; Auguste Chevalier, private secretary of the present emperor during his presidency; Michel Chevalier, the ablest political economist that France has produced, negotiator of the celebrated Cobden treaty of commerce between England and France, leader of the free-trade party; Augustin Thierry, one of the profoundest of recent historians, who shed the light of day upon the earliest developments of modern France, though himself, like our own Prescott, deprived of sight; Auguste Comte, father of the positive philosophy. Surely this is a remarkable array of names, a remarkable brotherhood of men, distinguished for their practical accomplishments, to be united by a bond of the most fantastic religious enthusiasm that we have knowledge of. That men such as these, and hundreds of others like them, if less distinguished, should abandon home, family, society, profession, fortune, to join a religious society which demanded complete abnegation of self, absolute obedience to superiors, the wearing of a peculiar dress, the performance of the rudest and hardest kind of labor, and even of menial services, in the hope of thereby rendering labor more dignified and more beneficial, seems almost incredible. But, in the frenzy of intellectual excitement, which at that time pervaded all classes in France, every thing was possible. Accident or choice threw Enfantin, on his return from Russia, into the midst of these impassioned enthusiasts. His wonderful eloquence, his remarkable beauty, his indescribable magnetism, soon gained him a powerful influence. He rose to the position of supreme pontiff of the college, or, as he was afterward called, the father of the family. His dim mysticism, his powerful imagination, his brilliant argument, his fervid prophecy, threw weaker men into spasms of ecstasy, causing them to fall down exhausted and insensible, but led in ready chains the most powerful minds of France.

The reorganization of the society on the basis of the family, with Enfantin at its head as the supreme father, introduced an element of danger and discord. It was discovered that the family could not be complete without a mother. To search for her was immediately decided upon. A brotherhood of the Supreme Mother was formed, consisting of twelve disciples, among whom were Lambert and David, and they set out in search of the woman who should be found worthy of mating with the supreme father. To one of them it was revealed, in a vision, that she would be found in the East; and the brotherhood immediately started for Marseilles, where they embarked for Constantinople, on board a little Italian brig, of which the first mate was one Giuseppe Garibaldi, destined himself to a career of great renown. On the voyage, a second vision revealed to them the fact that they would recognize the object of their search upon reaching land. Arriving in Constantinople, they paraded the streets in their quaint, red, black, and white costumes, until, at sight of some elderly female on her way to the baths, they threw themselves at her feet, with loud cries of "Mother!" The only response were screams of fright, which quickly brought a posse of vigilant *mufti* to the spot, who hustled the whole brotherhood off to an ignominious jail. Released by the intercession of the French consul, but now entirely without means, they procured passage in a French vessel to Alexandria, in Egypt. Here they were shortly after joined by Enfantin himself, whose home, and with it the society, had been broken up by the French police, its communistic and socialistic tendencies being deemed dangerous to the welfare of the state. After some feeble attempts to revive the organization in Egypt, the little band separated, and sought each one his future welfare in his own manner. David travelled on foot overland to Algiers, storing his memory with the plaintive or warlike Moorish melodies that still linger among the Bedouin Arabs of the northern coast, and that gave the stamp of striking originality to his great work, "The Desert," to which he owed immediate fame. Lambert entered the service of Mehemet Ali, was by him created *bey*, introduced European civilization wherever he could, and became the promoter of all measures of progress. Enfantin, after years of adventure, *planned, surveyed, and mapped the canal of the Isthmus of Suez*, and, on the election of Louis Napoleon to the presidency of the French Republic, returned to France, and laid the plans before him. After repeated interviews with the prince-president, which led to no result beyond Enfantin's remark at the close of one of them (eminently characteristic of both), "I have no power over this man," he communicated the plan of the proposed canal to M. de Lesseps, who succeeded in obtaining the concession for himself, and whose indomitable perseverance has carried this great work to its successful completion.

Among the crowds of crowned heads and heads uncrowned that will gather in November to the inauguration ceremonies, how many will remember the Saint-Simonian sect, which, to complete its fantastic ideal of a family, sent forth the devoted band in search of an Eastern mother? How many will remember poor Enfantin, the inspired ruler over some of the most brilliant minds of modern France, who first designed the Suez Canal, and who died, neglected and forgotten, in 1864, a subordinate official of the Lyons Railroad!

There seems thus to be a mysterious connection between the insane vagaries of imagination run wild and the solid results of grand schemes of modern improvement.

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THE GENEVA UNION FESTIVAL.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Nov 27, 1869; II, 35;
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pg. 464

THE GENEVA UNION FESTIVAL.

GENEVA, *September* 21, 1869.

OUR little sister city Geneva has been boiling over with joy yesterday and to-day, at the inauguration of the beautiful monument that commemorates her union with the other counties of Switzer land in 1815. Yesterday was ushered in with peals of artillery an the ringing of bells, and then a large drum-corps went the round beating what is called on the programme the Diane, a word which with such a dashing accompaniment of a score of drums beat by stou men in helmets, implies that the maiden goddess Diana is supposed t have a good deal of her old grit left, and might set the hounds on Ac tæon again if she were provoked.

The whole city was gay with flags, pennons, arches, flowers, and inscriptions, and, before our eight-o'clock breakfast was over, the various companies of patriots had begun to march to the grand rendezvous. The first place after the official authorities was assigned to the Americans, and we walked *fifty strong* through the *streets of this* famous city of Calvin and Rousseau, after our brave old flag, whose stars and stripes were nobly presented in folds of rich and ample silk. When that sacred standard of our Washington appeared, there was great sensation; women smiled and waved their handkerchiefs, and men took off their hats and cheered, as if the Grand *Army of the Republic* had come to help them put down all their old oppressors. The Swiss committee gave us a good place within the enclosure; there we planted our flag, and stood an hour to hear the odes and addresses of the jubilee. General Dufour, the hero of the Swiss Union against secession, made the chief speech, in a tone of remarkable vigor for an old soldier of eighty-three years; he was followed by the President of Ge-

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neva and the Vice-President of Switzerland. Behind the tribune of the orators stood, I think, twenty-two Swiss girls in gala dress, to represent the league of the cantons. As the various representatives came along in turn, they noticed our position, and, after cheering the monument, they generally gave another cheer for our stars and stripes. It was a stirring occasion, and gave the power of popular enthusiasm as well as the consecration of high art to the union of the Swiss cantons in their league of nationality.

The monument is a good piece of work, by Dorer, of Munich, in bronze. It represents Switzerland as a colossal woman, with her right arm round the neck of her sister or daughter Geneva, who bears on her shield the motto, "*Post tenebras Lux*," and holds a sword in her hand. The figure of Switzerland bears also a sword and shield, and on the latter the motto, "*Un pour tous et tous pour un.*" The group is very effective, although perhaps the large cantons like Berne might think that Geneva was made too big in proportion to the motherland, and needed to have her pride taken down a little.

After this inauguration the people met in various squares to dine, and sing, and talk, which they did with immense enthusiasm, and in a very primitive, sensible way, for they seemed to bring their own provisions to the great table, and have a fine time at very little expense. Eight or ten earnest Americans, after dinner, went about among the revellers at the various squares, and were met, they told me, with wonderful enthusiasm, and in some cases they were hugged and kissed in a manner to which they had not been accustomed from masculine arms and lips, and outside of the circle of their wives and daughters. The same feeling toward Americans was everywhere. I went with two or three countrymen down the bay to the nautical fête by invitation of the city government, and the American badge that we wore drew out constant respect; and if we had not remembered the stoic's rule, "Stop at the third cup," even the mild *yvorne* that they drank might have been perilous to your correspondent's sobriety.

This lake festival was beautiful and stirring, with the array of steamers and barges in pennons and banners, and the fleet of volunteer boats, and the race of oarsmen. The wag of the occasion was a Bernese bear, who capered and danced at a wonderful rate on the deck of one of the vessels, greatly to the delight of beholders. He had a strange look, sometimes in funny and sometimes in savage mood. My fears of being devoured were set at rest at last by seeing him go down-stairs to the table and sit down quietly to eat and drink, with his bear's head hanging down behind, and his own head appearing to be that of a curly-headed, merry young man.

In the evening came fireworks on the lake, and music and a great ball at the palace. To-day is to be given mainly to the school-children, who are to muster in full force.

Four o'clock.—I have been to the festival of youth, and it has been a great demonstration — some ten thousand children gathered into the great square, with music and banners, and there regaled with a handsome feast of wine-and-water, bread and meat, and fruit-cakes. They all looked neat and bright, and it was the most of an American sight that I have seen in Europe. Some of the schools marched in several miles from the country, and represented the Swiss peasantry; but, though not as gayly dressed as the Geneva children, they were as clean and as merry, and all had a fine time, and sang the national hymn with right good will. There too, again, was our friend the bear, who marched with the band from Berne, and danced and figured to the delight and amazement of the little folks. At the close of the meeting, the music and crowding announced some great event, and along came a grand historical procession of the heroes of Geneva three hundred years ago, an historic spectacle of marked taste and beauty, illustrating the rising of the people against the old tyranny, and the acquisition of the bill of rights, which with its great seals was borne aloft by a dashing horseman. There were footmen in mail, bowmen, spearmen, musketeers, artillery, knights, pages, and all the notables and grandees of that old time, in full array. It was well done, and seemed to exhibit the wealth and the manhood of all Geneva. Some magnificent horses were in the procession, and the dresses were evidently careful and often costly studies of the old styles. I never saw any thing so fine in the street or on the stage.

Geneva and Switzerland seem to me to be improving, and certainly growing in public spirit and in national life. I have just bought an elaborate work on the "Statistics of Switzerland," by Dr. W. Gisi, of St. Gall, which gives the leading facts as to population and health, etc., but I find it hard to ascertain the particulars of education, industry, morality, religion, etc. The author divides European nations into three classes: the first class, of over twenty millions of people, of which there are six nations; the second class, of over three millions, among which Spain, Sweden, Norway, Belgium, Bavaria, and the Netherlands, are to be reckoned; the third class, of under three millions, among which Switzerland stands with Saxony, Denmark, Greece, Würtemberg, etc. He claims for his country a fair proportion of inhabitants to a square mile, especially in view of the large area of territory uninhabitable on account of water or ice, and gives 343,327 Swiss houses to the 2,510,494 people, as a better average of houses to population than Austria or Hanover can show, and about half the average of Great Britain. The tables of mortality give for every 100,000 people, 67,571 surviving at 20 years; 62,900 at 30 years; 50,056 at 50 years; 22,472 at 70 years; 292 at 90 years; 9 at 98 years. He repudiates the idea that the Swiss have more than their proportion of illegitimate children, and puts their proportion to the 100 births as 6.71, between the years 1854–'64, while England in 1850–'54 had 6.67; France, in 1853–'61, 8.05; Prussia, in 1857–'61, 8.22; Saxony, in 1847–'56, 14.67; Bavaria, 1842–'51, 20.62.

The volume has many interesting statistics besides, which may profitably be studied, but which I have not time now to enter into. I will only add that to every 100 inhabitants the returns for 20 Swiss cantons give 2.38 deaths yearly, which is less than in Bavaria, France, the Netherlands, Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Spain, and Russia. Of course, there are great differences of condition in a country so diversified; and some fruitful districts are well peopled, and others are almost deserted. The Grisons, or Graubündten, is the poorest district, that I saw, and is too lofty, cold, and barren, to support many people. Perhaps it was there that Malthus was led to form his theory of population from the Swiss peasant, who he says told him that "the country would never prosper till men kept single till they were forty years old, and then married old maids who were not likely to have large families."

The Swiss are certainly progressive in business enterprise, science, education, and public spirit. Their constitution established a university and a polytechnic school, as well as general education, and they have for years been noted for their interest in natural science. I am told that here in Geneva the men of millions are often devoted to science, and in conspicuous cases are professors in the schools and colleges. The prevailing taste in the best society seems to be for literature and science, and the ambition of high society is not so much for dress and showy furniture as for literary and artistic culture, and for rural life, and especially for a country place within sight of the lake and of Mont Blanc. This festival of youth appears to take the hearts of all classes, and, as I write, the legion of children are marching by the monument, and throwing flowers at the base of the memorial statues. Either now or afterward they are to receive each a medal of the occasion, and they will never forget this jubilee of the nation.

Passing through the crowd of perhaps forty thousand people, and seeing so many faces, one cannot but ask, What are their traits? They seem to be mostly of the German type, with a considerable proportion of French and Italian. They are not a very handsome people, but seem to be improving in looks with their new culture, and there were some fine faces among the school-girls, who generally were in simple white dresses, with little of our American passion for ornaments and jewels.

The feeling here is generally German, and the French are not liked, especially the emperor and his Jesuit allies. They are, on the whole, a very interesting study, and the week here has been very charming. I say, with the orator of yesterday:

'Vive la Suisse! Vive Genève!"

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THE INVISIBLE EYE.: FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN-CHATRAIN.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Aug 28, 1869; II, 22;
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pg. 37

THE INVISIBLE EYE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN-CHATRAIN.

ABOUT this time (said Christian), poor as a church-mouse, I took refuge in the roof of an old house in Minnesänger Street, Nuremberg, and made my nest in the corner of the garret.

I was compelled to walk over my straw bed to reach the window, but this window was in the gable-end, and the view from it was magnificent, both town and country being spread out before me.

I could see the cats, walking gravely in the gutters; the storks, their beaks filled with frogs, carrying nourishment to their ravenous brood; the pigeons, springing from their cotes, their tails spread like fans, hovering over the streets.

In the evening, when the bells called the world to the Angelus, with my elbows upon the edge of the roof, I listened to their melancholy chimes; I watched the windows as, one by one, they were lighted up; the good burghers smoking their pipes on the sidewalks; the young girls, in their red skirts, with their pitchers under their arms, laughing and chatting around the fountain "Saint Sebalt." Insensibly all this faded away, the bats commenced their rapid course, and I retired to my mattress in sweet peace and tranquillity.

The old curiosity-seller, Toubac, knew the way to my little lodging as well as I did, and was not afraid to climb the ladder. Every week his ugly head, adorned with a reddish cap, raised the trap-door, his fingers grasped the ledge, and he cried out, in a nasal tone:

"Well, well, Master Christian, have you any thing?"

To which I replied:

"Come in. Why in the devil don't you come in? I am just finishing a little landscape, and you must tell me what you think of it."

Then his great back, seeming to elongate, grew up, even to the roof, and the good man laughed silently.

I must do justice to Toubac: he never haggled with me about prices; he bought all my paintings at fifteen florins, one with the other, and sold them again for forty each. "This was an honest Jew!"

I began to grow fond of this mode of existence, and to find new charms in it day by day.

Just at this time, the city of Nuremberg was agitated by a strange and mysterious event. Not far from my dormer-window, a little to the left, stood the Inn Bœuf-Gras, an old *auberge* much patronized throughout the country. Three or four wagons, filled with sacks or casks, were always drawn up before the door, where the rustic drivers were in the habit of stopping, on their way to the market, to take their morning draught of wine.

The gable-end of the inn was distinguished by its peculiar form. It was very narrow, pointed, and, on two sides, cut in teeth, like a saw. The carvings were strangely grotesque, interwoven and ornamenting the cornices and surrounding the windows; but the most remarkable fact was, that the house opposite reproduced exactly the same sculptures, the same ornaments; even the sign-board, with its post and spiral of iron, was exactly copied.

One might have thought that these two ancient houses reflected each other. Behind the inn, however, was a grand old oak, whose sombre leaves darkened the stones of the roof, while the other house stood out in bold relief against the sky. To complete the description, this old building was as silent and dreary as the Inn Bœuf-Gras was noisy and animated.

On one side, a crowd of merry drinkers were continually entering in and going out, singing, tripping, cracking their whips; on the other, profound silence reigned.

Perhaps, once or twice during the day, the heavy door seemed to open of itself, to allow a little old woman to go out, with her back almost in a semicircle, her dress fitting tight about her hips, an enormous basket on her arm, and her hand contracted against her breast.

It seemed to me that I saw at a glance, as I looked upon her, a whole existence of good works and pious meditations.

The physiognomy of this old woman had struck me more than once: her little green eyes, long, thin nose, the immense bouquets of flowers on her shawl, which must have been at least a hundred years old, the withered smile which puckered her cheeks into a cockade, the lace of her bonnet falling down to her eyebrows—all this was fantastic, and interested me much. Why did this old woman live in this great deserted house? I wished to explore the mystery.

One day, as I paused in the street and followed her with my eyes, she turned suddenly and gave me a look, the horrible expression of which I know not how to paint; made three or four hideous grimaces, and then, letting her palsied head fall upon her breast, drew her great shawl closely around her, and advanced slowly to the heavy door, behind which I saw her disappear.

"She's an old fool!" I said to myself, in a sort of stupor. My faith, it was the height of folly in me to be interested in her!

However, I would like to see her grimace again; old Toubac would willingly give me fifteen florins if I could paint it for him.

I must confess that these pleasantries of mine did not entirely reassure me.

The hideous glance, which the old shrew had given me, pursued me everywhere. More than once, while climbing the almost perpendicular ladder to my loft, feeling my clothing caught on some point, I trembled from head to foot, imagining that the old wretch was hanging to the tails of my coat, in order to destroy me.

Toubac, to whom I related this adventure, was far from laughing at it; indeed, he assumed a grave and solemn air.

"Master Christian," said he, "if the old woman wants you, take care! Her teeth are small, pointed, and of marvellous whiteness, and that is not natural at her age. She has an 'evil eye.' Children flee from her, and the people of Nuremberg call her 'Fledermausse.'"

I admired the clear, sagacious intellect of the Jew, and his words gave me cause for reflection.

Several weeks passed away, during which I often encountered Fledermausse without any alarming consequences. My fears were dissipated, and I thought of her no more.

But, an evening came, during which, while sleeping very soundly, I was awakened by a strange harmony. It was a kind of vibration, so sweet, so melodious, that the whispering of the breeze among the leaves can give but a faint idea of its charm.

For a long time I listened intently, with my eyes wide open, and holding my breath, so as not to lose a note. At last I looked toward the window, and saw two wings fluttering against the glass. I thought, at first, that it was a bat, caught in my room; but, the moon rising at that instant, I saw the wings of a magnificent butterfly of the night delineated upon her shining disk. Their vibrations were often so rapid, that they could not be distinguished; then they reposed, extended upon the glass, and their frail fibres were again brought to view.

This misty apparition, coming in the midst of the universal silence,

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opened my heart to all sweet emotions. It seemed to me that an airy sylph, touched with a sense of my solitude, had come to visit me, and this idea melted me almost to tears.

"Be tranquil, sweet captive, be tranquil," said I; "your confidence shall not be abused. I will not keep you against your will. Return to heaven and to liberty." I then opened my little window. The night was calm, and millions of stars were glittering in the sky. For a moment, I contemplated this sublime spectacle, and words of prayer and praise came naturally to my lips; but, judge of my amazement, when, lowering my eyes, I saw a man hanging from the cross-beam of the sign of the Bœuf-Gras, the hair dishevelled, the arms stiff, the legs elongated to a point, and casting their gigantic shadows down to the street!

The immobility of this figure, under the moon's rays, was terrible. I felt my tongue freezing, my teeth clinched. I was about to cry out in terror, when, by some incomprehensible, mysterious attraction, my glance fell below, and I distinguished, confusedly, the old woman crouched at her window in the midst of dark shadows, and contemplating the dead man with an air of diabolic satisfaction.

Then I had a vertigo of terror. All my strength abandoned me, and, retreating to the wall of my loft, I sank down and became insensible.

I do not know how long this sleep of death continued. When restored to consciousness, I saw that it was broad day. The mists of the night had penetrated to my garret, and deposited their fresh dew upon my hair, and the confused murmurs of the street ascended to my little lodging. I looked without. The burgomaster and his secretary were stationed at the door of the inn, and remained there a long time; crowds of people came and went, and paused to look in; then recommenced their course. The good women of the neighborhood, who were sweeping before their doors, looked on from afar, and talked gravely with each other.

At last, a litter, and, upon this litter, a body, covered with a linen cloth, issued from the inn, carried by two men. They descended to the street, and the children, on their way to school, ran behind them.

All the people drew back as they advanced.

The window opposite was still open; the end of a rope floated from the cross-beam.

I had not dreamed. I had, indeed, seen the butterfly of the night; I had seen the man hanging, and I had seen Fledermausse.

That day Toubac made me a visit, and, as his great nose appeared on a level with the floor, he exclaimed:

"Master Christian, have you nothing to sell?"

I did not hear him. I was seated upon my one chair, my hands clasped upon my knees, and my eyes fixed before me.

Toubac, surprised at my inattention, repeated, in a louder voice:

"Master Christian, Master Christian!" Then, striding over the sill, he advanced and struck me on the shoulder.

"Well, well, what is the matter now?"

"Ah, is that you, Toubac?"

"Eh, parbleu! I rather think so; are you ill?"

"No. I am only thinking."

"What in the devil are you thinking about?"

"Of the man who was hanged."

"Oh, oh!" cried the curiosity-vender. "You have seen him, then? The poor boy! What a singular history! The third in the same place."

"How—the third?"

"Ah, yes! I ought to have warned you; but it is not too late. There will certainly be a fourth, who will follow the example of the others. *Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.*"

Saying this, Toubac took a seat on the corner of my trunk, struck his match-box, lighted his pipe, and blew three or four powerful whiffs of smoke, with a meditative air.

"My faith," said he, "I am not fearful; but, if I had full permission to pass the night in that chamber, I should much prefer to sleep elsewhere.

"Listen, Master Christian. Nine or ten months ago, a good man, of Tübingen, wholesale dealer in furs, dismounted at the Inn Bœuf-Gras. He called for supper; he ate well; he drank well; and was finally conducted to that room in the third story—it is called the Green Room. Well, the next morning he was found hanging to the cross-beam of the sign-board.

"Well, that might do *for once;* nothing could be said.

"Every proper investigation was made, and the stranger was buried at the bottom of the garden. But, look you, about six months afterward, a brave soldier from Neustadt arrived; he had received his final discharge, and was rejoicing in the thought of returning to his native village. During the whole evening, while emptying his wine-cups, he spoke fondly of his little cousin, who was waiting to marry him. At last, this big monsieur was conducted to his room—the Green Room—and, the same night, the watchman, passing down the street Minnesänger, perceived something hanging to the cross-beam; he raised his lantern, and lo! it was the soldier, with his final discharge in a bow on his left hip, and his hands gathered up to the seam of his pantaloons, as if on parade.

"'Truth to say, this is extraordinary,' cried the burgomaster; 'the devil's to pay.' Well, the chamber was much visited; the walls were replastered; and the dead man was sent to Neustadt.

"The registrar wrote this marginal note:

"'Died of apoplexy.'

"All Nuremberg was enraged against the innkeeper. There were many, indeed, who wished to force him to take down his iron cross-beam, under the pretext that it inspired people with dangerous ideas; but you may well believe that old Nichel Schmidt would not lend his ear to this proposition.

"'This cross-beam,' said he, 'was placed here by my grandfather; it has borne the sign of Bœuf-Gras for one hundred and fifty years, from father to son; it harms no one, not even the hay-wagons which pass beneath, for it is thirty feet above them. Those who don't like it can turn their heads aside, and not see it.'

"Well, gradually the town calmed down, and, during several months, no new event agitated it. Unhappily, a student of Heidelberg, returning to the university, stopped, day before yesterday, at the Inn Bœuf-Gras, and asked for lodging. He was the son of a minister of the Gospel.

"How could any one suppose that the son of a pastor could conceive the idea of hanging himself on the cross-beam of a sign-board, because a big monsieur and an old soldier had done so? We must admit, Master Christian, that the thing was not probable; these reasons would not have seemed sufficient to myself, or to you."

"Enough, enough!" I exclaimed; "this is too horrible! I see a frightful mystery involved in all this. It is not the cross-beam; it is not the room—"

"What! Do you suspect the innkeeper, the most honest man in the world, and belonging to one of the oldest families in Nuremberg?"

"No, no; may God preserve me from indulging in unjust suspicions! but there is an abyss before me, into which I scarcely dare glance."

"You are right," said Toubac, astonished at the violence of my excitement. "We will speak of other things. *A propos*, Master Christian, where is our landscape of '*Saint Odille*?'"

This question brought me back to the world of realities. I showed the old man the painting I had just completed. The affair was soon concluded, and Toubac, well satisfied, descended the ladder, entreating me to think no more of the student of Heidelberg.

I would gladly have followed my good friend's counsel; but, when the devil once mixes himself up in our concerns, it is not easy to disembarrass ourselves of him.

In my solitary hours, all these events were reproduced with frightful distinctness in my mind.

"This old wretch," I said to myself, "is the cause of all; she alone has conceived these crimes, and has consummated them. But by what means? Has she had recourse to cunning alone, or has she obtained the intervention of invisible powers?" I walked to and fro in my retreat. An inward voice cried out: "It is not in vain that Providence permitted you to see Fledermausse contemplating the agonies of her victim. It is not in vain that the soul of the poor young man came in the form of a butterfly of the night to awake you. No, no; all this was not accidental, Christian. The heavens impose upon you a terrible mission. If you do not accomplish it, tremble lest you fall yourself into the hands of the old murderess! Perhaps, at this moment, she is preparing her snares in the darkness."

During several days, these hideous images followed me without intermission. I lost my sleep; it was impossible for me to do any thing; my brush fell from my hand; and, horrible to confess, I found

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myself sometimes gazing at the cross-beam with a sort of complacency. At last I could endure it no longer, and one evening I descended the ladder, and hid myself behind the door of Fledermausse, hoping to surprise her fatal secret.

From that time, no day passed in which I was not *en route*, following the old wretch, watching, spying, never losing sight of her; but she was so cunning, had a scent so subtile, that, without even turning her head, she knew I was behind her.

However, she feigned not to perceive this; she went to the market, to the butcher's, like any good, simple woman, only hastening her steps, and murmuring confused words.

At the close of the month, I saw that it was impossible for me to attain my object in this way, and this conviction made me inexpressibly sad.

"What can I do?" I said to myself. "The old woman divines my plans; she is on her guard; every hope abandons me. Ah! old hag, you think you already see me at the end of your rope." I was continually asking myself this question: "What can I do? what can I do?" At last a luminous idea struck me. My chamber overlooked the house of Fledermausse; but there was no window on this side. I adroitly raised a slate, and no pen could paint my joy when the whole ancient building was thus exposed to me. "At last, I have you!" I exclaimed; "you cannot escape me now; from here I can see all that passes—your goings, your comings, your arts and snares. You will not suspect this invisible eye—this watchful eye, which will surprise crime at the moment it blooms. Oh, Justice, Justice! She marches slowly; but she arrives."

Nothing could be more sinister than the den now spread out before me—a great court-yard, the large slabs of which were covered with moss; in one corner, a well, whose stagnant waters you shuddered to look upon; a stairway covered with old shells; at the farther end a gallery, with wooden balustrade, and hanging upon it some old linen and the tick of an old straw-mattress; on the first floor, to the left, the stone covering of a common sewer indicated the kitchen; to the right, the lofty windows of the building looked out upon the street; then a few pots of dried, withered flowers—all was cracked, sombre, moist. Only one or two hours during the day could the sun penetrate this loathsome spot; after that, the shadows took possession; then the sunshine fell upon the crazy walls, the worm-eaten balcony, the dull and tarnished glass, and upon the whirlwind of atoms floating in its golden rays, disturbed by no breath of air.

I had scarcely finished these observations and reflections, when the old woman entered, having just returned from market. I heard the grating of her heavy door. Then she appeared with her basket. She seemed fatigued—almost out of breath. The lace of her bonnet fell to her nose. With one hand she grasped the banister, and ascended the stairs.

The heat was intolerable, suffocating; it was precisely one of those days in which all insects—crickets, spiders, mosquitoes, etc.—make old ruins resound with their strange songs.

Fledermausse crossed the gallery slowly, like an old ferret who feels at home. She remained more than a quarter of an hour in the kitchen, then returned, spread out her linen, took the broom, and brushed away some blades of straw on the floor. At last she raised her head, and turned her little green eyes in every direction, searching, investigating carefully.

Could she, by some strange intuition, suspect any thing? I do not know; but I gently lowered the slate, and gave up my watch for the day.

In the morning, Fledermausse appeared reassured. One angle of light fell upon the gallery. In passing, she caught a fly on the wing, and presented it delicately to a spider established in a corner of the roof. This spider was so bloated, that, notwithstanding the distance, I saw it descend from round to round, then glide along a fine web, like a drop of venom, seize its prey from the hands of the old shrew, and remount rapidly. Fledermausse looked at it very attentively, with her eyes half closed; then sneezed, and said to herself, in a jeering tone, "God bless you, beautiful one; God bless you!"

I watched during six weeks, and could discover nothing concerning the power of Fledermausse. Sometimes, seated upon a stool, she pealed her potatoes, then hung out her linen upon the balustrade.

Sometimes I saw her spinning; but she never sang, as good, kind old women are accustomed to do, their trembling voices mingling well with the humming of the wheel.

Profound silence always reigned around her; she had no cat—that cherished society of old women—not even a sparrow came to rest under her roof. It seemed as if all animated Nature shrank from her glance. The bloated spider alone took delight in her society.

I cannot now conceive how my patience could endure those long hours of observation: nothing escaped me; nothing was matter of indifference. At the slightest sound I raised my slate; my curiosity was without limit, insatiable.

Toubac complained greatly.

"Master Christian," said he, "how in the devil do you pass your time? Formerly you painted something for me every week; now you do not finish a piece once a month. Oh, you painters! 'Lazy as a painter' is a good, wise proverb. As soon as you have a few *kreutzers* in possession, you put your hands in your pockets and go to sleep!"

I confess that I began to lose courage—I had watched, spied, and discovered nothing. I said to myself that the old woman could not be so dangerous as I had supposed; that I had perhaps done her injustice by my suspicions; in short, I began to make excuses for her. One lovely afternoon, with my eye fixed at my post of observation, I abandoned myself to these benevolent reflections, when suddenly the scene changed: Fledermausse passed through the gallery with the rapidity of lightning. She was no longer the same person; she was erect, her jaws were clinched, her glance fixed, her neck extended; she walked with grand strides, her gray locks floating behind her.

"Oh, at last," I said to myself, "something is coming, attention!" But alas, the shadows of evening descended upon the old building, the noises of the city expired, and silence prevailed.

Fatigued and disappointed, I lay down upon my bed, when, casting my eyes toward my dormer-window, I saw the room opposite illuminated. So! a traveller occupied the Green Room—fatal to strangers.

Now, all my fears were reawakened; the agitation of Fledermausse was explained—she scented a new victim.

No sleep for me that night; the rustling of the straw, the nibbling of the mice under the floor, gave me nervous chills. I rose and leaned out of my window; I listened. The light in the room opposite was extinguished. In one of those moments of poignant anxiety, I cannot say if it was illusion or reality, I thought I saw the old wretch also watching and listening.

The night passed, and the gray dawn came to my windows; by degrees the noise and movements in the street ascended to my loft. Harassed by fatigue and emotion I fell asleep, but my slumber was short, and, by eight o'clock, I had resumed my post of observation.

It seemed as if the night had been as disturbed and tempestuous to Fledermausse as to myself. When she opened the door of the gallery, I saw that a livid pallor covered her cheeks and thin throat; she had on only her chemise and a woollen skirt, a few locks of reddish-gray hair fell on her shoulders. She looked toward my hiding-place with a dreamy, abstracted air, but she saw nothing; she was thinking of other things.

Suddenly she descended, leaving her old shoes at the bottom of the steps. "Without doubt," thought I, "she is going to see if the door below is well fastened."

I saw her remount hastily, springing up three or four steps at a time—it was terrible.

She rushed into the neighboring chamber, and I heard something like the falling of the top of a great chest; then Fledermausse appeared upon the gallery, dragging a manikin after her, and this manikin was clothed like the Heidelberg student.

With surprising dexterity, the old woman suspended this hideous object to a beam of the shed, then descended rapidly to the court-yard to contemplate it. A burst of sardonic laughter escaped from her lips; she remounted, then descended again like a maniac, and each time uttered new cries and new bursts of laughter.

A noise was heard near the door, and the old woman bounded forward, unhooked the manikin and carried it off; then, leaning over the balustrade with her throat elongated, her eyes flashing, she listened earnestly. The noise was lost in the distance, the muscles of her face relaxed, and she drew long breaths. It was only a carriage which had passed.

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The old wretch had been frightened.

She now returned to the room, and I heard the chest close. This strange scene confounded all my ideas. What did this manikin signify? I became more than ever attentive.

Fledermausse now left the house with her basket on her arm. I followed her with my eyes till she turned the corner of the street. She had reassumed the air of a trembling old woman, took short steps, and from time to time turned her head partly around, to peer behind from the corner of her eye.

Fledermausse was absent fully five hours. For myself, I went, I came, I meditated. The time seemed insupportable. The sun heated the slate of the roof, and scorched my brain.

Now I saw, at the window, the good man who occupied the fatal Green Chamber; he was a brave peasant of Nassau, with a large three-cornered hat, a scarlet vest, and a laughing face; he smoked his pipe of Ulm tranquilly, and seemed to fear no evil.

I felt a strong desire to cry out to him: "Good man, be on your guard! Do not allow yourself to be entrapped by the old wretch; distrust yourself!" but he would not have comprehended me. Toward two o'clock, Fledermausse returned. The noise of her door resounded through the vestibule. Then alone, all alone, she entered the yard, and seated herself on the interior step of the stairway; she put down her basket before her, and drew out first some packets of herbs, then vegetables, then a red vest, then a three-cornered hat, a coat of brown velvet, pants of plush, and coarse woollen hose—the complete costume of the peasant from Nassau.

For a moment I felt stunned; then flames passed before my eyes.

I recollect those precipices which entice with an irresistible power; those wells or pits, which the police have been compelled to close, because men threw themselves into them; those trees which had been cut down because they inspired men with the idea of hanging themselves; that contagion of suicides, of robberies, of murders, at certain epochs, by desperate means; that strange and subtle enticement of example, which makes you yawn because another yawns, suffer because you see another suffer, kill yourself because you see others kill themselves—and my hair stood up with horror.

How could this Fledermausse, this base, sordid creature, have derived so profound a law of human nature? how had she found the means to use this law to the profit or indulgence of her sanguinary instincts? This I could not comprehend; it surpassed my wildest imaginations.

But reflecting longer upon this inexplicable mystery, I resolved to turn the fatal law against her, and to draw the old murderess into her own net.

So many innocent victims called out for vengeance!

I felt myself to be on the right path.

I went to all the old-clothes sellers in Nuremberg, and returned in the afternoon to the Inn Bœuf-Gras, with an enormous packet under my arm.

Nichel Schmidt had known me for a long time; his wife was fat and good-looking; I had painted her portrait.

"Ah, Master Christian," said he, squeezing my hand, "what happy circumstance brings you here? What procures me the pleasure of seeing you?"

"My dear Monsieur Schmidt, I feel a vehement, insatiable desire to sleep in the Green Room."

We were standing on the threshold of the inn, and I pointed to the room. The good man looked at me distrustfully.

"Fear nothing," I said; "I have no desire to hang myself.

"*A la bonne heure! à la bonne heure!* For frankly that would give me pain; an artist of such merit! When do you wish the room, Master Christian?"

"This evening."

"Impossible! it is occupied!"

"Monsieur can enter immediately," said a voice just behind me, "I will not be in the way."

We turned around in great surprise; the peasant of Nassau stood before us, with his three-cornered hat, and his packet at the end of his walking-stick. He had just learned the history of his three predecessors in the Green Room, and was trembling with rage.

"Rooms, like yours!" cried he, stuttering; "but it is murderous to put people there—it is assassination! You deserve to be sent to the galleys immediately!"

"Go—go—calm yourself," said the innkeeper; "that did not prevent you from sleeping well."

"Happily, I said my prayers at night," said the peasant; "without that, where would I be, where would I be?" and he withdrew, with his hands raised to heaven.

"Well," said Nichel Schmidt, stupefied, "the room is vacant, but I entreat you do not serve me a bad trick."

"It would be a worse trick for myself than for you, monsieur."

I gave my packet to the servants, and installed myself for the time with the drinkers. For a long time I had not felt so calm and so happy. After so many doubts and disquietudes I touched the goal. The horizon seemed to clear up, and it appeared that some invisible power gave me the hand. I lighted my pipe, placed my elbow on the table, my wine before me, and listened to the chorus in "Freischütz," played by a troupe of gypsies from the Black Forest. The trumpets, the hue and cry of the chase, the hautboys, plunged me into a vague reverie, and, at times rousing up to look at the hour, I asked myself gravely, if all which *had* happened to me was not a dream. But the watchman came to ask us to leave the *salle*, and soon other and more solemn thoughts were surging in my soul, and in deep meditation I followed little Charlotte, who preceded me with a candle to my room.

We mounted the stairs to the third story. Charlotte gave me the candle, and pointed to the door.

"There," said she, and descended rapidly.

I opened the door. The Green Room was like any other inn-room. The ceiling was very low, the bed very high. With one glance, I explored the interior, and then glided to the window.

Nothing was to be seen in the house of Fledermausse; only, in some distant room, an obscure light was burning. Some one was on the watch. "That is well," said I, closing the curtain; "I have all necessary time."

I opened my packet, I put on a woman's bonnet, with hanging lace; then, placing myself before a mirror, I took a brush and painted wrinkles in my face. This took me nearly an hour. Then I put on the dress and a large shawl, and I was actually afraid of myself. Fledermausse seemed to me to look at me from the mirror.

At this moment, the watchman cried out, "Eleven o'clock!" I seized the manikin which I had brought in my packet, and muffled it in a costume precisely similar to that worn by the old wretch. I then opened the curtain.

Certainly, after all that I had seen of the Fledermausse, of her infernal cunning, her prudence, her adroitness, she could not in any way surprise me; and yet I was afraid. The light which I had remarked in the chamber was still immovable, and now cast its yellow rays on the manikin of the peasant of Nassau, which was crouched on the corner of the bed, with the head hanging on the breast, the three-cornered hat pulled down over the face, the arms suspended, and the whole aspect that of absolute despair.

The shadows, managed with diabolical art, allowed nothing to be seen but the general effect of the face. The red vest, and six round buttons alone, seemed to shine out in the darkness. But, the silence of the night, the complete immobility of the figure, the exhausted, mournful air, were well calculated to take possession of a spectator with a strange power. For myself, although forewarned, I was chilled, even to my bones.

How would it, then, have fared with the poor, simple peasant, if he had been surprised unawares? He would have been utterly cast down. Despairing, he would have lost all power of self-control, and the spirit of imitation would have done the rest.

Scarcely had I moved the curtain, when I saw Fledermausse on the watch behind her window. She could not see me. I opened my window softly; the window opposite was opened! Then, her manikin appeared to rise slowly and advance before me. I, also, advanced my manikin, and, seizing my torch with one hand, with the other I quickly opened the shutters. And now the old woman and myself were face to face. Struck with sudden terror, she had let her manikin fall!

We gazed at each other with almost equal horror. *She* extended her finger—I advanced *mine*. *She* moved her lips—I agitated *mine*. She breathed a profound sigh, and leaned upon her elbow. I imitated her.

To describe all the terrors of this scene would be impossible. It bordered upon confusion, madness, delirium. It was a death-struggle

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between two wills; between two intelligences; between two souls—each one wishing to destroy the other; and, in this struggle, I had the advantage—her victims struggled with me.

After having imitated, for some seconds, every movement of Fledermausse, I pulled a rope from under my skirt, and attached it to the cross-beam.

The old woman gazed at me with gaping mouth. I passed the rope around my neck; her pupils expanded, lightened; her face was convulsed.

"No, no!" said she, in a whistling voice.

I pursued her with the impassibility of an executioner.

Then rage seemed to take possession of her.

"Old fool!" she exclaimed, straightening herself up, and her hands contracted on the cross-beam. "Old fool!" I gave her no time to go on blowing out my lamp. I stooped, like a man about to make a vigorous spring, and, seizing my manikin, I passed the rope around its neck, and precipitated it below.

A terrible cry resounded through the street, and then silence, which I seemed to feel. Perspiration bathed my forehead. I listened a long time. At the end of a quarter of an hour, I heard, far away, very far away, the voice of the watchman, crying, "Inhabitants of Nuremberg, midnight, midnight sounds!"

"Now, justice is satisfied," I cried, "the three victims are avenged. Pardon me, O Lord!"

About five minutes after the cry of the watchman, I saw Fledermausse attracted, allured by my manikin (her exact image), spring from the window, with a rope around her neck, and rest suspended from the cross-beam.

I saw the shudder of death undulating through her body, while the moon, calm, silent, majestic, inundated the summit of the roof, and her cold, pale rays reposed upon the old, dishevelled, hideous head.

Just as I had seen the poor young student of Heidelberg, just so did I now see Fledermausse.

In the morning, all Nuremberg learned that the old wretch had hung herself, and this was the last event of that kind in the Street Minnesänger.

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THE NIGHTINGALE OF HOHENASPERG.: FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.
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THE NIGHTINGALE OF HOHENASPERG.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.

"Nachtigall! O Nachtigall!
Süss ist deiner Stimme Schall!"

IN a house at Heilbronn, on the Neckar, I accidentally discovered a beautiful wreath, formed of straw flowers; the material was of the simplest kind, but the work told the true taste of an artist. Time had not dimmed the loveliness of the delicate tints, and the perfection of the tiny buds, leaves, and blossoms, all showed the patience and skill of the fairy fingers that fashioned them.

This wreath framed a lady's profile, and, when I inquired of the original of the portrait and the maker of the wreath, they told me her name was Marianne Pirker, the "Nightingale of Hohenasperg."

This, then, was that charming woman, the wife of the famous violinist of Duke Charles of Würtemberg, and the idol of Stuttgart until 1767.

In the full bloom of her rare loveliness, she was flattered wherever she went, and the aristocracy, then so exclusive, treated her almost as their equal, overwhelming her with kindness.

Her grace, refinement, and dignified manners, made her the ornament of every saloon. Her clear soprano voice, soft and full, charmed her hearers, and nothing afforded more pleasure than to listen to her in Tonelli's operas, as brought out on the Stuttgart stage, which was then in its highest perfection.

From 1748, this famous composer directed the orchestra, for a yearly salary of ten thousand florins, and, with an excellent troupe and celebrated orchestra, he carefully brought out his own operas. Duke Charles had heard Tonelli's "Caso Mario," and afterward raved of the composer of the bewitching air, "*Sposo e vado di morir*," wishing for nothing more than to attract to his presence this celebrated Italian. He soon succeeded in his desire, as life at Rome had been made intolerable to Nicolo Tonelli by the sudden and violent death of his young rival, the highly-gifted Portuguese, Terradellas. He, therefore, accepted the call to Germany, where the famous violinists, Lolli and Nardini, had already settled.

The composer of "Caso Mario" was enraptured with the orchestra at the German court, and still more with the fair Marianne. Opera after opera was enthusiastically composed for the lovely singer, and the number of these at Stuttgart is said to be twenty-three; but the ease with which Marianne acquired these beautiful and often difficult parts heightened his admiration for her. From all parts, friends and critics were attracted to the Stuttgart opera, Tonelli's music, and Lolli and Nardini. For Marianne, Tonelli wrote his "Olympiade," his "Repastore," and the "Didona Abandonata;" and the niceness of her discrimination, the passion of her acting, only incited him to new creations, that they might be thus perfectly rendered by this charming woman. In each new part she was greeted with loud applause. The court did not miss one representation, and, even from other portions of Europe, admirers came; for the fame of the Stuttgart opera and orchestra, and of its bright, particular star, had spread far over the Continent.

With especial courtesy, the duchess had approached the singer, and the tie of true friendship united the two women.

Often, Marianne passed whole evenings in familiar intercourse alone with her. Sometimes also the duke came, and often they sent for Lolli, Nardini, Pirker, and Tonelli, and, in this informal circle, enjoyed music till late in the night, when they seldom separated without listening to the favorite air of the princely couple. This pleasant friendship with the court excited bitter envy in certain circles, and this feeling was doubtless the cause of the subsequent fall of the singer; but, thus far, all secret attempts to injure her had proved of no avail.

When the artist-couple went to Vienna, the duchess so warmly recommended her favorite to the empress, that she was received with

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the most gracious kindness, and fêted as no one had ever been before. The memory of her career in the imperial city formed the most cherished recollections of her life; though afterward these triumphs were only repeated in England.

When Marianne returned to Stuttgart, Tonelli arranged a grand concert, at which she appeared with her husband and Lolli and Nardini.

The whole town was in an excitement, and all hastened to greet the long-missed favorites.

Brightly the moon shone mid the soft-gleaming starlight on that summer evening, when a court-carriage arrived to convey the prima donna to the opera-house. Quickly the horses sped, while, buried in the soft cushions, she dreamed only of new triumphs—but, hark!—a cry sounded—the carriage stops, and the beautiful powdered head bent far out of the window. What had happened? Oh, nothing important. A careless woman had crossed the streets and fallen. People had already lifted her, and carried her into the little house, which she pointed out as her home.

This was the answer of the footman. Deep indignation clouded the beautiful face.

"I wish to alight," she said.

"Impossible," decided the servant, who was devoted to her. "We have not a moment to lose; their highnesses will be in their box in ten minutes."

"Open the carriage-door, I tell you! A poor creature is dying, perhaps through my fault. I assume the responsibility of being late, even before the emperors and kings of the whole earth!"

She spoke authoritatively as a queen, and, the next instant, was in the street, in the small house, and in the narrow room where the poor woman had been carried. Like the good fairy in children's stories, this beautiful being appeared in these miserable surroundings. All fell back before her, the room was emptied of the curious, and Marianne saw herself in the presence of a sick man, reclining in an arm-chair, and, at his feet, knelt the rescued woman. She had escaped unhurt, but her face was deadly pale from terror.

"It is nothing," she said, to the bright creature; "do not make him anxious; I have not hurt myself."

A little basket was on the floor, from which had fallen a bouquet of artificial flowers. Involuntarily Marianne stooped to take it up. Then she put her soft hand on the shoulder of the kneeling woman, and asked if a physician had been called.

"I do not need a physician; I am well, and he will soon be well, too," she replied, and the light of love and tenderness beamed from her dark eyes, and brightened the sick man in the arm-chair.

But Marianne did not leave till, with all the sweetness and fascination peculiar to her, she elicited the little secret from the woman.

Only a part of the every-day misery of all ages: sickness and poverty, hope and disappointment. An invalid musician and a faithful wife, who made, with great skill and patience, beautiful flowers of straw, and sold them for a low price. The bouquet which Marianne held in her hand, and regarded with so much admiration, was the one unsold to-day.

"Will you sell me this?" she asked. "Please tell me the price."

"You are the famous singer," answered the woman, after a slight hesitation; "I know you well, for I have often seen you pass in your carriage. People have told me how good you are, and I will sell you that bouquet for one simple song, if you will sing it to my sick husband."

The figure glided through the room, the train of her long satin robe swept the floor, and the servant saw with terror that Marianne opened the cover of the spinet with her own hands.

Standing with her head turned toward the young couple, and, recalling one of Caspar Netscher's famous pictures, she sang, more exquisitely than ever, the song, "*Sposo e vado di morir.*"

When she ceased, she heard a sound—silver-clear and joyous—a sound which cannot be likened to any thing in the world—the sweetest, loveliest music in the whole creation—the happy tones of a child's voice. A small, delicate hand had pulled aside the curtains of the cradle, which stood unnoticed in a corner, the fair and lovely head of a boy peered forth, large blue eyes merrily looked from one to the other, a little sleeper was wakened, and applauded the prima donna as a real musician's child.

Then Marianne, trembling with emotion, unfastened a costly *aigrette* from her bosom, slipped the shining jewel into the cradle, and with passionate kisses covered the child's hands now stretched out toward her.

"Let me have your bouquet, and allow me to help you take care of your boy," she said, with deep feeling. "Oh, how sweet it must be to educate and care for a child!"

And tears, brighter than the diamonds sparkling on her white dress, shone in the eyes of the beautiful woman, as she said farewell.

Their highnesses received Marianne with the greatest favor, though she was more than half an hour late, and the duchess, who had been most impatient, embraced her darling before every one. How was it possible to spoil such a woman! And then, what a fancy, to wear between the sparkling jewels upon her bosom a bouquet of straw-flowers! Indeed, it was quite time for the prima donna to tremble—for was there no light cloud on the blue heaven of her life?—no thorn-bush thrown on her flower-strown path?

From that evening Marianne watched over the little enthusiast in the cradle, and others also watched the boy—therefore the heavy eyes of his father closed without care.

Has the little one become a musician?

His name is Andreas Streicher, the most faithful friend of Frederick Schiller.

. . . .

The delicate straw bouquet had been placed in the casket of the beautiful singer but a few months, when an inexplicable catastrophe happened—an event entirely unforeseen—the duchess separated from her husband; and the duke, listening to insinuations against Marianne, accused her of having advised the duchess to this step. Then came an order from high authority, and the favorite was conducted to Hohenasperg—the nightingale was imprisoned in a cage from which there was no escape.

The transition from light to darkness was so sudden, the fall from the height of happiness to the depth of misery so violent, that the mind of the woman became clouded. For days she sat motionless at the window of her cell, leaning her head upon her hand, and singing fragments of the songs of happier days; she never finished any, but mingled them all—now wild, now sad, then trilling like the nightingale. How her fellow-prisoners and the people of Hohenasperg listened! Sometimes she wandered through the long corridors, or up and down the stairs, for they allowed her to do as she pleased, and then low, sad melodies came from her lips, sweet, mournful music, and all who listened wept. Sometimes she would bitterly grieve that she had lost one tune, which she tried in vain to find—that sweet, sad strain that had so often pleased her princely friends.

Thus years passed, and the nightingale remained in her cage, trying to recall her lost music.

One morning a strange messenger brought a small box to the Hohenasperg, and asked to be allowed to place it in the room of the poor "nightingale," with the last love of a dying woman.

When it was opened, only a bouquet of straw-flowers was found, so the jailer granted the request, and his wife placed the gift in Marianne's hands.

Long did the beautiful eyes gaze on the simple leaves and blossoms—a deadly paleness overspread the still lovely face—but the eyes softened, the bosom heaved—the cloud-veil of madness was rent asunder—a sweet child-face appeared, and the evening in Streicher's little room rose as a bright picture from the deep darkness of oblivion.

The blue child-eyes smiled on her, the dimpled hands stretched forth toward her, and all suddenly, mid burning tears, sobs and trembling, broke forth from her quivering lips the sweet lost music, "*Sposo e vado di morir.*"

Her mind had at last cast off its fetters, and from that time the nightingale tried to work, attempting to imitate the graceful flowers that had come like an angel's greeting to her heart. At her request different kinds of straw were willingly furnished, and after many efforts she learned to arrange the flowers, which so far excelled those of her model, that from the simplest materials came miracles of poetry and art.

One day a bouquet from Hohenasperg was put on the writing-table of the duke, with a greeting from the nightingale, bearing the first notes of—"*Sposo e vado di morir.*"

Then the order came to liberate the prisoner, and Marianne Pirker was saved.

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The celebrated prima donna was never heard again in public, for she retired to Heilbronn on the Neckar (her husband was imprisoned at Stuttgart), and lived there in the greatest retirement.

She only sang when she made her flowers, and this work was now her favorite occupation. The fame of her bouquets and wreaths spread over Europe, and even the Empress of Austria and Catharine of Russia ordered them of her.

She rarely received visitors—she, so petted and caressed—and still more seldom left her asylum, but the children and birds knew and loved her. One evening at twilight the neighbors thought that they saw two slender young men knock at the door of the vine-covered house, and the old servant said that her mistress screamed with joy when they entered.

That night people heard the "Nightingale of Hohenasperg" sing with marvellous sweetness, for at the spinet a youth with blue, beaming child-eyes was sitting, and it was he who accompanied "*Sposo e vado di morir.*" And when the last sweet note died, Marianne touched with her beautiful hand the glowing cheek of the musician, and playfully said:

"You liked that song, even when in the cradle, Andreas Streicher!"

"And I liked it so well, that only for its sake have I become a musician," was the reply; "and who knows but that my friend yonder in the corner will not throw off his surgeon's uniform, and also become a musician!"

A tall slender figure now rose out of the darkness—an immortal face was brightened by the small lamp, and a voice answered:

"If the nightingale of Hohenasperg would take me for her pupil, I should like well to become a musician."

It was Frederick Schiller who spoke these words; and often afterward in her lonely home the sweet singer recalled this evening, and it is said that the last work of her hands was a bouquet of beautiful flowers for—Charlotte von Schiller!

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THE PAINTER'S FAMILY.: IN THREE PARTS.--PART III.
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THE PAINTER'S FAMILY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

THOMAS OSBY stood before his easel, idealizing, while he copied a portrait of the unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh; his children, seated at his feet, were enjoying a dish of sea-bass which their new friend, Maggie Graham, had sent in, when the rattle and tramp of an equipage came up from the street. Joyful cries and hurrahs welcomed this unusual visit. Was it the lord-mayor or some important personage of the city coming to provide air and sunshine, of which these dark and miry streets had been bereft for the last five centuries? This tumult distracted the painter, who, laying down his brush, leaned his ear, and turning toward his eldest daughter sewing a few paces behind him:

"Sarah, look and see what game's astir; for such merry noises are rare down in this mud-hole, which our ediles decorate with the name of a street."

Sarah rose on the wing of a happy presentiment, and, opening the window:

"Father, oh father! a four-horse coach has stopped at our door. There are outriders, servants on horseback; it is—"

Here a shower of stars from the court and the theatre completed her announcement, and their landlady, opening the door unceremoniously, ushered in "Madam Ellen" with her suite.

"Mr. Osby," said the actress, in her most engaging voice, and offering her hand, while she sunned him in her eyes, "will you favor a few artists of the stage, and, perhaps, some old acquaintances of yours, with an hour of your society?"

The poor man, spell-bound with surprise, bowed and stammered for a moment, until Maggie Graham, who had constituted herself mistress of the ceremonies, came to his aid.

"Mr. Osby, madam is Madam Ellen Gwynn, the famous actress of the Royal Covent Garden Theatre, and—"

The good fish-wife was perhaps about to add *another royal title;* but Nelly, with her natural presence of mind, turned the enemy's flank by completing the phrase with the names of her friends, whom she introduced as persons desirous of paying their homage to his talent. This gave Osby time to collect himself. Delicate praise, inferred rather than expressed, reanimates souls long benumbed in the grip of adversity; it restores to imagination its fire, to character its dignity, to the intellect its resources, and to the heart its memories.

"Madam," replied the painter, "I now feel what I have lost in never seeing you upon the stage; but, at least, the public voice has not left me ignorant of your name, nor of your talent, nor of your triumphs. Of these gentlemen not one is unknown to me. I have often seen Messrs. Dryden and Otway at Covent Garden, when more prosperous times allowed me to frequent its Thespian precincts; and many a time these noblemen and I have dined together at the Duke of Buccleugh's table. His friendship was an honor to us all, and with him fled the uncertain glory of my April day."

Nelly cast a glance of reproach upon her friends, the meaning of which could not escape the Earl of Pembroke, who, to exculpate himself from this responsibility of the prolonged neglect in which our painter had languished, asked:

"Why, Mr. Osby, did you not address either Wallers or myself, when death deprived you of a patronage so necessary to your art, and so well due to your deserts? Be assured, sir, that we should have held it an honor to replace our mutual friend."

"My lord, it becomes not the small to hold out their hands to the great; rather let those who occupy the social summits remember, if they will, the old adage, '*Noblesse oblige.*'"

"Mr. Osby," interposed the Earl of Rochester, "the two nobilities of birth and of intellect march abreast. Let Dryden and Otway bear witness of this. Far as we may, individually, fall short of that social ideal which is in every state the supreme reason of its aristocracy, we know that we cannot make luxury beautiful without the fine arts, or win the pardon of our privilege without sharing it with artists. Our patronage is, then, their right."

"This is a very pleasing fiction, my lord; but you will allow me, because it is a fiction, not to trust in it. True artists cannot fawn or flatter. When Fortune visits them, she finds a joyous greeting; when Adversity knocks, they must open to her, and embrace this stern mistress with a stoic's resignation or a Christian's constancy."

"Nelly's eyes filled as, listening to this language, she saw the painter's children dressed in the canvas of old pictures. "Mr. Osby," said she, "I forbid the banns. You shall not be wedded to Miss-fortune."

"Ah! madam, the freedom of the sunshine, with or without bread, is all that an idealist may claim from the world in which he dreams, from the soil which he neither tills nor sows; and yet the heart, which cannot feed on shadows, tempted me to bind another's destiny with mine, to double the ideal with the real. The bubble of my fortune burst, and left me with six mouths to feed. You see here the reward of my sincerity, and the punishment of my imprudence; for my work, such as it is, suffices not to feed these dear children, who stretch out their suppliant hands to me when I have naught but tears and kisses for them." Here his grief choked him; compassion bedewed every eye. After a pause, he continued:

"I have not been forsaken in my trials. I lost a beloved wife; but she has left me a consoler in my Sarah; nor is it a small matter, in destitution such as ours, to have found a friend in this excellent Mistress Graham, who has trusted us six months for our lodgings. While my children are left me, I may not despair."

"You are right, Thomas Osby," said Nelly, pressing his hand in hers. You have come to this long lane's turning. *A sister in Art* now assures you of it."

"All that I see, dear madam, all that I hear to-day, surprises me. Who put you on the trace of poor Tom Osby?"

"This angel," replied Nelly, "and this true-hearted woman," turning to Maggie and Sarah, "have been Christ's messengers between us." Then taking "Lily" in her arms, she kissed her tenderly; then "Violet," and then little "Cannon" and "Sword." These children, at first shy of the stranger, were presently tamed by that power of fascination by which the natural queen of hearts is known, and they repaid their charming visitor in kind. Now drawing near Sarah, with an air of subdued grace, the respect of a fine animal for a saint, as though deprecating her worldly advantages in presence of a spiritual superior, the actress resumed:

"Mr. Osby, the world you are going to reënter is full of hidden snares. Will you trust the experience of one who knows them well, and, though a sinner, loves not sin? This noble girl must not be exposed to the temptations which her beauty and her modesty alike provoke in the gallants of our times."

"Explain yourself, madam," said the painter.

"Why, to put it in a nutshell, Mr. Osby, your daughter must be married, and I may, without too much presumption, aid you to find her a suitable establishment; yet on one condition, that her virtue shall not take fright at my profession, and that she shall keep me a little place in her heart."

"Oh, madam!" exclaimed Sarah, advancing toward Nelly, who received her in her arms; "you are the good fairy who turns our sorrow into joy; how can you doubt my gratitude or my devotion?"

"My dear girl, I've not the least use for those articles. The game of obligations is a tiresome one, for, anxious to return the shuttlecock, we lose the charm of free impulsion. Give me only your friendship, or rather the opportunity of winning it. But now to business: Mr. Osby, I have come to ask you if you will take my portrait; and these gentlemen desire of your varied talent some pictures for their castles.

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Give us a foretaste of our expected pleasure, by showing us to-day some of your treasures."

"Alas, madam, I must confess," said the painter, "that, obliged to drudge for daily bread, my fancy seldom gets a chance to play upon the canvas. Since my tribulations, I have done little worthy of your eyes."

"All that comes from your palette, Mr. Osby," said Lord Pembroke, "has the seal of originality. Martyr, show us your victories; be it ours to adjudge the palms."

Osby quietly opened his cartoons, and placed before the company what he had done best, whether goaded by famine and fired with fever, or inspired by the light of dawning hope, or shadowed by the memory of joys departed. An idea germed each conception, chaste, voluptuous, spiritual, or dramatic; the touch was vigorous yet graceful, and in all appeared that classic style of grouping that had given him of old such high prestige. The paralyzing fang of adversity had not benumbed this conscientious talent. Purity of outline and magic of coloring still justified his youthful renown.

The salamander genius lives in flames that consume mortal lizards. Nelly was smitten with these refined beauties so contrasted with the external life of the artist. Dryden and Otway shared her pleasure and surprise.

"By St. George," said Rochester, "we should be guilty of *lèse-majesté*, did we not reopen this brave old gentleman's career. If, when tributary to the baser necessities of life, he has composed such works, what may we not expect of him when installed beneath the splendid tapestries of Pembroke Castle, or in a dainty turret of my own?"

"Osby," said Lord Pembroke, "you will be, if you are not already, England's Michael Angelo."

"No less," continued Wallers, "has he borrowed the palette of Albano or Titian, for who has more perfectly united vigor and grace, form and the ideal?"

"My lords," said Osby, bowing his acknowledgment, "I am neither Michael Angelo, nor Titian, nor Albano, but whatever I am finds its way to the ends of my fingers."

During this concert of praises, Sarah wept with soft delight, heedless of the fire of glances which Rochester opened on her; while old Maggie's eyes grew big as saucers to see some leaves of vellum, or sheets of canvas, exalted by these noblemen above the finest fish that ever swam. Until then, Maggie had rated a picture about the price of a box of herrings, or at best of a prime salmon.

One of Osby's designs, representing Henry VIII. at Jane Seymour's death-bed, took all his judges captive. It rendered the hypocrite grief of the crowned Bluebeard, who is promising Jane to remain faithful to her memory. Respectful incredulity is read upon the features of this queen of a day, whose eyes the crape of death already veils. The shades of this scene, so fatally played between a tyrant full of lusty life, and a woman escaping the scaffold by premature death, were so naturally limned with such truth in the details, such delicacy in the accessories—so eloquent a poem was the whole composition, that they could not turn the leaf. They left it for a moment, to return to it again, still under the same fascination.

"Sixty guineas for this drawing!" said Wallers.

"Are you serious, chevalier?" asked Rochester. "Why, this is worth a hundred, and I offer it."

"Come, my lords," said Pembroke, "I see that neither of you apprehends the real value of the work. I bid a thousand guineas, and if it fall to me, it will be cheap." Pride and vanity aiding the benevolence which Nelly's eyes inspired, the picture went up like a gilded balloon, at the rate of a thousand per second; when the painter, who had watched the contagion of this folly with a smile, handed the prize to Sarah, saying:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but this trifle is not at auction or for sale. I designed it as a birthday present to my daughter. Honor is the fortune of the poor. If we have thus far survived the asphyxia of misery, it is because we have preserved the ascendant of love over money. Sarah will do as she likes with this souvenir, to which you have added a new zest; but she, no more than I, can take advantage of your amateur munificence."

"Papa," said Sarah, playfully, "with your permission, I will make this a present to my new-made friend; then it will keep us all in mind of this pleasant meeting to-day." And she placed it in the hands of Nelly Gwynn.

This was more than a personal preference, it was the assertion and the recognition of natural nobility. The four plebeians interchanged a glance of mutual intelligence, the three patricians uttered bravos, and in that naked room, amid that grotesque destitution, a league was formed for life. Dryden and Otway whispered apart. The artist smiling drew his daughter toward him, and kissed her fair brow, then, turning to the company, said:

"Come this way, madam, and my lords and poets; I have portraits to show you." And Osby led them into the chamber where Maggie last evening had concocted her epistle to Nell Gwynn.

They had hardly entered, when Rochester exclaimed: "Why, this is the Chevalier Norfolk!"

"And here is this scapegrace, the Earl of Clarendon!" echoed the Marquis of Pembroke.

"*Scapegrace* is the word!" growled Maggie. "Here are three rogues, counting my young shark of a son among them."

"Impossible to catch a likeness better," said Wallers. "You can almost see the words upon their lips."

"And how, Mr. Osby, did you become acquainted with these young noblemen?" asked Nelly. "Is it since you have been living here that you have painted these portraits, which are worthy of Vandyke?"

"But they are certainly quite recent," interposed Rochester. "It is not yet a year since I was intimate with Norfolk and Clarendon, and they have never mentioned this affair."

"Fine companions for you, my lord!" muttered Maggie again.

Our painter related the history of these portraits, which, he added, were by no means his worst. But he breathed not a word about the non-payment, and his embarrassment in consequence.

Maggie Graham (who seems to be assuming the part of the Greek chorus in this little drama, and whose candor had never capitulated to etiquette, but rather, like the pollen of the lily, smeared imprudent noses), took upon herself to supply this omission in the painter's narrative, and blurted out in her most formidable tones:

"And the worst of this business is, Madam Ellen, that these noble students have not paid Mr. Osby; they left his goods upon his hands—fine security indeed! For my part, I wouldn't give a lobster, saving the painter's deserts, for these three phizzes of the gay deceivers."

"Is it possible?" asked Nelly. "What! Mr. Osby, have they never paid you for this work?" Question again of aristocracy! The three patricians frowned.

"I am grieved that Mistress Maggie should have mentioned this neglect. I did not know, indeed, that she knew it," answered the painter, "but she has told the truth. My young patrons left London without paying me, and even without taking leave of me. One of the three, whom they called John, has since written, however, to assure me that I should lose nothing in the end. They will take into account, I hope, that in order to keep my engagement with them, I was obliged to decline an important public work, which might have set me fairly afloat again."

"A boyish freak, a terrible college joke!" said Pembroke.

"My lord!" exclaimed Nelly, "you call this a joke! I call it a bad action."

"And you are right, Madam Ellen," said Maggie, who lost no occasion to put in her oar. "Good blood cannot lie—you have your poor mother's honesty; Heaven rest her soul! In our way of life honesty is a kind of furniture we can't keep shop without."

"I perceive that good mistress is a fish-wife in odor of sanctity," said Rochester, saluting the virago with comic reverence.

"At your service, my lord, and the best fish that swim," returned Maggie, with her most formal reverence.

"Mr. Osby cannot and shall not lose his labor," resumed Pembroke. "Our Oxonians commit eccentricities, but they never forget debts of honor, and this *is* a debt of honor.—Madam," he added, turning to Nelly, "no later than yesterday, I met the Earl of Clarendon at Vauxhall; he has finished his studies at Oxford and received his diploma with honors. I shall remind him of this debt before he leaves London, and I think that Norfolk and his other friend are with him. These students are responsible for each other. I answer for Clarendon myself."

"This is an amendment, my lord, to your last motion," replied Nelly, archly; "but," she added, looking more intently at the portraits, "here are three right hand some youngsters, this one especially," and pointed to John's; "his countenance is amiable and noble."

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Old Maggie's features lost their rudeness, and lit up with intimate joy: it was maternal love. Sarah blushed, her eyes instinctively sought the ground, and two pearls hung on their long lashes. What chemist had distilled from this chaste heart these drops of virgin dew?

"Do you know *this* young man, my lord?" asked Nelly of the marquis, as she noticed Sarah's trouble.

"No, madam; but Clarendon swears by his friend John, who speaks of himself, I believe, as the son of a rich merchant."

"The stingeree!" muttered Maggie, in whose brow a storm-cloud gathered; "would he deny his mother?"

"They tell me," continued the marquis, "that Mr. John is one of the bright wits of Oxford University, which, you know, madam, has long enjoyed almost a monopoly of orators in Parliament. The last ministry was all composed of its alumni."

"That is why," muttered Maggie, again, "they have done up the nation's business in such fashion, and raised the tax on fresh-water fish out of all conscience. A plague on Oxford and its scholars! And a great ninny I've been, to push my son into this crowd of babblers."

"Yes," resumed the actress, looking by turns at John's portrait and at Sarah—"yes, as I look on this young man, I read in his eyes, in his whole countenance, a gentle but decided spirit, a genial yet a high-toned character."

"Appearances are often deceitful," said Maggie, with the growl of a dog over his bone; "the bush don't make the wine."

"Most true, Mistress Maggie," replied Nelly, "but I cannot think this face speaks false.—Sarah, tell me, dear" (passing her arm round the girl's waist), "is not this portrait very like the original?"

Sarah might as well have had a bomb-shell fall at her feet. She looked at Nelly imploringly, she looked at the portrait timidly, and said, almost inaudibly:

"Oh, yes, madam."

"What ails Miss Sarah?" asked the Earl of Rochester, pretending to feel her pulse. "You tremble, and your face, just now so beaming, has paled from the rose to the lily. Why, Miss Sarah, you are weeping! Is it some sudden pain? I am a doctor, at your service."

"My lord," said Nelly Gwynn, repelling the too-courteous Rochester, "you and your peers do not understand Sarah's ailment. This illness, most learned physician, attacks only pure-minded girls, whose hearts are not yet riddled, like your own, with Cupid's arrows. 'Tis the pain of a joy too keen; but, to cure it, needs another sort of doctor. Let this angel weep her will: such tears are the pearls of a bride's coronal."

At this moment, a familiar rap was heard, the door flew open, and a youth, dressed with distinction, waved his hat, exclaiming:

"Mr. Osby, Miss Sarah, here is the fleet come to port with the galleons!"

"Mr. John!" cried Sarah.

"John!" repeated all, in chorus.

John Graham, bewildered by finding himself in a society whose dress and bearing well proclaimed their rank, and whom he was far from expecting to meet at Thomas Osby's, presently collected himself, and was saluting the company with grace, when he perceived Maggie Graham.

Suspending his civilities, he sprang into the fish-wife's arms, crying, "Mother, my dear mother!" and embraced her again and again.

"I was not mistaken," said Nelly to Dryden. "This youth's heart is in the right place—his behavior now proves it."

"Pray excuse me, my lady and gentlemen; but it is so long since I had seen mother."

No one answered John's excuse. Nelly, the lords, and the poets, clapped their hands.

Old Maggie underwent the charm of that maternal pride, the exaltation of a twofold consciousness, which renders, perhaps best of all loves, the bisexual idea of Plato, or St. Pierre's point of harmonic expression, the sentiment of identity heightened by contrast. Now she forgot her anathemas fulminated against the Oxonians, and surrendered herself to those holy caresses, a mother's inexhaustible treasure. She looked at her son, then at his portrait, and her eyes seemed to say, "The original outdoes the copy."

"Mother, I am a graduate. I bring you a diploma from the university in return for your long sacrifices. It will be my turn now, mother, to take care of you."

"I would like to believe you, John; for, besides that, you have cost me the eyes out of my head, we have a skein to untangle between us, and some accounts to regulate. You have been frolicking it finely, my lad, to the lightening of my purse. You have even gone in debt. But I shall find it harder to forgive you for shuffling off your father's name, and passing yourself off for some big fish! Fie, then! Thy father, John, was a true and loyal boatman of the Thames, and myself a simple fish-merchant, like the mother of Madam Ellen here present; but what with your father's oars, my trade, and both of us bestirring our stumps, we have saved up a nest-egg, that you will know but too well how to suck. This, now, is the truth, John. But, as to being ashamed of your birth, and playing nabob, these, my son, are faults that you cannot repent of too soon."

"Mother," replied John, "you have been ill-informed. I never had the folly to claim a higher station than my own, nor have I ever renounced my father's name. True, at the university, they called me just plain John, and, to be sure, I spoke of myself as the son of a wealthy proprietor; I had the right to do so, mother, for you own eleven houses in the city. As to my frolics, I have not abused the advice you once gave me, to make haste and sow my wild oats. I have kept good company at Oxford; I could not do this and play the niggard. My debts I expect to pay, and I come here for that very purpose.—Mr. Osby," said he, presenting with a bow a purse of gold, "will you please to accept this in exchange for three masterpieces of painting?"

The artist bowed his thanks, and pocketed the guineas.

"Well, John," resumed Maggie, "this looks fair, indeed. Handsome is that handsome does. You never did lie to me, I can say that for you; and I believe now what you say as Gospel truth. Let bygones be bygones; no more wild oats; and we shall see what an Oxford education and good company can do for a fish-wife's bairn."

"No more wild oats, indeed!" said Nelly Gwynn, who still held Sarah's hand in hers; "but to clip the wings of those will-o'-the-wisps that too often inspire the Rochesters, Pembrokes, and Wallers" (she courtesied to each in turn, and the three lords bowed their acknowledgment), "the surest way would be to marry him, and, if I have inherited my share in the apple that Mother Eve ate for us all, I surmise that our graduate would be noways loath to surrender his liberties in favor of a certain young lady who, if I can see without spectacles, is not absolutely indifferent to him." The actress smiled, looking at Sarah, who, crossing her hands upon her breast, as if to still the beatings of her heart, stood motionless and pale as in a trance.

"Ah, madam," asked John, "do you read in the stars? Can Miss Sarah really hold me in the esteem that you suppose?"

"Ask her, then, Mr. Graham, yourself."

John stole a glance at Sarah, and, finding apparently no terrors in her averted eyes, concentrated his wits, and thus addressed her:

"Miss Osby, I have faith that God means kindly by us. In cold morality, I must appear a reckless trifler, and all that I wish to ask is a suspense of judgment. But I am not the churl to measure Heaven's favor by my own scant deserts. From the law of the letter that killeth, I appeal to the spirit that maketh alive; and, if the tribunal of your grace forbid not the pleader to bear witness in his own case, I will not attempt to conceal from it, that a new man is born in me since I first met you. As you are a mother for these children, so be for this spirit-child, which is your own."

John had not the audacity to kneel, but, frankly taking Sarah's hand, his soul-lit eyes sought hers. A quiver of emotion ran through the maiden's frame, and her breast gently heaved, like the sea beneath the moon.

"Sarah," implored the youth, "do not blame love for having found a voice perhaps too early. Can it find an echo in your heart? . . . . Answer me, Sarah," he urged, ignoring the presence of strangers in this crisis of personal destinies. A tear was in his voice.

"The silence of peoples is the lesson of kings," remarked Otway; "but the silence of maidens is answer of lovers."

"Speak to Mr. Graham, my dear Sarah," said Nelly, pressing Sarah's hands in hers. The daughter gently raised her blue eyes to her father, and then to Maggie Graham, to read in theirs consent or opposition. She found only blessing and approval; now she bent them upon John, and, withdrawing her right hand from Nelly's, extended it to him. Her blushes told the rest.

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John was not slow to seal this confession on her lips. Wild with love and joy, he ran to embrace by turns his mother, Sarah's father, the children, her brothers and sisters, and even the fair actress, who welcomed this gush of affection from a soul that overflowed.

"Lady," said John, "I am your slave for life! Oh, mother! I knew my heart would find a friend in you. If Sarah is poor, we are rich, mother; and how I will work, to be the staff of your old age and the true brother of all these little darlings!"

"My son," replied Maggie, with a dignity that belongs not to class, but to character, "you could not make a better choice. Sarah will be the pearl of wives and mothers, as she is the pearl of daughters and sisters. But now, John, heed my words: as much as I bless you for turning to orderly and holy love, so will my curse cling to you if ever you forget your honor as a Christian; if you run after strange women, like those who take their fancies for their gods; if you ever prove false or unkind to your wife; if you ever make Sarah unhappy!"

"Mother," answered John, leading Sarah up to Maggie, "can it be possible so to insult God in this His fairest work?" Then, looking upon her with Love's own eyes: "Sarah, have you faith in the troth I now pledge you, as I hope soon to pledge it at the altar?"

"Oh yes, John!" she replied.

"Osby," said Dryden, "you have here the subject of a noble work."

"And which he shall paint for my cottage at Woolwich," said Nelly. "Queen Mary used to say that, when she died, Calais would be found written in her heart. So I should like to wear in mine the impress of this scene."

"Our anatomists," observed Dryden, "find blood-crystals sometimes in the brain. May not emotions that polarize the heart and render it a magnet to attract or to repel, have also their crystallization? Shall the soul not wear its jewels like the body?"

"If property," argued the Marquis of Pembroke, "be man's assimilation of Nature; if wedlock and parentage help to complete him in society; then to these visible possessions, a wealth of soul should correspond; this we are all bound to guard for each, and each for all."

"It is something like crystallization," said Otway, "that we admire as constancy and *character*. The fleeting events of this life, its fitful emotions, its mixed good and evil, might leave no fixedness of purpose, principle, and will, but for some divine art that works within us, assimilating for each soul its proper nourishment. We read that Galen's new-born kids, on divers food being set before them, smelt of all, and then drank up the milk. Such is that innate wisdom that moulds for each of us ideas into ideals, and allowing what is merely accidental to escape, gives us a life-estate in those conceptions which we have wrought out in social action."

"A truce to metaphysics," quoth the Earl of Rochester. "Mr. John Graham, a young graduate like you, and who," added he, with a twinkle of humor in his eye, "will soon take *holy vows*, ought to occupy a recognized position. It so happens that a clerkship in the Court of Common Pleas is vacant. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men,' you know, 'that, taken at the flood, may lead to fortune.' Now, if you like it, I will speak to the chancellor of the exchequer, an old friend of mine, and you may get this place."

"My lord, can I presume on my capacity for the office?"

"Oh, if you are the man for the place, the place will afford you the necessary discipline. Will you make the venture?"

"Will I accept the place? why yes, my lord, most gratefully." He looked it, too. Rochester scratched his ear and looked at Sarah, slyly, then resumed:

"As a lady was saying just before you came in, sir, we erase the word gratitude and its derivatives from our vocabulary. Should I succeed in rendering you this little service, I ask but a place in your good-will for myself and for my two friends here, Wallers and Pembroke, who, I am sure, feel as I do."

"Instead of one favor, my lord, you do me four, my lords," John said, bowing to the three, and pressing the hands which they held out to him. "Our acquaintance is formed under fortunate auspices."

"Come now, my friends," called Nelly, "we have been here two hours, admiring the wonders of art and the treasures of the heart. I have a rehearsal, to-day, at Covent Garden, in a piece of Dryden's. We are all interested in its success, and I ought to give an example of punctuality."

"Yes, certainly," replied the lords, "we follow in your suite."

"But first let us cast up accounts," she resumed. "Mr. Osby, you have pictures booked, remember, for the Marquis of Pembroke, the Earl of Rochester, Chevalier Wallers, and our brother-artists, Dryden and Otway. As for my own portrait, you shall paint me in the group of our improvised drama, just enacted."

"Madam," replied Osby, "may my brush prove worthy this occasion! But to render it possible, no other work must preoccupy me. When will you sit, madam?"

"When you are installed in your lodgings, No. 15 Pall Street. There, my dear Apelles, I shall visit you, which is more suitable than to have you come to me, like my hairdresser or dressmaker; and there you can better arrange all the accessories of our picture."

"You overpower me with kindness, madam."

"See rather, sir, an *esprit de corps* in the honor I pay Art in the person of the artist."

"You have royal precedents, madam," said Wallers. "Francis I. and Charles V. reckoned it a feather in their caps to have picked up the brushes of Primaticcio and Titian."

"Delighted to find myself in such good company, chevalier." Then, placing herself in the centre of the Osby family group, who had all risen to take leave of their new friends, Nelly beckoned to John Graham. "My young friend," said she, "in asking the hand of Miss Osby, poor and obscure as you supposed her, you have not hesitated to embrace the charge of a numerous family, whose only support you might become at any moment. That is well, it is honorable, it is Christian. Mr. Osby is now in health, and has paying work before him for a lifetime; but you could not have known this, still less what only his majesty and I know. . . . Mr. Graham, you have asked and have received the hand of the daughter of the king's own painter.—Thomas Osby," added the actress, "here is your commission, signed this morning by the hand of our gracious monarch."

Osby silently and tenderly clasped the hand extended to him, and tears of grateful joy fell on it as he kissed it.

Now, under cover of this new surprise, and followed by her brilliant escort, Nelly Gwynn made her escape from the studio.

The clamor of people at the door, who were shouting "Long live Madam Ellen!" apprised those within of her departure. All sprang to the windows, and, waving their handkerchiefs, joined the popular ovation. This hymn, began in the mud, and passing through the tenements, arose to heaven:

"Her sins be forgiven her, because she hath loved much!"

While the gay crowd were hurrying to Covent-Garden Theatre, our lovely Sarah on her knees, surrounded by her little brothers and sisters, uplifted to our All-Father a voice of thanksgiving, and, raising her hands toward that firmament whither Christians transplant into the domain of saints affections torn from earth, she communed with the departed:

"Oh my mother! you foretold on your death-bed that our afflictions would pass, and that good was yet in store for us. Mother, your children are saved; the Almighty's blessing has fulfilled your words."

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THE SCAPE-GOAT.
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THE SCAPE-GOAT.

I WAS never more surprised than when Anna Baker wrote to me at Pine Ridge that she was about to marry Augustus Lampley. It took me a longer time than elapsed between the announcement and the marriage to reconcile myself to the fact. Mr. Lampley was, of course, an unexceptionable gentleman; but there was Mr. Beardsley, the minister—she had broken an engagement with him of five years' standing for the sake of this eloquent young lawyer.

Anna reckoned on my surprise, but vouchsafed no further palliation than came with the statement that the step she had taken, and the step she was about to take, had ample justification, and that I would, some time, see it. I never did see it. Mr. Beardsley was my cousin, and there was nothing in his subsequent career which proved to me that she did him a kindness in embittering a drop of the sweet waters of his soul. We needed him at home more than they needed him in Africa, and I have never been able to believe that laboring and dying among savages was a result to be thankful for, after all his years of culture.

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I saw little of Anna as Mrs. Lampley, for obvious reasons. A chasm seemed to open between us with her marriage, and, though she came once to Pine Ridge as a guest, the visit was never repeated, and never returned.

And now, it appeared, we were to have the three Lampleys with us for the summer. Augustus, their father, wrote to my grandmother, asking if she knew of any person in our neighborhood with whom he could trust his motherless children, and, of course, she answered, by return of mail, "Send them to me."

Within another week I had said good-by to the hope of rest till October; the house had been set in order; three rooms were made specially ready; and, on the afternoon of the third of May, more curious than eager, I drove to the station, three miles off, to meet the children. Mr. Lampley had written that business called him to England, and that, contrary to his expectation, he would not be able to accompany his family, but that the nurse who had lived with them since the birth of the oldest boy would do so instead.

This party I found at the station—Samuel, Augustus, and Olivia Lampley, and the nurse, Agnes Barnes.

Children, their father called them! Samuel, the eldest, was aiming toward six feet with a directness which made it quite certain that he would soon attain the stature. A well-groomed, well-fed animal, was my first thought; but it was not my last. There was much more than appeared behind his smooth, tranquil exterior.

Augustus was thin and dark as an Arab. There was nothing beautiful about him, except his large, dark eyes. Many a time you might have looked at him, without discovering what it was you liked so well in his unhandsome face.

Olivia Lampley was no Lampley at all, but the daughter of a dear friend who gave her to Augustus in whose house he died. She was the nearest to childhood of the three—an elegant girl, for whom Nature would do her utmost. Such a carriage-load of "children" was never before set down at the door of a country-house. Agnes Barnes, I could see, was a woman to appreciate her situation by keeping her eyes closed in the main, and indulging to the utmost in lethargic delights.

"I suppose you know where you are going?" I said to the boys, as we rode along through marshlands, our way bordered by fading iris and budding marsh-mallows, a sea of delicate green to the right and left, and a line of low hills away off in the distance.

"To Pine Ridge," they answered, together.

I looked at Olivia.

"To Washington's headquarters," said she.

"Yes. And he travelled over this road when it was in a much worse condition than it is even now, and when there was still less reasonable expectation of arriving at a comfortable shelter for the night than you have," said I.

"Olly expects to see the general's statue on the lawn, and his portrait in every room," said Augustus. "She has talked about nothing else all the way."

"Is it not so?" asked Olivia, gravely, though a tell-tale smile was in her eyes.

"Certainly," I answered.

"And Sam likes, above all things, to be under military discipline," continued the younger, enjoying the impatience which passed shadow-like over the placid face of the elder brother.

"You are all going to find exactly what you like," said I. "There is every thing at Pine Ridge, if you are only wise enough to know where to look for what you want, and when you have found it. Strange though it may seem, we have even mountains for those who cannot do without them—in the moon."

But I thought, while I spoke, that any one bent on keeping up a good understanding and perfect order among these young folks would have a time of it.

This conviction was followed by another, suggested by the curiosity the young people displayed concerning the traditions of the place. What a controlling influence might not a character like Washington's —so venerated, so beloved—exert upon characters in process of formation! Could it have any real determining power? Could imagination become so affected by it as to have exalted in it an ideal inspiring to the noblest human life?

Augustus appeared conceited and wilful; Samuel, sluggish, and possibly selfish; Olivia, a fair waif at the mercy of every wind that blew. What could the Washington traditions effect for them?

I determined to discover.

So my ride homeward, which began in dismay, ended with the exhilaration one feels who is about to undertake a novel experiment. I was even prepared to make grandmother's way easy for her. But that purpose was gratuitous and unnecessary; for when, since the world began, was that good woman not equal to any thing that could befall her? She went from necessity to necessity with a bound, and calamity was a thing she utterly ignored. It was so when she lost the Ives place and twenty thousand dollars through the mismanagement of an executor. It was so when she had the small-pox, which destroyed her beauty—her youthful beauty, I mean. It was so when her oldest son died in the army, and when my father was lost at sea. And now, in her eightieth year, she was still a tower of strength; only death could defeat or extinguish her.

There was no special occasion for misgiving on her account, therefore, thinking of the dismay with which she might look at the young Lampleys when she perceived that, though they came with a nurse, they were by no means in their infancy.

"I don't see the statue of Washington anywhere," said Olivia, looking around after she had stepped from the carriage to the porch. She glanced at Augustus, having completed her survey.

"It is a veiled statue," said he.

Grandmother stood in our midst the next moment, and I saw that the young people were capable of reverence in different degrees. Her appearance, which was majestic, impressed the little group, as it always did impress the circle, large or small, into which she came. Her step was firm, her form erect; she carried her white hair and her wrinkles superbly. The wrinkles were not indicators of fret, but were grand lines of sorrow—reports of a noble nature's interpretation of the grave facts of human history, which are translated out of a foreign tongue by heart and intellect only at great cost.

She speedily accommodated herself to this fact, that the children were young folks; and her smile came without effort, when she saw the lively group around her table. While she was recalling the last visit of their mother, a thought occurred to me, which I expressed, feeling that, if it led to a discussion, it might be best that they should hear it:

"Seeing that we have two young gentlemen, instead of the little lads we expected, don't you think we should let them occupy the general's room, grandmother?"

"That would be a very bad move, indeed, for Sam," interposed Augustus, with a hasty eagerness which expressed far more than we or he could have perceived. "He is such a fighting character already, and so bent on going to West Point"—the last words were spoken with less energy, in a lower tone, and he betrayed a little confusion when he had ceased speaking.

"On that ground, it might be a good thing," said my grandmother; "the general was a man of peace, if there ever was one."

Sam tried to laugh, but he looked annoyed. He wasn't quick enough to say any thing, before Augustus asked:

"Wouldn't it be too much like turning bears into a garden, madam?"

He addressed my grandmother. She answered:

"If I wanted the bears tamed, I would turn them in, and leave them there."

"With an overseer?"

"Certainly. The room is a pleasant one. I am glad you spoke of it, Harriet. Come and make your choice of apartments, gentlemen. Your mother once occupied the room we call General Washington's."

Grandmother was mistress of the situation. She began by calling these young fellows "gentlemen." It might have been prophesied that there would never be much skirmishing in her presence, and I perceived that, though she seemed to allow a choice of apartments, they would in reality occupy the one she had decided upon, and no other.

"Washington's chamber" was on the first floor in the old part of the house, and had remained, since his occupation of it, essentially unchanged. There were the same naked beams of oak overhead. The tiled chimney stood undespoiled of any of its glory, and the great cupboards still occupied the corners. The same view that he saw through the little panes of the low windows was presented to our eyes.

Sam looked about him when grandmother had led the way into the room, and was evidently impressed.

Augustus, in spite of his preceding reluctance, which I fancied was

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not feigned, was exceedingly pleased, and took possession immediately.

Olivia said, "How splendid!" Splendid enough was she, in the promise of her youth, to admire the simple, the common, and the quaint, and, with a glance at Sam, who stood at the window examining my mignonette and verbena boxes, she went over to the chimney and began to examine the extraordinary works of art embedded in it—Elijah fed by ravens, Christ walking on the waters, and scores of scenes besides, drawn from the same rich source.

Her mirth, as she gazed, drew Augustus as if she had called him, and, when he presented himself at her elbow, she proceeded to explain the various figures, as if it would, of course, be impossible for him to make out their meaning.

Grandmother left the room while the young people were thus occupied, and next we saw the trunks brought in. It had been taken for granted that our male guests preferred this apartment.

I now felt as certain of results as the electrician is when he has every thing in readiness for producing the electric light. I do not need to be reminded that sometimes the light fails to shine at the experimenter's behest.

As Augustus had suggested, there was a portrait of Washington in every room of the old stone house on Pine Ridge. Some of these were in oil, others were valuable copies of fine engravings which my grandmother had been called upon to authenticate as good likenesses.

She had become an authority with dealers, and most of these copies had been presented to her by the artists whose work they were. Our library, also, contained probably as many records of Revolutionary times as any private library in the land. If these young people had any love of research, there was a wide and inviting field before them.

"Is that the very bed the general slept on?" asked Augustus, one morning, as I stopped outside his window to look at my mignonette-boxes on the ledge.

I knew he was in the room, and I wished to called him out. I felt that there was something to be discovered about this lad. He was a gay fellow—his mother was a gay woman, and he resembled her in some respects, though handsome she was, and unhandsome he. He was not like her in her gayety, though; for his, though it often took a form which reminded of her, seemed to me assumed, nine times out of ten, to conceal restlessness, sadness, and disquiet. I had become more and more convinced of this, day by day, and I wanted to hear him talk about himself, and, if he would voluntarily, about his mother. What had Anna been to this child of her spirit? How much of her had entered into him? What had she done for him? Was she still doing any thing?

I told him the bed was the very same, and added, "Why do you ask?"

He answered, not instantly, "You never heard him say that he was troubled by bad dreams, I suppose?"

"Never."

At that he leaped through the open window, and, a few minutes after, we were walking down the orchards toward which our feet had involuntarily turned.

"But, doesn't he haunt you?" asked Augustus. "He does me. And you have seen quite as much of him as I have, I imagine."

"I never saw him, of course," said I, "and he don't haunt me."

"Perhaps you never slept in that room?"

"I never did. Don't you like it?" I felt at the moment I asked the question that the dear boy's hand lay in mine, passive yet strong. He would trust me.

"You promised we should have all we liked to have here."

"Does not my promise hold good?"

"I haven't what I like. I have a doubt. And I don't like doubts. I have a mind to tell you about it, Miss Harriet."

"Do," said I.

"Do you remember my joking Sam about West Point? That is where I have always wanted to go. Sam would as soon go to Bedlam."

"I suspect so. What hinders you, though?"

"Every thing."

"Really any thing? Have you looked into it closely?"

My question expressed readiness of sympathy, and Augustus looked grateful, his heart opened, he gave me his confidence, then and there.

"I have always admired people who could sacrifice their own wishes, and come up promptly to a duty, though it was not easy to them, and would have been impossible for weaker folks, cowards and selfish, like myself. But, putting me in that chamber has brought me to my senses. I am going to do my duty."

"That is clearly the thing to be done," said I. "Tell me all about it."

"*He* sacrificed his own wish to that of his mother, and see what results came of it. He must have seen in the end that the hand of the Lord was in it. I shall go to the theological seminary in two years. That is what my mother asked. She came from Lynn. It was her wish, her last wish, that I should go there and preach the Gospel. Think of it! But I will do it! I can, Miss Harriet, I can," he said, hurriedly.

"Will this please your father?" I asked.

"Any thing will please my father. All he wants is that we should stand by our choice when we have made it. He despises a turncoat. It is all right. Through this strait gate I shall pass to more freedom and liberty. I am so glad you let me say this to you! I couldn't talk about it to Sam or Olly. I am obstinate, and have had quite a fight with myself. But now you see I have surrendered my sword to mother and General Washington."

Having said all this, he began to smile again, and soon was intent on capturing a splendid green cecropia.

The more I pondered on what Augustus had told me, the more indignant I became. It was clear to my mind that his mother had regarded him as a scape-goat, and had aimed, through this ardent and generous spirit, to make reparation and restitution for certain losses to be charged against her. I inwardly entered my protest against this vicarious sacrifice.

The more I saw of the boy, the more evident it became to me that he was capable of taking the step he had announced himself resolved to take, and I perceived also that, when it was taken, other steps must succeed, which would lead him amid cold shadows and on into deeper gloom, where the heart would be chilled and paralyzed—that his life would be a joyless one. Nature had not intended him to perform the service of pastor or of preacher. The exaltation of conscience above instinct in this hard, rude fashion, the merciless trampling under foot of taste and of nature, would make his existence more stormy and warlike than that of Alexander. The prospect appeared so repulsive to me, that I with difficulty refrained from saying:

"There is no occasion for haste. The very enthusiasm you exhibit suggests an extinct fire. A cold sense of duty will be a cheerless helper to one like you. Wait." I longed to say this, but I did not dare. It might serve no better purpose than to make him suspicious of my ability to counsel wisely. He must be left to himself, to nature, and to time.

Samuel Lampley, going up and down the earth, would have been pronounced on all hands a good fellow. Kindness spoke out of every feature and motion. He had incomparable benignity—apparently no unmanageable tendencies, or mastering tastes—was as ready for one work as another, was neither idle nor dull, and, I began to suspect, not selfish. He had not at first attracted me; but I began now to see a necessity of investigating him. If General Washington was going to arise as a fate in the path of these young people, so potent in his silence, were there not other influences, silent also, as potent? It would, as I have already said, have been worse than folly to *argue* with Augustus.

So I found myself saying to Sam, "How would you like sitting under these trees the remainder of your life?"

"Don't ask me," he answered; "I should expect a volley from West Point, if I dared to hint the truth."

He blushed as he spoke, for he had expressed himself with not a little feeling—and to reveal a feeling was with him to be stuck fast in embarrassment. "You think I am lazy enough to sit here forever," he continued, just because of his confusion incapable of stopping short with the first sentence.

"Not at all," I answered. "But the quiet seems exactly to befit you. You don't disturb it."

"I don't believe I was meant to be much of a disturber," said he. "I am too fond of peace."

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"You have never told me what you were meant for, or what you intended to do with your life," said I.

He blushed again. "That would hardly interest anybody much," said he. "I haven't a feeling that I shall do very great things, and one must have that, you know, in order to do ever so little."

His remark surprised me, and not less did the emphasis with which he had spoken.

"I am not so sure of that," I said.

"Why, yes. We must begin by believing that we could have made a much better world to start with, for instance, or we shall never try to improve on the old order. So I have been told, at least."

"Don't believe all you are told. When you have made up your mind about your future, Sam, I hope you will tell me. I feel so much more interested in you young folks than you will be likely to suppose. I was your mother's friend."

Sam looked steadily at me, and his honest eyes moistened as he answered, "I have not heard so many people saying things like that, that I can afford *not* to take your word for it. I have made up my mind about my occupation. I shall go into the law."

"The law!" I could have laughed outright, had I not been oppressed by this weighty disclosure, made with so much seriousness.

"You like it?" said I.

He hesitated; then said, in a thoroughly manly manner, "Father must have one of us. He needs one of us; and he has a right to expect one of us." That was the way in which he had reasoned himself into his choice. Necessity—right.

"But there's Augustus," said I.

"Gus will do better, I hope." There it was again! Each aiming at happiness and success in life for the other, merely despairing of it for himself. I was myself in despair. I had not then heard so many persons, as since I have heard, speak of their life as a failure, and their choice of vocation as a mistake. I felt that the thing I was in the world for was to counteract the influence of Washington, and repair Anna Lampley's second and greatest mistake.

"Gus will do better, I hope. Mother wished him to go into the church, and so does father. He has about decided, I think. Of course, he could only decide their way. He will make a glorious preacher when he is fairly waked up to his work, and to what is in him. It is all in him. He is a splendid fellow. You don't see his best. You don't know how much good your grandmother has done us by turning us into that chamber. We have both been brought to reason."

If you think I could sleep the night after this brief talk with Sam Lampley, you are mistaken. I seemed to have all the future of these young lives in my hand, and knew not what to do. I wondered that their mother could rest in her grave. Perhaps she could not; perhaps she did not rest. The thought soothed me. Why should she be allowed a refuge in this time of danger, through whom the danger came!

I told Olivia what Augustus had said to me, and asked her what she thought. I knew not but some preservative power might lurk in this simple. She had before this day opened her heart to me, and disclosed a swept and garnished chamber, fragrant, orderly, and bright. She had told me, too, that she was only slowly recovering from the effects of the discovery that the boys were not her brothers, as up to the time of Mrs. Lampley's death she had supposed them to be. The loss of them, she said, she believed she should feel as long as she lived. When I told her, she did not hasten to answer.

"Is it a mistake?" I asked.

"If it is," she said, "who can remedy it? Mother thought she understood the boys. And she was so proud of Augustus, and so anxious that it should be settled before she died."

"But I believe," I said, "that it is only since he came here that he has found what he considers a warrant for self-immolation; for that reason I am sorry he came."

"It is a great deal better that he should come to a decision—either way," said she. "Perhaps it is better he should make up his mind to the ministry, then he will find out that he can't follow that calling; and he never would find it out, perhaps, till he had determined that he would follow it."

"The Lord be praised that you see it!" I mentally exclaimed; but I was amazed to hear the girl. She continued: "I think that in the end Sam will be in the pulpit—it's the place for *him*, and Augustus in the army, or anywhere else, poor Gus! I don't see quite where."

"And is all that as it should be?" I asked, as if consulting an oracle.

"I think so."

"Though Anna hoped otherwise?"

She did not answer.

"After all, then," I said, "she will come nearer to being blessed in her children than most women do. They will find their proper place and manfully accept it. It is a standing wonder that these preachers preaching to empty pews can't guess the reason why. Palissy didn't stop at his furniture when he wanted more fuel for his furnace-fires. He must have the enamel. If he hadn't been in earnest, he would hardly have dared to encounter the daily rage of his wife. You really think Augustus won't make a mistake?"

I still had no answer, and, looking up, perceived that Olivia had walked away while I spoke.

. .

In October the young people left us. The following year Mr. Lampley married again and went abroad, never to come back. The next report we had of him, he had died in Egypt of fever. I heard nothing further of the boys until the succeeding autumn, when Augustus came to Pine Ridge. He came alone, without having announced his intention. Guest could not have been more welcome. I had been occupied with sad duties and sad thoughts through all the summer until late in September, when my grandmother ceased to take part in mortal affairs. Augustus had heard of her death, and came while I was in the midst of preparations for closing the house, thinking, he said, that he might be of some service to me. But as he needed not to say, and indeed would not say, he had come with quite another purpose, namely, to fortify himself for the impending step—entrance to the theological seminary. I knew this quite as well as if he had confessed it—too well, in fact. But the morning after his arrival he came from his chamber with a countenance changed, and wearing an expression I had never seen on it before.

"I have been considering Sam's case," he said to me; they were his first words after the morning greeting. "I have come to the conclusion that I did not understand rightly the voice of the oracle—he will never succeed at the law."

I begged that he would explain his meaning, though I was not quite candid in intimating thus that I did not see the intimate connection between these words, and all that he had been saying and thinking since the day of his mother's death.

"I will be more explicit, then," said he. "I shall never succeed in the ministry, I fear. The more I reason with myself, the more clearly I see that it is not my duty. I have been watching with myself through the night, and I seemed to hear the general saying, again and again, that I should best fulfil my mother's noblest wish by entering the vocation for which Nature had best endowed me."

"If the Father of his Country is the man of sense I have always taken him to be," said I, "you may depend upon it you are not mis taken this time; it is just what he must have been saying."

"I can't do my best in the pulpit, or in the army; but I can in the law, and I will take my father's place," he said, with a quiet determination, which showed that all was settled.

"O General Washington," I thought, "you have proved your right to an influence at last!"

That very day Sam Lampley followed his brother down to Pine Ridge, and Augustus told him what he for his part had resolved upon. There was no flinching of voice or of glance as he spoke.

Sam's face was transfigured by the announcement, as I had seen that of Augustus in the morning. He threw up his hands with an exclamation of delight. "I felt as sure of it as I dared," said he; "but how did it ever come about?"

"Why, I don't know," answered Augustus, "unless it has come of lying in state at Pine Ridge."

"My path is clear enough now," said Sam. "Oh, Gus, so clear!"

"From beginning to end," returned Augustus.

What they meant by that, I understood better than I did at the time the words were spoken, when Olivia came as the Reverend Samuel Lampley's bride, and the sister of Augustus, to spend the Lynn pastor's summer vacation with me.

The scape-goat is never wanting, I suppose; but, thanks to Nature and the general, this time willingness made the victim no victim, and his burden a blessing.

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TOLD FOR TRUTH.: WHAT A HEART MAY CONTAIN.
Appletons' Journal of Literature, Science and Art (1869-1876); Oct 2, 1869; II, 27;
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pg. 210

TOLD FOR TRUTH.

WHAT A HEART MAY CONTAIN.

SOUND science has scouted at the idea of the sentimental phrase, "a broken heart," having any *literal* signification. Yet some authorities have affirmed that such an accident as a real rupture of one of the ventricles of the heart in man, and even in the lower animals, may occur under the strain of very sudden or intense emotion, or in consequence of too extreme physical effort, as in leaping, running, climbing, or in lifting heavy weights.

The writer who records the following remarkable facts, will not undertake either to discuss or to repair broken hearts, in this place, but will leave the appreciation of his narrative to those who are familiar with the marvels of science.

I have a queer sanctum and a quiet one among the rocks that overlook the wildest cliffs above Weehawken, and it is haunted by queer people. They all live and move before you every day, good reader, but their names are, probably, not on the list of your fashionable acquaintances. They are men and women of peculiar studies, quaint experiences, varied and often sad adventures; but they are pleasant companions after all, not warped and soured by the merited or unmerited buffetings of the world, but only quieted and humbled by what they have learned and seen. Their only sarcasm is for the arrogance, assumption, and the little apish affectations which wealth, position, or the spirit of coterie, sometimes brings out, like a rash, upon the moral surface of weak people.

All these friends are scientific students and thinkers; most of them polyglot in languages and learned specialties; many of them distinguished as professors and practitioners. Life is too solemn and intricate a mystery for them to trifle with it, and death too close at hand, too easily invoked, too sudden in its coming, to be forgotten even during their gayest hours. Only the uninformed or the thoughtless make light of either life or death, or any of those inexplicable things that are over, under, and around us, continually and forever, whether our immortality be clothed with the flesh or with the spirit only.

Should you feel interested in such company as you find here dimly suggested, the writer may make you better acquainted with them and their strange but intellectually-delightful meetings, at an early day.

A rainy evening in June of the present year, after a sultry day, mists and shadows resting over the Hudson and the green heights beyond, while far to the right, on the lowland stretching seaward, and fading into the veil of distance, lay the great city, like a jagged cloud dotted with specks of light. The birds were silent; the house was still; the gloaming sombre; and the very fire-flies seemed languid in the occasional flashes they threw out, like signals among the dripping leaves that hung beyond the edge of the high-perched, covered balcony, where another sat with me, talking of strange things confidingly, in undertones, as real friends may do.

My companion, whom I shall make free to call the "Doctor," slipped his thumb and forefinger into his waistcoat-pocket, and drew something from it which he showed to me. It was a sort of sheath, about two inches in length, half an inch in diameter, and of a steely gray color.

"Examine that," he said.

I took the article and looked at it, surmising, from its appearance, that it was of platinum.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"*In the heart of a man who is dead!*"

I started with amazement at so singular a reply; but the doctor sat there beside me, calm and perfectly cool, looking with a grave face toward the dim spires on the horizon.

"I said the *heart*," he resumed, "in order to strike your attention, without having to explain things at tedious length. In science, however, the expression is a heresy. But had I at once said the *pleura*, you would not have understood me. Let me now remark that the pleura proper consists of two membranes, one of which lines the interior surface of the ribs, and the other touches the lung. Pleura, lung, mediastine, and heart, such is the quadruple combination that forms a totality which we term life. This article was in the pleura."

This explanation had hopelessly darkened the whole affair for me. How could so large an object introduce itself into the heart? How could it be there for a moment without causing the most terrible disorder, if not immediate death? Then, above all, what was it?

The doctor continued:

"This deceased friend of mine was forty years of age. We had gone through college together. Fifteen years ago, he fell desperately, sincerely, in love with a young girl. Both were free, but his whole family bitterly opposed the idea of his marrying a lady whose pedigree they asserted was stained with crime, and the condition of affairs surrounding him was such that he had to defer to their opinion, for the time at least, yet under protest, and looking forward to the day when he should be absolutely independent, and could make his bride happy in a comfortable home.

"But the poor girl was consumptive, and her chagrin at the indignity put upon her by the relatives of her preferred lover was such as to hasten the progress of her malady. In a few months, she died, leaving him utterly desolate. Still, he did not weep. Alas, the fountains of his tears were sealed by so paralyzing a sorrow. He watched by the dead; assisted with quiet dignity at her burial; and then, turning away from her grave with a face ghastly yet stern, was seen no more in his accustomed haunts for several days. Some said that he had gone upon a long journey. But, about a week afterward, he was found lying in a remote part of a wood, some thirty miles from ——, with a discharged pistol on the grass beside him. He had

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fired a ball, as every one believed, into his heart. Yet there were signs of life about him, and he was brought to the nearest town, where I chanced to be at the country-house of an old patient. The local physician and surgeon happened to be absent, and I was summoned in haste to the inn to which the dying man had been conveyed. Brief examination convinced me that not only was the wounded man still living, but that there was even a possibility of his recovery. His hand had not been steady, and the bullet must have passed the most vital portion of the heart without injuring it. I tended him as one tends a favorite brother. He was restored to consciousness, but it was impossible to extract the bullet. A pleurisy set in with the worst symptoms; but I saved him.

"His first question was, whether I had removed the bullet. I could but acknowledge that to do so was beyond my power, when, to my surprise, he smiled, and shook me warmly by the hand. After that, he recovered sufficiently to move about and mingle with the world; but he, thenceforth, lived utterly retired and alone, never joining in any festivity, and hardly ever seen to smile.

"This sort of existence continued for nearly fifteen years, and everybody respected the great sorrow that made him a recluse. At length, a fortnight since, he sent for me, and, when I called on him, he said: 'I'm going to die, sir; she beckons me to join her.'

"This peculiar announcement I did not understand, although I knew what he meant when he said 'She—'

"His ailment was again pleurisy. I did my best, but in vain. Day before yesterday he asked me whether he was dying.

"'Yes,' I replied, for, as I told you, I loved the man and I could not tell him an untruth.

"'Then,' he rejoined, 'when I am dead you will extract the ball, and—you will keep it, won't you?'

"I promised that I would; my friend died, and I did as he had requested.

"I searched for the bullet, and found it in the place that I described to you. But, here it is, and, as you see, it is not a bullet in the proper sense of the word, but a sheath, and it is not lead, but soldered platinum. The soldering, as you may know, could be effected only at an extraordinary white heat. How was it done? and what mystery does this case conceal? Science must inform us."

By this time night had set in with redoubled gloom, and the chandeliers within having been noiselessly lighted by a servant, while we were both intent upon the narrative, we withdrew from the balcony and ascended to a den up-stairs, where, in the lower tier of a lofty turret of solid masonry, I have all the apparatus and material of a thorough chemical laboratory, and above it telescopes and night-glasses to sweep the starry heavens—nay, even the foggy atmosphere.

The doctor at once went to work, and quickly succeeded in opening the little cylindrical sheath. Two things fell out of it—a little pinch of whitish dust, and a battered ring. The latter was plainly of pure gold. The electric heat had not reached it directly, but it had softened.

The ring, the whitish dust, the mystery, were there, palpable and visible before us.

The problem of a life had taken shape and form.

The doctor placed the dust under the lens of a microscope.

"This," said he, "is human ashes."

"Then the ring—?"

"There are letters engraved upon the ring: '*Remember;*' and below these an inscription in very fine text: 'J. L. February 28th, 1854.' But J. L.—those were not the dead lady's initials."

"Journal! perhaps, is the word they designate," I exclaimed.

The doctor glanced at me with a mocking look of surprise.

"You are a jeweller, are you?" he said.

"Perhaps," was my reply, "but why may not these letters mean some register, some memento? There is a date, and nothing agrees better with the idea."

At the same moment, my gaze fell upon some blank-books and documents belonging to the deceased, which the doctor had brought with him, and had mentioned to me when he first came that evening. He had laid them down upon the open leaf of my secretary when he began his experiment with the platinum-case.

I picked up one of the blank-books and rapidly turned over the leaves. It was a journal regularly dated, and on the last page was written in large letters, "*February* 28*th*, 1854."

"I love you," ran the text. "You have just placed the ring of our betrothal on my finger. Should I die before you do, take the ring again and wear it on your heart, for the remainder of your life."

Lower down, were these words in another hand:

"I have obeyed. You died. The ring clung tightly to your finger, and I have taken *both ring and finger* from your beloved corpse. I shall not keep them *on* my heart only, but *in* my heart."

The distracted man had amputated the joint above which the ring rested. Then, by whom and how had he caused it to be enclosed in the platinum sheath? No one probably will ever tell. At all events, it was with this strange missile that he had intended to penetrate his heart, and chance alone had saved him.

This is a peculiar story, but a true one, and the annals of surgery show that hazard has, in the lapse of time and the multiplicity of cases, produced some similar escapes, that appear little less than miracles to the every-day reader.

If you would know the name of him who thus bore a love-token, literally next his heart, for thirteen years, glance at the medallion on the broken marble pillar that counts as the third from the gateway on the left-hand side, as you pass up the willow walk in the —— Cemetery. The device represents a heart, on which is carved a lady's finger bearing a ring, and the inscription as we have previously given it:

"*Remember.* J. L. February 28th, 1854."

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TWO LIVES DISCOVERED.
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TWO LIVES DISCOVERED.

THE shopman who waited on Parke Brested seemed a little curious to discover what he meant to do with the materials he was purchasing. It was, indeed, not among the likelihoods that he was buying for himself. He had not the look of a workman, and he bought too freely. Any artist, or any wise art-student, would have been more discriminating and cautious. Parke was lavish as ignorance, and he talked more than men are wont to talk who have a serious will and solid plans.

Two or three questions, adroitly asked, placed the dealer in possession of these facts: that the young gentleman had lived many summers by the sea, and that he was preparing to go to the coast again, and, moreover, that he intended to make a few sea-sketches. He had seen several fine marine views, which were attracting great admiration, and had suddenly formed the opinion that it must be a fine thing to be an artist.

The dealer had heard in his time a great deal of talk like that, and, as he was getting to be an elderly man, it did not amuse him as it might have done when he was younger; for his observation and experience had instructed him thoroughly in the meaning of life, and he knew that existence would never leave a man unchallenged—he must show how much of real service he had performed in this life, before he would be allowed to pass with the badge of honor out of it. So often had he seen the requirements met by ignominious incapacity,

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that he felt, as it were, called upon to warn, directly or indirectly, any youth who came in his way, giving evidence that he had no adequate conception of his business on earth.

This youth now before him exhibited signs of wealth—gave evidence that he had lived at his ease. He was about to amuse himself merely, it was likely, for a summer, by work which would probably prove in the end less profitable than positive idleness. There was no time to be lost; and so, saying, "I would like to show you two little sea-pieces which I have on exhibition," he led the way into a small gallery in the rear of his shop. "There," he continued, pointing to companion-pieces, which showed the ocean in storm and in calm, "there—that's what I call perfection. If you are going to paint marine views, don't stop short of that. The sea is all there—the vastness, depth, color, magnificence, all within a foot and a half. I will undertake to sell for you as many pictures, good as that, as you can paint, for a thousand dollars apiece. But, by the time you are able to execute in like style, you will be half a fish yourself. You will have to live in the sea, almost."

A customer called the shopman away in the midst of his talk.

Parke went down to the sea-house, in consequence of his purchase of that particular dealer, with these points clearly defined, at least so far as words could define them: he was to study the ocean in its vastness, in its depth, in its color, in its calm and its stormy aspects. He had his father's far-seeing eyes. What should hinder his doing what he had determined to do? And to think of one thousand dollars for one foot and a half of canvas! He could paint twenty pictures in a season, easily, and all unlike. "Take any twenty days by the sea," he said, "and you will have twenty different aspects." Twenty thousand dollars for a summer's work!

No wonder Parke found it difficult to keep his secret, as he set out for the coast with his mother, who was so troubled in these days, since it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the mines, for which his father, the captain, had exchanged the most valuable part of his property, had turned out quite worthless. And no wonder that, when his uncle said to him, with rather stern intent, though the words, as spoken, had a jocular sound—"I will give you till fall, Parke, and then, if you don't make up your mind to stay with me, we shall fall out, I'm afraid"—he was tempted to reply, "To China with your tea-trade! I prefer to deal in the native products, and, with twenty thousand dollars per annum, won't ask any favors." But he wisely kept his own counsel, and even reserved the great joy for his mother by maintaining silence for the present.

His uncle had become so impressed with a sense of the evil the youth was deriving from this long lounging around, that he would even have discountenanced that month at the sea-house; but he could not find it in his heart to expostulate with his poor sister, and it did, in fact, seem necessary that somebody should go down and set the place in order, for the Wagrams were to take possession for the summer on the 1st of May. It was natural that Helen should wish and expect Parke to accompany her, and, indeed, it might be that she would have need of him. But it was very evident to the old gentleman that the boy was getting no good, but a great deal of harm instead, by his haphazard, indolent way of picking up information and acquiring knowledge in regard to a thing so serious as life.

To the sea, therefore, they went together—the widow of Captain Brested, and her son.

And so it was that, while Parke—who had all his father within him, except his father's will, and all his father externally, except that something which human beings feel and recognize as consciousness of power—stood on the northeast corner of the piazza, which extended around the house, and looked up the coast of barren, white sand-hillocks, and out upon the sea, or moved along to the south end, and gazed on the sandy bluff, and the soft greens of grass, and the dark hues of dwarfed cedars, and the white sand, and the daily-changeful beach-lines, and the sea, and the ships—while he studied, and was absorbed, apparently, beyond power of distraction, and persuaded himself that he had found his vocation because the novelty of the study could not wear away in one month of such changeful skies and seas as April gave him—little Oliver Wagram was getting to be an almost vexatious question in his uncle's house. Of course, anybody who knew the family might have predicted that, when they came to make the removal from Fourth Street to Sea-House, Oliver would accompany them; but, nevertheless, the question must be discussed now, as with every occasion—what was to be done with him?

The lad was an orphan, and, luckily, not poor, but the heir to a fortune which forbade his being regarded exactly as an encumbrance, though it would seem that any thing that suggested other thoughts than those of ease or of beauty, must be considered an encumbrance by the mother of the Wagram children.

From his birth, Oliver was a misshapen boy; and he was every way awry—so it was said. But, how far this criticism found in itself its verification, might well be asked; the boy was sensitive in spirit, and getting to be wretchedly so in regard to his person. He had begun to shrink from observation, and to wonder if others perceived in him what his aunt saw, and what he himself saw. His impulse was, to skulk away out of sight on every occasion, when it was the least probable that he would attract observation. Poor child! how he suffered from the want of that motherly tenderness which would have covered him as with a cloak, and surrounded him with an atmosphere, warm with love, through which to look into human faces!

But perhaps there was a suggestion of tenderness in the kind of management to which he was subjected. Possibly he was treated with a roughness little short of cruelty in order that he might the better be able to meet what the world had in store for him with indifference. It is easier to think so than that out of cruel hearts had leaped the impulse to confuse, distract, and distress a child. No wonder he had come to consider himself a sort of pariah, to be treated, if he came in the way of pitiful hearts, with a kindliness as unwelcome as contempt or scorn.

Nobody, as yet, taking him by the hand, had led him to Labor, and said, "Here is thy son; train him in the way best pleasing to thee. He will love thee for the service thou requirest."

This was the one great thing that could be done for him by a mortal. There was no blessing but that which would consecrate him to some noble work, that could save the life of little Oliver Wagram from perpetual sorrows.

How impossible it was for the boy to imagine that the decision to rent the sea-house was a matter of moment to him! He might, indeed, gain a little strength from the sea-air, and, in constant view of that living beauty, the pallor and pain might in a measure be withdrawn from his features; but, at the most, this advantage seemed likely to be all. So it is! That day and hour which shall give resurrection, regeneration, salvation—no man knoweth.

But, little Wagram, sitting on the trunk ready for the cartmen, rejoice that you are going out of Fourth Street to look upon the Atlantic Ocean from the grand piazza extending seaward, over which Captain Brested walked once, as he walked his double-decker on the deep, in the joy of his manly heart. You, who have never had a friend, are going to find Parke Brested.

Yet think of it—that vacillating, not a little vain and selfish fellow—is it really a matter of congratulation that Oliver shall find him by the sea? He is to find a friend. Where is that heroic saint, or that sage, who will willingly consent to be gazed upon by eyes that look not on him with something less than the keen searching of thought bent on scientific exploration?

The Wagrams came, and they found the sea-house in order. The captain's widow had retired with her son to the farm-house inland, and Parke was now daily making excursions to the coast, that he might there continue the studies which had been so provokingly interfered with by the arrangement which drove them, as one might say, out of their house. *As one might say*—Parke knew better than to say it. His uncle had said enough to show him that his father's estate was not in the condition which his father, dying, had supposed. He knew that the bequests made in the last will and testament could only be paid at frightful cost—a cost that would almost impoverish his mother. But he knew, too, that she had determined that they must be paid, if it exhausted the value of the estate. She had health, and her hands, and the truest womanly pride; and she reverenced the memory of her husband. Knowing this, Parke made no complaint at the turn affairs had taken under the inspection of executors; but he did allow himself, when they had retired to the farm-house, to show a face on which the hope of youth was clouded by discontent and discouragement. It was evident that he was to be greatly distressed, if not terrified, by the prospect before him. This fact, so apparent, disturbed his good mother, as may be supposed. She did not dare to talk with him, as she would have liked to talk, in regard to those bequests. She was afraid that he might demur, and in this way, if in no other, dishonor the name he bore.

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One day, as he was putting off from the point in his boat, intending to go farther up the beach, and spend the day at some place favorable for study, Parke saw Oliver Wagram on the shore, watching him, while he made his preparations, with serious eyes. He knew that the boy belonged to the family now occupying the sea-house. Already he had spoken to him once or twice, and, as he was about to push off, he called to him, and asked if he would like to go along. The boy answered by a spring, both arms extended. "Come on, then," said Parke; and he excused himself for inviting a companion into his solitude by saying that he would not be interfered with in the least by the company of that little whiffet. He was going to study the waves and the surf, and would bring back with him evidence of a long and a successful day's work.

But, as he rowed along, Parke talked with Oliver, and found in himself the object of the lad's admiration, as he so easily delivered his strokes. That did not displease him. He liked to meet the gaze of those large, mild, brown eyes—only they were too sad.

All at once, as he was about to draw the boat ashore, he thought, for the first time, that possibly some anxiety might be felt by the boy's friends in his absence, and he said:

"It's odd I have brought you down here—nobody knows where you are."

"That's no matter," said the boy, as if he thought it might even be a good thing if some anxiety could be excited in regard to himself.

"Ah! but if they get alarmed at the house?"

"Nobody gets alarmed about me. I always stay out as long as I wish, and go where I please."

"Well, in that case, I can make myself easy. I have come here to study awhile; you may pick up shells, or lie down, or continue to do as you say you are in the habit of doing—what you please."

"Well, sir," said the boy; and he walked off a short distance, climbed a sand-bank, which was crowned with green, and sat down there, facing the sea. Beneath him were flocks of pretty snipe, playful as children, hopping along the sand, running before the waves as they came in, and plucking from them what they would or could.

It was a barren spot—rich only in beauty.

Parke sat down to his work, and Oliver never once approached him. He was in the happiest mood—indeed, he almost dreamed that he had found a friend in the handsome young gentleman who had so kindly brought him here. Oh, that these hours might last forever, or that he might die here!

He was dreaming, with his eyes wide open, and the sounds of the sea in his ears, when Parke called to him. It would have been impossible for him to say how long a time had passed; but it was getting dark. It was the clouding sky which had changed the aspect of things, and made him think that day might be waning. Descending quickly from his perch, he ran down to Parke, who stood looking at the sky rather doubtingly, though he spoke with a good deal of assurance—

"We can get back first, I think; but we shall have a storm before night."

Oliver said, "Yes, sir," and looked rather pleased; nothing could come amiss, certainly, on such a day as this.

"Can you row?" asked Parke; and then he seemed to be ashamed that he had asked, for he laughed at himself, and took up the oars with quite an air, and hoped that he had not betrayed what he was thinking; for, in fact, he felt uneasy, and assured himself that it would be a good thing when they were safe within the point lying behind the bluff. As he took off his coat and folded it, he was less conscious of the gaze of those brown eyes than he had been before. There could come a time, it appeared, when even admiration could fail to engage the thoughts of Parke Brested—one might have supposed that the world must first come to an end.

The wind was in his favor, and yet, though he made tolerably good progress, a shadow began to pass over Parke's face as he rowed on, a shadow which the little being opposite him began to feel—it was as if the sun were about to be eclipsed. But Parke was thinking, "I never was caught in a scrape like this before; the Lord only knows what would become of us if a squall should happen to hit us."

That was exactly what did happen, as they neared the point. The wind came down on them like sudden wrath, and then, in his right hand, Parke held a broken oar, and in a second the boat was half filled with water. Little Wagram's hat blew off, and Parke, making frantic efforts with his single oar to guide the boat, saw him sitting there with a face pale as death, yet illuminated by a light of exultation and of joy. Rising from his seat, and holding to the edge of the boat, the next moment he came creeping close to Parke, and said:

"We can't get in, sir—can we?"

"What is the boy made of?—he's crazy," thought Parke. "I never can save myself and him too. It will be a miracle if he isn't out of this world in less than ten minutes."

"We must try," he answered aloud. "I will do all I can."

"Don't mind me, sir," said Oliver. "I'll keep hold of this, and maybe—"

He had a part of the broken oar in his hand; he was going to sit down again, holding it, when the boat capsized.

Parke could swim. He did not lose his presence of mind; he knew that his life depended on his coolness, and he thought of the ten times his father had been wrecked, the instant he found himself among the waves. In a momentary lull he saw that the shore was near, and he promised himself he would reach it. Just then he noticed littl Wagram again, and his heart smote him, for the boy was struggling among the breakers, and that strange look which had in it no appeal, no fear, had not yet entirely disappeared from his face. There was a struggle in his mind. How long it lasted, he could never have told; but it was sufficiently defined to compel a choice, and he chose. He would take the boy to shore with him—dead or alive, they would go in together. Ah, at what a moment the test was given to Parke Brested, and the decision compelled! He might so easily have given himself merely to the business of saving his own life! might so easily have proved a coward!—and he did not.

They did come to shore together; the great waves tossed the boys upon the beach, both of them; and, as it chanced, linked together, somehow they were thrown among the *débris* of a vessel wrecked on the coast years before, and the ruins kindly detained them when the billows receded—neither of these waifs had any consciousness by which to seize hold of helps to life.

Parke first revived and looked about him, and made the discovery that his right arm was broken. Several minutes passed before Oliver's eyes opened, and Parke greeted him with a burst of laughter, so perplexed he looked, and so long he was in discovering what had happened to him, and where he was.

"Here we are," cried Parke. "How are you? Have you enjoyed your nap?"

Oliver sat up and looked around him. "You have saved my life," said he; "I'm going to stay with you."

"Yes," answered Parke, still speaking in a very lively voice, "you'll be my man Friday, and we will take possession of this desert island. Afterward we'll try to make our way home, and get our bones set, and dry clothes on them."

At that Oliver stood up, and seeing that Parke was holding his right arm very carefully, he said: "Are you hurt, sir?"

"Something has happened which will keep me quiet the rest of the summer, I reckon," answered Parke.

"Did I catch at your arm when you swam near me?"

Parke did not answer for a moment, and then he said: "I don't know. I guess not."

"I did!" said Oliver. "I tried not to, but I couldn't help it. That's what you got by not letting me go."

"We won't talk that silly way," said Parke. "I'm glad, for one, that I'm on shore, and able to find my way home again. No grumbling, if you please. You will have to go with me. You can't wade across that inlet as you could have done this morning. See how the waves are tearing in! Come home with me, and I'll have you taken over to the house."

"You needn't mind about sending me away from you, sir," Oliver thought, as they walked together across the sand toward the road which ran behind the bluff, and along the stream, and so among the farm-lands. He did not say it aloud, but afterward, when he found himself in the spring-wagon going toward the sea-house, one of the farm-hands driving at full speed, for Mrs. Brested, of course, understood well the anxiety and even alarm which would be felt on account of the boy's absence in the storm, he wished that he had spoken out, and not allowed himself to be sent away from the only place on earth where he had ever felt at home.

At the sea-house, this adventure with its quite serious consequences—for Parke's broken arm was a circumstance to make much

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of in the *circle of the young* Wagram's—*was* considered to have its decided advantages. It held its own warning. Oliver was the hero of a most unenviable experience, and the effects of excitement and exposure on his poor little body were such that the children of the family were quite impressed, and fancied for the time that they would never dare to trifle in their sport with a power so undeviating in claiming its prerogatives as the Atlantic Ocean.

When Oliver and Parke met again there was a prophecy of warm friendship in the way they greeted each other. They had embraced each other in the extremity of danger—in the felt presence of death. Was there any thing beneath the sun, any thing in life more fierce which they could encounter?

Parke disabled from work was at liberty to suppose that he might have made any imaginable degree of progress during the summer. He believed that Oliver's life had cost him this opportunity of proving how much of the artist there was in him—and who would venture to say how many years of twenty thousand dollars' income! He had *bought that life which seemed* indeed *to recognize* itself as somehow belonging to him — and was happiest when near him. Parke had not been without friends all his life. The love of this boy was not an experience so rich and so new that he could be surprised by it into an undue valuation thereof. Still he could not find it in him to say, or to feel, that he had gained nothing, while losing so much.

One day they happened to be on the beach together, and while looking out on the blue sea so bright in the sunlight, so tranquil in the calm, they talked of the storm which had wrecked them, and, as well, hundreds of masted vessels all along the coast, and Parke found himself saying:

"But for that I should have been making studies of the waves now, *from morning till night. That was what I intended* to do with this summer."

"Could you paint the sea?" asked Oliver, looking as surprised as if such a possibility as that any one should paint it had never before occurred to him.

"Perhaps not—but I intended to try;" and then Parke felt that he had betrayed himself, and exhibited his lack of generosity, and he looked accordingly.

And now must this loving boy proceed at once to ascertain, in one way or another, and never rest until he had discovered, whether he indeed could be worth as much to any mortal as this summer had been in anticipation to Parke Brested.

"What will you do now?" he asked, shyly.

"Oh, I shall go into the tea-business, I suppose. My uncle is about tired of recommending it to me—but I shall stay here through the summer just as I intended, though I can't use my arm."

"I am always in somebody's way," sighed poor little Oliver.

"It *would have* happened just the same with you here, or a hundred miles off," exclaimed Parke; that sigh and those words were more than he could stand. "I was going out, as you know very well, when I saw you and invited you to go along. I am glad you accepted my invitation; if you hadn't, we might never have got acquainted at all."

"Then I'm glad," said Oliver. "And perhaps I can paint for you!"

He looked eager enough to be capable—if desire could only supply faculty.

"Perhaps you can," said Parke, in jest—yet the words were spoken gravely. He could not speak in any other way with the grave face of that boy before his eyes. "I would like to see you doing what I would have *liked to do," he continued, in a different strain.* "My hands might have come short of it — and indeed I suppose they would have come short. But now tell me—what do you see out there?"

Instead of answering, the boy, from a steadfast gazing, hid his face between his knees to conceal the agitation it betrayed, and the tears in his eyes. A feeling of ownership surprised the soul of Parke—it lifted him up with a lofty sense of possession. He touched Oliver's shoulder gently. "Tell me," he repeated.

"I see nothing that I could manage," said Oliver. "You are the one I would like to please best. I thought I had a hard time of it to please others before—but that would be easier than to do what you ask. You might as well ask me to make the ocean."

But Parke did not believe what his ears heard. He began to feel as his father must have felt many a time—something of that determination which no obstacle could daunt.

"You don't see any forms, then?" said he. "You don't see any color? You don't hear any thing that colors could describe? It's a little box of a place out there—an acre or two of water—what you might call a water-lot!"

Oliver lifted his face again, and his eyes scanned the vast expanse before him. It was a gaze that took in infinity, or that was, rather, absorbed in it; a gaze that saw, too, the little shells of lovely dies which the great waves had laid upon the sand. "I can take the time to do any thing," he said slowly, looking at Parke. "Nobody wants me for any thing in particular. I wouldn't be in anybody's way here. I don't mind trying for you. Perhaps I'll do better than you think, and *paint you the sea.*"

"Then you shall have my colors!" said Parke. "Walk home with me, and I'll give over every thing to you that I bought in preparation before we came down here. If I conclude to try again some time, I'll let you do the same thing for me. But you must promise to keep your secret, and not let anybody see the pictures besides me. That was what I was going to do. Then I meant some day to take a specimen, and go to some marine painter, and ask him to judge my work. I intended to discover what I could do with my own eyes, without saying 'By your leave' to anybody."

"I shall do as you would have done," said Oliver; and he walked home with Parke, and carried away with him the helps to work which he needed, repeating as he went, "size—color—sound—shape," as if fearful of forgetting the four things he was to *study in* the new work which he was going to undertake for his love's sake.

And what have I suggested here? That love creates faculty? No! but that it may be the acutest discoverer thereof! As to the creation—we will not touch upon that.

Be persuaded that Parke Brested never carried into the dealer's shop a bit of canvas measuring one foot, more or less, to claim his thousand dollars. He went instead, into the tea-trade, with the encouraging consciousness that, by so doing, he would at least be able to pay forthwith for the clothes he wore and the food he ate, and not stand an embarrassing obstacle in the executors' way when they would proceed to carry out the captain's wish, in appropriating funds for the bequests.

Be assured, moreover, that, as time passed on, he found himself less and less capable of counting among his losses that of the summer in which he sat, as it were, at the feet of the boy whose life he had discovered for him. And shall he not rejoice when he sees in *those grave eyes the sweet light of love*—in those sad eyes the bright evidences of success?

The sea-house, built upon the sands, and called the Captain's Folly, has been swept away by the floods; but the honor of the old captain, which in his lifetime stood on a firm foundation, unmoved by whatsoever storm of fortune, has been verified in the manly integrity of his son.

Honor, health, and wealth to Brested and Wagram! and a gale of fortune to all poor souls for whom LIFE has not yet been discovered!

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WASHINGTON'S WEDDING.
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WASHINGTON'S WEDDING.

IT is now some years since I visited a venerable edifice intimately connected with the life of a great man—old St. Peter's Church, in New-Kent County, Virginia, where Washington was married.

Let us leave for a moment the bustle, turmoil, and "rush," of the Iron Age, and go back to the last century, when life was more deliberate, solid, and picturesque. The old church of which I speak takes you easily back, as you gaze at it; and there is the added interest of its association with the nuptials of Washington.

Old St. Peter's was built as far back as the year 1703, and is a long, low building, of "sun-dried brick," brought over from England, as was then the habit, with a steep roof, and walls embrowned by age. A square tower rises above the open vestibule, on a level with the ground, and in this tower is the vestry-room, to which you ascend by a lofty flight of ancient and creaking steps. Crowning the tower is a sort of steeple, surmounted by crossed rods, bearing the letters "N. S. E. W.," and on the summit of all is a small portion of an old weather-cock, which probably veered in the winds of the last century.

The surroundings of the time-honored edifice are as antique as the building, which stands on its wooded knoll, with the sturdy air of a veteran, careless of "time and tide." On the bricks are carved names and dates by hands that have long crumbled. One of these dates is 1739. On a great tombstone beneath the oriel window, walled up, for some reason, is a coat-of-arms, raised in bass-relief—a shield, with a "lone star" upon it; above, a knight's vizard, with the coronet—of a duke or marquis apparently—encircling it; and, surmounting all, the grinning head of a wolf. On this stone, dark and durable as was the marble of that epoch, is cut the date "1716." Not a tracery has grown dim, not a letter or figure is indistinct. The wolf's tongue lolls out fiercely; his eyes glare; his teeth snarl. The rain and snow and sunshine have fallen for a century and a half on the knightly helmet and the head of the wolf—and neither rain, snow, nor sunshine, has affected the iron surface.

These objects take you back to a remote period, very unlike the present, when buildings, tombstones, and all things, seem constructed of transient materials. Another memorial of old times is the grove of great oaks around the church. What picturesque scenes these must have witnessed! Beneath their spreading boughs, generation after generation, rolled the chariots of the old-time Virginians, drawn by their four horses, and containing the squire, his wife, and maidens and children, attending church. To those boughs were tethered the bridles of thorough-bred horses, ridden by gallant youths. Yonder the chariots discharged their burdens—the pompous old lord of the manor, the good dame his wife, and the little beauty, their daughter, in her great hooped dress, square-cut bodice, powdered hair, and red-heeled shoes, which she displays as she raises her silk dress and scarlet "petticoat," as they called it then. You may see her still, in imagination, as she smiles and nods, slaying, with her bright eyes, the youths in embroidered coats, long waistcoats, and ruffles, who hasten to assist her, and contend for the touch of the small hand.

All that has passed away; the youths and maidens are long dead. The parson no more sweeps down the vestry-stairs, or thunders or drones in his high, tub-shaped pulpit above the listeners in the lofty pews. Squire and dame and parson and gallant lover and little beauty live only in the memory of the great oaks, which waved above them, wave still, and will probably rustle their leaves in the winds of another century.

Such is and was old St. Peter's Church—an interesting relic, to-day, of a time that is long dead; interesting, more than all, as I have said, as having been the scene of Washington's wedding.

The incident which led to that event is worth narrating, and is something of a comedy. I hope, in relating it, I shall not be charged with "irreverence" to the memory of the famous bridegroom. He was a man of lofty pride, august dignity—a very grand type of manhood. But he was a man, not a demi-god, and "fell in love" at least twice in his life, like the humblest of his species. This was his second love, and something of romance was connected with the origin of the affair.

It was in the spring of 1758. Mr. Custis, a planter residing at his estate called "The White House," was riding out one morning, when he met, coming from the northward, a young gentleman of military appearance, excellently mounted, and accompanied by a gaunt old servant, or sergeant, who rode respectfully a few paces behind his master. The new-comers were Colonel George Washington, on his way from Winchester to Williamsburg, and his attendant, Bishop, formerly Braddock's body-servant, now his own.

Washington was twenty-five at that time, and a young man of great sedateness and dignity. He was in chief command on the frontier, and saw or thought little of the fair sex. But, on this spring morning of 1758, his "time had come."

Mr. Custis greeted him, and invited him to stop at the White House. He would do so with pleasure, but it would be for half an hour only. His business was pressing; he must hasten on to see his excellency at Williamsburg. And, conversing, they rode back, and reached the White House. Here Washington dismounted, and delivered his horse to Bishop, with orders to await him there; he would continue his journey in half an hour. Bishop saluted gravely, with hand raised to his hat; his master entered the house; and the half hour passed—the old servant waiting patiently.

His master did not, however, make his appearance. The event was unheard of. Colonel Washington was the soul of punctuality; he was on pressing public business; what could be the meaning of this strange and unwonted delay?

An hour—two hours—passed. Colonel Washington did not reappear. But a servant came out, and delivered an order from him to the motionless old body-guard. He would conduct the horses to the stables; his master would dine, and possibly spend the night with Mr. Custis. Bishop obeyed—the world was clearly coming to an end!—and Colonel Washington was the guest of the owner of the White House.

On the next morning, Bishop, in obedience to orders to that effect, saddled the horses, and waited before the door for the colonel, who designed setting out, he said, immediately. An hour passed; the colonel did not appear. Two hours afterward, there were still no signs of him. Then the servant came again, and directed the horses to be led back; Colonel Washington would remain to dinner, and then continue his journey.

The day was far spent when the young soldier made his appearance, and vaulted into the saddle. Tall, vigorous, graceful, and with a certain loftiness of port, even then distinguishable, he was a gallant-looking cavalier—one whom any woman might admire.

One was gazing at him through the window—a young lady of about his own age, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, hair carried back from the forehead, and a neck, resembling snow, above the square-cut bodice. The young colonel reined in his spirited horse, nearly throwing him upon his haunches, made a courteous salute with his right

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hand (it was nearly the attitude of a bronze statue of him afterward), and galloped away, thinking probably of the bright eyes and lips.

"Colonel George Washington, of Mount Vernon," had seen for the first time Mrs. Martha Custis, the beautiful young widow, who a year afterward was to become his wife.

Tradition relates that the ceremony took place in old St. Peter's Church, which we have referred to in the beginning of this sketch. The scene was a brilliant one, and may interest the reader. It was in January, 1759. The Rev. Dr. Mossom, parson of the parish, attended in full canonicals, and the pair advanced, followed by a bevy of beauties and their groomsmen. Washington was clad in a suit of blue-and-silver, lined with red silk; his waistcoat was embroidered; his knee and shoe buckles were of gold; his hair was powdered; and he wore a dress-sword. The bride was dressed in white satin, with rich point-lace ruffles; had pearl ornaments in her hair; pearl necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets; white-satin shoes, with high heels and diamond buckles; and was followed, as has been said, by an array of beautiful and richly-dressed girls, leaning upon the arms of groomsmen, in costume as imposing. The vice-regal Governor of Virginia, in a suit of scarlet, embroidered with gold, with huge bag-wig and dress-sword, was seen in the midst of a number of officers of the English army and navy; and a great crowd of what were then called "the gentry"—friends and relations of the bride and groom—filled the church, all intent upon the "interesting ceremony." One personage has been forgotten—Bishop, the faithful old body-servant. He, too, was present—tall, gaunt, solemn—in scarlet, with huge horseman's boots. With folded arms, and much emotion on his aged face, he gazed at the ceremony with the rest.

It soon ended, and the brilliant crowd flowed forth from the old church. Tradition relates that the bride and as many of her fair attendants as could do so entered the great chariot, which rolled off, drawn by its six spirited horses; while the bridegroom, fonder of horseback, mounted the splendid English charger bequeathed to him by Braddock, and cantered after the coach, attended by a number of gallant youths.

Such was that picturesque scene in the life of the venerable "Father of his Country." We see so much of the great soldier, statesman, and ruler, that it is pleasant to catch a glimpse of the lover and bridegroom. Why not? One phase of the individual—the public and official phase—presents only the profile; to obtain the full likeness, the other phase must be delineated, too. The unreasonable theory has been to regard George Washington as an abstraction of patriotism and virtue, when he was a man like other men, with strong passions and human sympathies and infirmities. The result has been that he has failed in a measure to impress *the heart*. Men admire, but are chilled by him—by that grand bronze statue under which a heart never beat. Such an idea is a fallacy. Few human beings have ever *felt* more deeply than Washington. He loved warmly, and, if he did not hate bitterly, it was because his moral nature revolted from hatred, the sister of injustice, and his immense self-control enabled him to rule himself.

But this moral discourse is apart from the aim of the little sketch here presented. If that sketch be without "historic importance," it may claim, perhaps, the merit of being characteristic. The contrast at least is something. Few men are left of that man's mould, and our weddings to-day are prosaic. Blue-and-silver coats, with red-silk lining, are not the fashion. Six-horse chariots have disappeared. The dress-swords have rusted away. All that brilliant life of the past has faded into the unpicturesque nineteenth century, and the poetry, splendor, and romance, have all turned to prose.

But the great oaks and the old church, lost in the wilds of New Kent, are still there. Beneath the trees flashed that brilliant *cortége* of old days—in that building George Washington placed the ring on the finger of his bride. All has passed away now; the stately and beautiful figures have long lain down in their tombs, but the stubborn trunks, with their leafy masses, and the church and tombstones, with their ancient inscriptions, remain to recall the life of the past.

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